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BISCUITS**

Don't miss: **THE ORDEAL OF ELEANOR PHILBY — her
husband's secret life as a Russian spy**

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OUR COVER

● Sydney model Vivienne McIntosh peers over a pair of kookie sunglasses. Vivienne says today's young world of fashion is crazy, exciting, full of fun (see story and more pictures on page 71). Cover picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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● "I've been working for the Russians for 30 years," H. A. C. (Kim) Philby told his wife when she joined him eight months after he had fled to Moscow.

In that traitorous role he had been devastatingly successful. As a member of the British Intelligence Service (MI6), Philby was chosen in 1944 to direct a build-up of espionage in the Soviet Union. Later, as First Secretary to the British Embassy in Washington, he was the link-man between MI6 and the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

He came under suspicion and transferred to the Middle East as a journalist, but still did some British Intelligence work. Then, in January, 1963, he vanished, leaving his American-born third wife, Eleanor, and three school-age children in Beirut.

Did Eleanor Philby know he had been a Russian spy? Why did she follow him to Russia? And why did she eventually return to the West?

In her own story which begins below she gives the answers.

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

WE had flown over miles and miles of trees. It was already dark. For the past hour I had not seen a single light in the blackness beneath. I was exceedingly frightened.

I, Eleanor Philby, an American, was flying to Moscow to join the Russian spy Kim Philby — my husband. It was September 26, 1963.

There were no more than about a dozen passengers on the plane. As we came in to land I saw that the airstrip was a clearing in a forest, penned in by towering birch trees. There was a small airport building a good way off. In all my travels I had never seen an airport quite like this.

Halfway across the tarmac the airport bus stopped. In the poor light I could see three men in hats and unusually long, heavy, dark coats standing in the middle of the field. Now, Kim had never worn a hat in his life, but suddenly I heard a dear and familiar voice saying, "Eleanor, is that you?"

He gave me a big hug, and together we walked to a large, dark car parked on the field.

In that moment, as we settled in the back seat, all my fears in the plane, the piled-up tensions of months of uncertainty, the real horror of discovering that my husband was not the man I thought he was — all this was blotted out in the sheer pleasure of seeing him again.

I burst into tears. . . . My agony had begun eight months earlier in Beirut when a perfect marriage was brutally shattered.

I had been married four years. My husband was a convivial but fastidious man, highly regarded in Beirut in the circle of British and American diplomats, journalists, bankers, and businessmen in which we moved. We didn't go out a great deal. Almost every night there was a party to go to, but Kim was an old hand at avoiding unwanted invitations. We had a handful of friends in a sea of acquaintances.

Glen and Marny Balfour-Paul were among our best friends. Glen, First Secretary at the British Embassy, was a man of transparent honesty and decency. He was an able Arabist and had the added appeal to me of being a keen amateur archaeologist. Marny, lame from polio, is one of the bravest women I've known.

On Wednesday, January 23, 1963, they invited us to dinner. Rain poured down all that day, so that by evening the streets

of the city were awash, the pavements lost in swirling water. The sea rose and lashed the waterfront, tearing up paving-stones and pouring rubble and flotsam into the roadway.

It was a wild night. Every winter, four or five fierce storms, each lasting a few days, break over Beirut, giving the town the deserted and stricken look of a city under siege. This was the violent, dangerous peak of such a storm.

In the late afternoon Kim grabbed a raincoat and fought his way outside, saying he had an appointment and would be back around six, in plenty of time to change for the Balfour-Pauls' party. He rang up an hour or so later.

I was in the kitchen preparing the children's supper. (*Living with them were the two youngest of Kim's five children by previous marriages and Eleanor's daughter by her previous marriage — all teenagers.*) Harry took the call. I remember him calling out:

"Daddy's going to be late. He says

I'm going home." To my surprise, no one offered me a lift.

I struggled home through streets emptied by the storm, the wind tearing at my hair. I searched the flat carefully for a possible message from Kim. We had many little hiding places where we left each other tiny notes. I looked through his desk and everything seemed in order.

When midnight had come and gone, and still Kim hadn't turned up, I rang X, the newly arrived Intelligence chief at the British Embassy.

I'd always known that Kim was in some way connected with British Intelligence, and he'd been on specially close terms with X's predecessor, Y, a school friend and wartime colleague in MI6.

Y was a European specialist and knew little of Arab politics. He had come green to the Middle East in 1959 and Kim became his political adviser. I remember our first meeting in Beirut when he came up to Kim and said, "Fill me-in, old boy." They used to meet once or twice a week, vanishing into another room and leaving me to guess with Y's wife.

I had begun to feel that Kim was bored with journalism, that writing articles for newspapers did not wholly satisfy him. His meetings with Y were more like real work.

My first instinct on that windy night when I thought Kim was in trouble, was to go for help to his secret "friends." I was not at home. (I learned later that he was already at the Embassy, attending a hastily summoned meeting about Kim.)

I told his wife that I was anxious to contact him. She assured me she would pass on my message, and about ten minutes later X rang. "Would you like me to come round?" he said. "I would be most grateful," I replied.

When he came I gave him a detailed account of everything that had happened that evening. Should we check the hospitals in case of an accident, or call the police? I asked. His advice was to do nothing until morning, but he seemed unusually interested in knowing if anything of Kim's was missing — clothing, documents, typewriter, or briefcase.

When X left I went through the whole flat in earnest, noticing once more that nothing was missing. I went through his files and through his papers, I checked his clothes and a strong-box in which he kept personal documents. But that night I found nothing — except a brand-new unused British passport in Kim's name.

I spent the rest of the night on

PART ONE —

The disappearance

he'll meet you at the Balfour-Pauls' at about eight."

For months and months I wished I'd taken that call.

So I went alone to the party. It was a cosy gathering of old friends. I apologised for Kim's delay and told them he would soon be there. But he did not appear at eight. We waited until 8.30; and then we waited until 9.30. And still Kim did not come. I telephoned home several times to ask if Kim had rung.

We finally had dinner, and after dinner we had a drink. Fear and apprehension grew in me the whole time. I thought, "God, what a horrible night. Perhaps he's been hit by a car, or stumbled on the broken waterfront into the sea."

I finally decided to go home. They tried to reassure me: "Don't be silly. Kim's obviously been held up." But I said, "Kim's never done anything like this to me before. He is always scrupulously on time. I don't like it, I'm worried, and



The wife of the Russians' spy-who-came-in- from-the-cold tells her story

● Kim and Eleanor Philby, three years married, in Beirut in 1961. With them is Kim's father, the eccentric, distinguished St. John Philby, who became a Moslem and added a Moslem wife, a former slave-girl, to his English wife, Dora, and always kept his membership of an exclusive London club. He died in the year of this picture.

terrace and watched the sun rise over the mountains. Warmth and light flooded the storm-shattered streets as I went over the events of the past months. A sinister pattern began to emerge. As dawn broke, I wrestled with the terrible fear that my happy life with Kim was over.

Had he left me? Where could I look for clues to his disappearance? I thought back to dark moments when his moods had baffled me. In recent weeks he had been as loving as always, but I had sensed in him a current of restlessness which I could not understand.

We both drank a good deal, and from time to time fought against it. When Kim was well and undisturbed he could survive any amount of alcohol—snake-bite, as we called it. But that autumn he had seemed to be drifting into a phase of unbroken heavy drinking. He could no longer be funny about it.

This edge of desperation which I detected in his drinking seemed to me, in my innocence of what was really going on, to date from Jackie's death. Jackie was a fox cub which we had reared in our Beirut flat and which Kim found hopelessly endearing. Some friends of ours had bought her from a Bedouin in the Jordan Valley for a few shillings.

In the late summer of 1962, Kim and I and our children went on a trip to Jordan, leaving Jackie in the care of our maid. Kim had to return to Beirut a day or so before me. When I, in turn, arrived at the house, everything was dark. I found Kim out on the terrace, quite drunk.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" "Jackie's dead," he answered. The vixen had fallen five storeys from the parapet. The maid, who never liked her, might have pushed her over.

We were all desolate, and Kim seemed to give himself up to grief. It wasn't just the fox. Earlier that year, his eldest

son, riding a motor-cycle (uninsured), had knocked down an old lady in England and broken her hip. There was compensation to pay. His eldest daughter's marriage had been on, then off, then on again. He cared about his children and their problems depressed him. He had other personal problems on his mind. But his anxieties seemed altogether out of proportion. It was only later that I came to understand the real reason for his black mood that autumn.

In this uneasy atmosphere, Y, Kim's lifelong friend in MI6, suddenly turned up in Beirut, where he had been Intelligence chief a few months previously. He booked himself into an obscure hotel, explaining that he didn't want too many people to know he was around.

This furtiveness was not characteristic of Y. As "station commander" in Beirut—the most important MI6 station in the Middle East—his status on the Intelligence side was equal to that of an ambassador.

Y was a Secret Service man of the English Public School and clubman variety. He was a snob. The fact of having been to school at Eton was a source of constant comfort. He liked putting on a grey hat and going to Ascot. But his great passion was telling naughty stories. He always had one up his sleeve. This was the way he loosened up at parties.

"I like Y," Kim would say to me. "But he's not awfully bright."

Just before Christmas he invited Kim and me to dinner at the fashionable Beirut restaurant Le Temporel. He chose a quiet candle-lit corner table. As usual, one doubtful joke followed another, but I had the clear feeling that the gaiety was forced. Something was going on between them which was escaping me.

UNKNOWN to me, the two men were locked in a battle of wits. Y had been sent from London to confront Kim with new evidence conclusively incriminating him as a Russian agent. The evidence had been carefully put together from information given away by a very high-level Soviet Intelligence officer who had defected to the West late in 1961.

Y's delicate task was not to haul Kim in for punishment but to exploit their long friendship by getting him to talk. Jailed, Kim would have been silent and useless; at liberty, he might still be persuaded to reveal the damage he had done.

I don't know who came off best. Kim certainly must have admitted something,

but it is fair to assume that had he made a full confession he would not have been such a welcome guest in Moscow.

As I groped to understand his tension and remoteness, I had no means of knowing that this was the critical week which finally ended Kim's long and ambiguous connection with British Intelligence.

On January 6 there was an urgent telephone call from the British Embassy. Kim was summoned to a meeting with X. The new Station Commander was a colder, less convivial person than Y. I thought him a very cold fish indeed.

I took the call from X's secretary and told her Kim couldn't possibly attend. She was very insistent, but Kim did not go. Later in Moscow he told me, "The minute that call came through, I knew the balloon was up." Apparently the British were out to get him; they were trying to draw him to Embassy territory, where they could arrest him if they wished. I don't think he saw X again.

Kim continued to indulge in bouts of heavy drinking. He would ease himself out of a real blind by switching from whisky to beer. He was in a state of constant jitters. I was frightened he would break down completely.

It is now clear that he was planning his getaway, waiting for a signal from his Russian friends, and in daily fear of being physically prevented by the British or the Americans. He very rarely left the house in those last anxious days. He had a couple of appointments with people I didn't know. I have no idea whom he met or where.

At this point our old friends the Balfour-Pauls, having no connection with British Intelligence and ignorant of the drama that was being played out, invited us to dinner. Kim never kept that date. On January 23 he vanished.

X's little Intelligence empire at the British Embassy must have spent a pretty sleepless night. At seven on the morning of the 24th X was on the phone to me. We agreed to notify the police.

Almost immediately two enormous Lebanese Security police pushed their way unceremoniously into the flat. I made a detailed statement on the events of the previous night. I urged the police to check hospitals and clinics because I feared Kim might have had an accident. Independently, some friends scoured the city.

The day had almost passed when I remembered that this was our wedding anniversary, and that we had booked a table at Lucullus, a charming seafront

restaurant, celebrated for its bouillabaisse. As I brooded dismally, I suddenly recalled that three days before he disappeared Kim had carried me off for a tender and lengthy lunch. In utter privacy, we listened to music and sipped martinis in front of an open fire.

Was this, I wondered, his farewell?

I went through 24 more agonising hours. Then suddenly a letter from Kim arrived. It came innocently through the mail to the Normandy Hotel, our usual postal address.

"Don't worry," it said. "I will be in touch with you soon and everything will be all right. Keep smiling and go to your sculpture classes at the American University like a good girl. Tell my colleagues I'm on a long tour of the area."

I am reconstructing this letter from memory because I destroyed it immediately, as he told me to. It was written on plain paper in his own handwriting, and undated.

It had been posted in Beirut on the day of his departure—but the envelope bore no stamp, so it took a day longer to reach me than he'd meant it to. The tragic thing is that had he had time that stormy night to put a stamp on the letter it would have reached me 24 hours earlier and I would not immediately have sounded the alarm.

Mrs. Philby received other letters and cables from Cairo and from Syria—saying that "arrangements" for their reunion were "proceeding." Observers moved into the building opposite her flat, and kept her under surveillance. X interrogated her. But there was no clue to the reason for her husband's disappearance. She was in "total confusion" about what she should do next. She goes on:

Then, in mid-April, the doorbell rang early one morning. I had grown used to reporters seeking to push their way in, so I opened a little window inset in the door to see who it was. A scruffy little man stood on the threshold. His face was familiar but I couldn't quite place it. He looked more Armenian than Arab.

He thrust a large envelope into my hand and set off down the stairs without a word. Trembling with excitement, I took the package into the bathroom and locked the door. I thought that the whole dreadful enigma would be at last resolved.

Kim's message was a long, three-page letter, typewritten, and composed in his characteristic, elegantly modulated style.

To page 12

NEXT WEEK

There are wonderful and festive ideas in our

CHRISTMAS TREASURE TROVE

— 12 pages of decorations (like Snowy the Snowman)



and gorgeously big paper flowers and glamorous evening bags — they're ALL easy and inexpensive to make.

Today, the **HAIR BOW** is a top accessory — you'll see a bevy of bows in color



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"There's an art in watering the garden," says expert Allan Seale—and tells you how to do it.



In color ... **JULIE CHRISTIE** ... her new film and its champagne launching

and...

Our 16-page lift-out is a colorful "Space Age" catalogue of electrical appliances.

The rich life of Perry Mason's creator

— Seven secretaries, plus 14 houses, plus fleet of boats



● Erle Stanley Gardner.

"WHY did I retire from practising law after 25 years and take up writing?" asked Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of Perry Mason, the wizard lawyer.

"Because I wanted adventure. And I knew that being a successful lawyer, as I was when I gave it up 23 years ago, would mean that I would be chained to a desk for the rest of my life."

Gardner, a rotund little man whose narrow eyes glinted from behind glasses, was still a little breathless.

In Sydney for four days on a South Pacific cruise on the Mariposa, he had just come scurrying across the broad expanse of the ship's lounge, flanked by two of his secretaries, to apologise for his lateness, which had been caused, he said, by the length of a TV interview he had been taping.

The two secretaries, quietly spoken and attentive to his needs, he introduced as Mrs. Jean Bethell and Mrs. Anita Haskell Jones, explaining that they had been with him for 35 years.

"I have another appointment in about a quarter of an hour and I have got to get this TV make-up off my face, so start asking your questions and no time will be wasted," he instructed as he sat down opposite me.

But Gardner, who seems well pleased with the world and his life, needed little questioning. Varied information on his life, his work, his philosophy, his ambitions came through almost unceasingly.

"Jean and her two sisters,

who are also my secretaries, have been my inspiration for Della Street. Perry Mason? Well, he's got quite a few people in him really, including a lot of myself.

"I wrote for 12 years before I tackled a novel.

"You see, I wasn't a gifted writer—still not one for that matter. No, my talent was acquired by long, hard practice. I learnt how to write by doing articles under the name of Charles M. Green. This way I thought the editors wouldn't be prejudiced when I finally mastered the art. Then I could change to my own name.

Rejection slips

"When I started I knew my stories stank, and, believe me, Mr. Green collected a mighty high pile of rejection slips.

"But after I started getting successful, the editors found out Green and I were one and the same and it was then I started using the name of Erle Stanley Gardner.

"Another way I was different was that where most authors use their best material for their first works, I used the worst and saved the good stuff for later.

"Didn't write my first novel. Dictated it. Dictate them all. And I wrote it in 2½ days, not 3½ as was reported. As a matter of fact, in one month I wrote two books plus thousands of words for other articles."

Gardner, a young-looking 78, dapper and grey-haired, who is slightly deaf in one ear, bent forward to listen intently to my question.

Had it been difficult working out plots for the 79

Perry Mason thrillers he has written over the past 37 years?

"My first stories were the result of inspiration. The subsequent ones were written on planned plotting — a most important feature for any author.

"Too many successful authors today have never learned how to plot properly.

"No, my formula is simple. I just create obstacles for Mason and then have him surmount them by ingenuity.

"Of course, that has its problems. Sometimes I find I duplicate a plot, but Jean here, she is the chief of my seven secretaries, keeps an eye on this for me.

"Romance between Mason and Della? Impossible. Mason has always been too darned busy for romance. Marriage is a wonderful institution, but the women who read my books like to read about a single man.

"Yes, I'm married, but I've been separated for 30 years. My wife and I are still good friends and I often visit the family. Have a daughter and a grandson and granddaughter.

"I am just not the husband type. When I am writing I like to be alone and undisturbed. Like women around me? Emphatically no!

"Look, I have 14 houses and my fleet of boats on the Delta, near Sacramento, known as the 'fiction factory' where my secretaries have their own quarters. Jean here knows how I feel about being disturbed and she rides herd on those women for me.

"Now, what else is there you want to know? What I'm like? You might get fooled, you know. The papers here haven't covered the story of my life in Mexico and my love for its people.

"They have a wonderful cultural background, magnificent traditions, and the American people don't seem to know about them.

"And with the Mexicans being so proud, they aren't going to tell them. It's up to the Americans to find out for themselves. That's what I'm interested in doing. Bringing

about a good understanding between the peoples of both countries.

"I've written travel books on Mexico and I want to write more.

"Why, now, you take Australians. A boatload of Americans like this one, coming out here, does more to make Australians understand us.

"Before I left I heard that Australians were wonderful people—warm, hospitable, sincere—and that's just the way I've found them.

"I have been pretty busy with interviews since we arrived and we leave tomorrow night. But I've seen your North Shore, your South Shore, your bridge, and your 'suicide cliff,' and tomorrow we are going to look at the Blue Mountains.

"People have compared Sydney to San Francisco? Well, now, they have those 'go-go' places and topos girls there, you know. What, you have them here, too? No, don't think I'll be seeing them. Got too much to do.

"But, tell you what. I would like to have a talk to some of those girls and try to understand them, find out what makes them tick."

An authority

The clock in the lounge was ticking inexorably on the secretaries were looking at their watches.

"One last question, Mr. Gardner. Did you find the adventure you expected?"

"More. Much more. Why, do you know, I was baptised in a voodoo church in Haiti."

"I have covered major criminal trials and written about them. I am considered an authority on police work, detection, and investigation. I am often consulted on homicide cases.

"I have flown all over lower California in a dirigible balloon and written a travel book about it. Had more hours in that balloon than anyone else, except the pilot.

"And travel? South America, Canada, Europe, the Orient. Oh, yes, I have had my adventures and I'm having plenty more before I'm finished."

—GLORIA NEWTON

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "Have you noticed how many disasters we are going through? No rain in places that have had an ample rainfall for years — crops lost, sheep and cattle dying. Then, if it isn't drought, floods or hurricanes or earthquakes cause millions of dollars' worth of damage. Some people say it's those capsules going around and around and disturbing the earth's atmosphere, but I think I have come up with the real cause."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "The reason for all the disasters is there's no wood left to knock on — everything is plastic."

A BOATLOAD OF FANS
CAME TO WATCH
JAMES BOND SWIM
WITH HIS FAMILY



Sean Connery on the Riviera

ACTOR Sean Connery, the former James Bond, is so popular in France that when he took a Riviera holiday bikini-clad fans drove up in a powerboat to watch him swim.

Photographers, too, were much in evidence as the moustached star splashed through the waters of St. Jean Cap Ferrat with his wife, Queenslander Diane Cilento, Diane's daughter, Gigi (9), and their son, Jason (4). The Connerys were having a family holiday as guests of director Terence Young at his waterfront home.

"I wouldn't play James Bond again for anything less than three million dollars," Connery told an interviewer. Asked whom he would like to play, he said: "I dream of playing Macbeth."

The family holiday over, ex-007 began his next assignment as the hero of a Western set in Mexico. His wife, Diane, left for America to see the publishers of her novel "The Manipulators."



● Agent 007 in disguise on the Riviera. Here, Sean Connery clowns in his wife's man-styled beach hat.



● The Connery clan trooping down the rockface from their host's Riviera waterfront home to go swimming. From the top, Sean, Diane, Jason, and Gigi.



● Sean and Diane smile as their son, Jason, 4, raises his arms in a gesture of triumph as Terence Young, who directs the Bond films, carries him up the ladder.

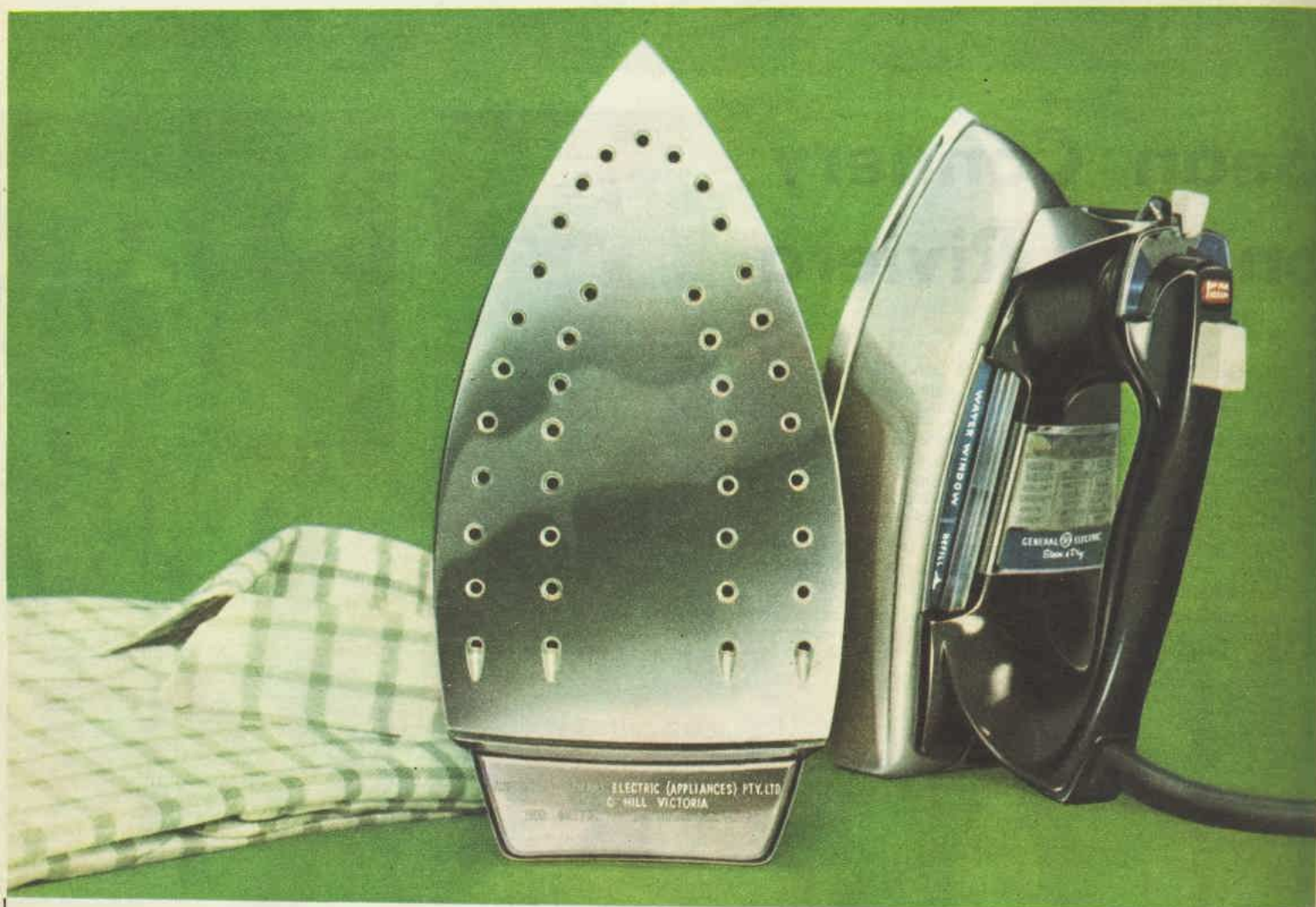


● At left, Sean towels his wife's hair after a swim. His wife, Australian actress Diane Cilento, had her first novel published in America earlier this year.



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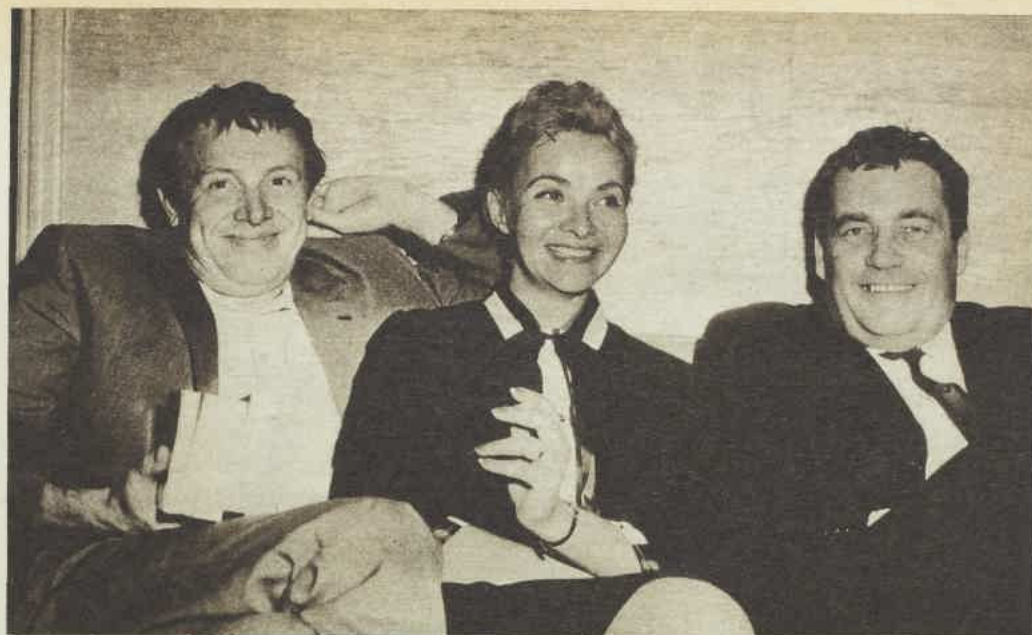


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"Language should be a bridge,
but sometimes it's a barrier"

A TALK WITH SOVIET FILM PERSONALITIES

(Through an interpreter)



SOVIET FILM STARS Margarita Volodina and Innokenty Smoktunovsky (at left) with film director Eldar Ryazanov.

NOW I know what they mean by "the language barrier!"

Just across the table were three charming, articulate, sophisticated people, and for all I could understand they might as well have been talking Greek.

In point of fact, they were talking Russian. Two of them were celebrated Russian film stars, Margarita Volodina and Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The third was a famous film director, Eldar Ryazanov.

They were in Australia to attend a series of Festivals of Soviet Films, to be followed by similar festivals in New Zealand.

They sat in a semicircle opposite me, in a section of the public lounge of a Sydney hotel. Also along were a pleasant young Russian official, our photographer Bill Payne, bearded Mr. Edmund Allison, representing the distributors, and Mrs. Kabakov, the Russian-born Australian interpreter.

It felt rather like presiding at a public meeting.

Talking through an interpreter is a disconcerting business at the best of times. Talking to three people through an interpreter is three times as disconcerting.

Anti-climax

You ask a fairly brief question which, translated, seems to acquire the dimensions of a public speech. Your interviewee replies at great length in his own language. He addresses the interpreter, but if he happens to catch your eye you find yourself smiling and idiotically nodding your head, perhaps in a desperate attempt to capture personal rapport.

At last, back comes his answer in translation — a brief statement in English, and an anti-climax if you ever heard one.

In this case, the frustrations were thrice compounded. Sometimes a question to one, when translated, sparked off an animated discussion between all three, punctuated by gusts of laughter.

I badly wanted to join in.

I wanted to share what they were saying, share their laughter, get myself inside their world.

It was no use, though. Language, which should be a bridge, was the barrier.

The interpreter did her excellent best, but all she could present to me was the bones. The spark of life was missing. And these three people were intensely alive. That came right across the barrier, and sometimes even illumined the translation.

Miss Volodina is a chic, attractive, brown-eyed blonde with short, tomboy hair. ("It is not my own hairstyle. It was cut this way for a film.") Her brown eyes are wonderful, dark almost to black. Her hands are beautiful and expressive.

She has starred in ten films, including Chekhov's "Three Sisters." She trained at the Moscow Art Theatre theatrical school, and (as she put it, with great vivacity) "immigrated into films."

When she goes about the Moscow streets, she is recognised and besieged for autographs, just like any Western film star, but instead of having a Hollywood split-level ranch she lives in a Moscow flat.

She is married to a famous film director, S. Samsonov, and has a seven-year-old daughter who doesn't want to be a film star but wants to sell toys in a toyshop.

At this point, big, dark-haired director Mr. Ryazanov said something in Russian which made everybody laugh, including the official and the interpreter. Followed one of those animated exchanges, which finally came back to me as:

"The men want to know why, if she is married, she calls herself 'Miss'?"

It all sounded very Western. It transpired that in Russia, if he wishes, a husband may take his wife's name, instead of the other way round. More jokes and laughter translated into: "It is very seldom done."

Very Western indeed.

Miss Volodina's husband has directed her in several films. "Would you ask her," I asked the interpreter, "if they talk shop when they get home?" Then, anxiously,

"Talk shop, do you have that phrase in Russian?"

"Talk shop is talk of little things?"

"No, no, talk about work."

Miss Volodina and her husband try not to talk shop at home, "but—it happens."

"Any temperamental clashes?" I wondered.

"Not too many problems, but sometimes we argue," said Miss Volodina via the interpreter. Mr. Ryazanov cut in again, and they were all laughing and obviously kidding the pretty lady.

"The men," the interpreter told me, "want to know who wins? Miss Volodina says, 'I do! But I always make sure I give in.'"

Ah yes, entirely Western.

I asked Miss Volodina to tell me about an average day in the life of a Russian film star. Out of a spate of

By KAY KEAVNEY

Russian, I heard three marvellously familiar and homely English words — "porridge and milk."

Porridge and milk are what she always has for breakfast before a car picks her up for a long day at the studios.

"Who does your housework?" I asked.

"I have a woman who does this."

"And who cares for your little girl?"

"My mother lives with us. She tells me she would not trust me to raise a child properly. She considers I am too busy."

Innokenty Smoktunovsky has a lively yet sensitive face, which one would never guess from any photograph I ever saw of him. Unlike most Russian film stars, he has not had a thorough training in theatrical college. ("When I am 60, I will attend the first term.")

I had practised Mr. Smoktunovsky's name for an hour, off and on, before meeting him. But I lost my nerve and did not try to use it once. In my notes, I referred to him as "Hamlet."

He starred in the magnificent film which the Soviet made in 1963, to honor Shakespeare's 400th anni-

versary. It was shown in Australia with great success.

I hadn't gone to see it, because "Hamlet," my favorite play, seemed to me to depend so much on the words, the English poetry.

I ventured to admit this. Animated discussion on all sides. I recognised some names, Proust, Chekhov, Goethe. I gathered the visitors were saying, quite properly, that if everybody took this attitude, no one could enjoy the great plays of another nation.

But it was too quick and quicksilver for the hard-working interpreter. All that came back to me was that the script of the film "Hamlet" was written by a great Russian poet, Pasternak (author of "Dr. Zhivago") and was both faithful to the original and faithful in its own right.

Mr. Smoktunovsky had studied six other translations before playing the role.

I told him, via the interpreter, that my daughter had seen the film and said that his face was so expressive the meaning came across almost without need of the words.

He rose, bowed, and with a twinkling eye made an obviously gracious and gallant little speech, which translated as: "Take her hands and speak to her tenderly for me."

I promised I would.

Mr. Ryazanov, as I have said, is big, bluff, and dark-haired. He directed Mr. Smoktunovsky in one of the festival films, "Watch Your Car," an uproarious comedy which everybody insisted I must see.

He and his star watched the first "rushes" of the film together.

Said Mr. Ryazanov to his star, "You see that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Smoktunovsky.

"That," said Mr. Ryazanov, "is exactly how I wish you not to play this part."

Which led us to a discussion on the role of a director in films, whether films are, as they say, primarily a "director's art."

This particular director believes that if he casts properly, there should be no problem. A director should guide not dictate. He should

help the individual actor to develop his own interpretation. The director alone can see the whole in the component parts.

In the festival, seen in Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne, there were several films from republics other than Russia — "Nobody Wanted to Die" (from Lithuania), and "The Last Vendetta" (from Georgia).

"Dubbed"

I asked how Soviet filmmakers overcome their own language problems, in a country comprised of many republics, each with its own language and history.

Answer: The films are dubbed.

How do you go about getting a film made in the Soviet? The producer, it appears, is the State itself, which provides the money and the studios.

A director has an idea and a suggested cast. He applies to the Arts Council, which includes directors, actors, artists, writers. If the idea is approved, the director proceeds.

How free are Soviet filmmakers in choosing themes?

Only three elements are forbidden, Mr. Ryazanov told me. (1) Propaganda for war, (2) pornography, (3) anti-Soviet propaganda.

Satire, however, is allowed, and quite a few satiric films about the State have appeared.

I asked what is meant by "pornography" in the Soviet. Authority, I suggested, can interpret the word in many different ways.

Animated discussion.

Mr. Ryazanov: "Our films are clean, though we portray sex in an adult way. The Vatican recommends our films because of our approach."

Mr. Allison, of the distributors, told me that they never have any problems with Russian films.

Mr. Ryazanov: "We believe that films, like all cultural forms, should not only entertain but make people better and richer in themselves. Ugly ways of portraying sex can bring on an aversion."

"I myself have a 16-year-

old daughter, and before I let her see an adult film I like to know what it is all about."

Clearly, Russia's Mr. Ryazanov and Australia's Mr. Rylah are brothers-under-the-skin.

Are there big film premieres in Russia, big glamor occasions? Oh yes. Very big.

Is there a film centre, like Hollywood? Not really, but Moscow produces about 40 features a year. Each republic has its own "centre," just as each has its own Arts Council to decide which films should be made. There is also a documentary studio in the capital of each State.

Many Western films and television plays are shown, and are very popular.

Miss Volodina especially admires Stanley Kramer, and would like to make a film with him. "He opens up not only social but human depths," she said via the interpreter.

She admires many Italian directors, too, "for their humor and simplicity and neo-realism."

Much travelled

In Moscow there is a great Institute of Cinematography, where directors, actors, writers, cameramen, designers, and technicians are trained. It was the first in the world, and (said Mr. Allison) there are still only three in the world.

All three visitors had travelled widely.

Was Australia in any way a surprise to them? Not really. They had all seen the film "On the Beach."

So far they had seen only Sydney, which they liked, but would see Canberra and Melbourne. They would like to see more, much more, but there they had a job to do, to promote films.

It was time to go. The whole party stood up and we all shook hands heartily.

I said it had been a great pleasure, and it had, but frustrating, too. They were all talking vivaciously and laughing together as they walked away, and I wished for an impossible world in which language was no barrier but a bridge.

THE HAPPY HAMENCE FAMILY



● Hug for a lucky lady from her husband, Mr. Stanley Hamence (above), with the announcement telegram. Daughter Jennifer, 14 (below), is equally delighted with her mother's new hats.



—Bicycles (maybe) for the boys, a "dolly" for a six-year-old, possibly a diamond eternity ring for mother.

THERE'LL be no mink coat, luxury car, or swimming-pool for Mrs. Stanley Hamence, mother of 12, who won the \$120,000 first prize in a Melbourne Cup sweep — but she would like a diamond eternity ring. Mrs. Hamence, aged 39, didn't have an engagement ring.

"My husband said he would give me an eternity ring after we were married ten years, but we didn't get around to it," she said.

Now, after 23 years of marriage, she thinks she might get one.

As for the other luxuries, she said, "I've never wanted any of those things."

In fact, Mrs. Hamence, of Mildura, Victoria, says the win will not make much difference to their way of life.

There was, however, one immediate change for her husband. He resigned his job as a garbage collector and will work casually when he feels like it, as a fruit-packer or builder's laborer.

He spent his last day at work the morning after he had learned of their win.

"It would have been hard for the chap to get someone else to do the job at such short notice," he said.

Their children — eight boys, four girls — are Robin (22), Ian (17), Victor (15), Jennifer (14), Colin (12), Allan (10), Noel (9), Brian (7), Helen (6), Aileen (4), Graeme (3), and Jeanie (eight weeks).

I met them briefly in Melbourne, where they had come to receive their winning cheque.

They hadn't had too much time to think about what they would do with the money, but they intended to put some away for each of their children when they turn 21.

"It will give them a great start in life," they said.

But they are not going to be rushed into spending the money. "We'll be able to get what we want when we want it," said Mrs. Hamence, a quietly spoken woman.

They will have a new

home, but they don't want to abandon their present one. "I'd like to keep it for sentimental reasons," said Mrs. Hamence. "We might have it done up a bit and rent it."

They built the three-bedroom house themselves. It took seven years and they lived on the site, first in a shed in the backyard, and then in the house as they completed each room.

By
MAUREEN BANG

Will their new house be a dream home for Mrs. Hamence?

"Well, we wouldn't build it ourselves. I'd like a house with plenty of room. Ours seems a bit crowded at times," she said with a smile. "I'd like our friends and relatives to be able to stay with us when they come to Mildura."

She would like an all-electric kitchen — she cooks on a wood stove now. Also a fully automatic washing

machine "so I can simply push a button and the washing is done."

Wall-to-wall carpet? "I'm not overkeen on carpet. If we did have it, I think I'd put it only in the lounge-room. I like lino."

Mrs. Hamence would like a car, but she has to get her driving licence first.

"You'll be right," said her husband, who has been giving her lessons in their present 1958 model.

Would he like a new car? "I think I'll keep the old one. It hasn't given me much trouble."

The first thing the Hamences bought was a television set. "The eldest boys had been talking about renting a set, so we thought we would buy one," said Mrs. Hamence.

How have the children taken the news?

"The young ones don't understand the win," said Mrs. Hamence. "They know there's money."

"Aileen, who's four, wants a big teddy bear, Helen, a 'dolly'."

● Mr. Stanley Hamence approves the new suit and hat his wife bought in Mildura, Vic., for their first visit to Melbourne in more than 20 years to collect the \$120,000 prize cheque. It was the first time Mrs. Hamence had bought a Melbourne Cup sweep ticket and she didn't know she had drawn winner, Red Handed.

All the boys down to the youngest want bikes, but their mother is a bit dubious. "It's a bit risky. You know boys, they would be riding all over the place."

Robin, the eldest, is a National Service trainee, Ian a furniture salesman, and Victor recently finished a job fruit-packing.

"The two elder boys have been talking about setting up a small business in car repairs," said their mother. "We could help them now."

Jennifer, who is in her first year at Technical School, is keen on dress-making. If she is still interested when she leaves school, she can do a full-time course. It's something she wouldn't have been able to do without the win.

Six children are at school, the youngest three at home.

Mrs. Hamence does not have any schedules or rosters for running her household.

"Everyone helps," she said. "I never have a special day to do the washing or ironing. It simply gets done when it has to be done."

Mr. and Mrs. Hamence are simple, honest, friendly people who, outwardly at least, haven't been too overawed by their win.



● Hamence family group. Back row (from left), Robin, 22, Jennifer, 14, Ian, 17, Victor, 15, Mrs. Hamence holding Jeanie, eight weeks, and Mr. Hamence. Front row (from left): Helen, 6, Aileen, 4, Colin, 12, Allan, 10, Noel, 9, Brian, 7. In front is Graeme, 3. The family will stay in Mildura.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

MR. and Mrs. Colin Mitchelhill have certainly been busy during the past few weeks. After a three-week holiday in Singapore and Bangkok they went on to Hong Kong to meet the Colin Roffs, who were on their way home to Sydney from a trip around England and the Continent, and the four returned home together. The following week the Mitchelhills drove to Tamworth to babysit with their two grandchildren, Jonathon and Antonia, while their son-in-law and daughter, John and Toni Mills, visited Cootamundra. They spent a week on the Mills' property, "Granland Park," and drove home on November 13.

I WAS quite surprised when I heard that Maree Wild would walk to the church where she is to be married on November 25 and then home again for the reception which her parents, the Owen Wilds, are giving for her. However, I discovered that St. Therese Church, at Beauty Point, is only fifty yards away from the house. After the reception, Maree and her new husband, Michael Paris, will leave in the Empress of Australia for a ten-day trip around Tasmania.

IT'S probably many years since Aborigines danced on the foreshores of our harbor, but on December 2 at Admiralty House at Kirribilli that is exactly what is to happen. The group of dancers, who are in Sydney from the Northern Territory to make a film, will be among attractions at the fete, which has been arranged by the women's auxiliary of the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs. Something else sure to appeal to the younger fry will be an exhibition of boomerang throwing.

WHAT a thrilling time for Captain and Mrs. Lawrence Penn. Four weeks ago they announced the engagement of their daughter Carole, and now their son Richard has announced his engagement to Heather Nicholls. Sixteen guests, including two of the bridesmaids, Jenny Riley and Caroline Gilling, helped celebrate at a family dinner party at the Golden Ox on November 3. Third bridesmaid, Dianne Ross, of "Kiamah," Gunnedah, didn't manage to get down from the country for the party.

BIG task for five-year-old Rohan McNamee at the wedding of his sister, Marie Rose, on December 8 at The Holy Name Priory, Wahroonga. Dressed in black matador pants and bolero, white frilly blouse, stockings, and buckled shoes, he will carry the wedding ring on a satin cushion down the aisle. Marie, a teacher, will wed Robert Duff and have two of her pupils as altar boys.

SPEAKING with Mrs. Philip Rudder this week, who told me that their lovely home at St. Ives has been sold and when they return in February from an overseas trip they will build a new house at Bayview. Main reason for the trip (on which their daughter Gwenda will accompany them) is to visit their elder daughter, Philippa, in Greece, where she has been staying on the island of Andros. The family will spend a week in Athens and a further week in Italy, where they will visit Capri, Florence, and Rome. From Italy they'll fly to Spain and spend Christmas on the island of Majorca. From Spain they'll go on to Paris, where they'll leave Philippa before they fly home to Sydney.

NEWS from abroad for Mrs. Findlay King Leeder, of "Borambil Station." Condobolin, from her daughter, Jasmyne, who with Lisa and M'Liss Roberts, of "Wilga Hill Station," Condobolin, has been touring in Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey. Jasmyne and Lisa left Australia in March, and after travelling around England joined M'Liss on the Continent. Last letter from the girls in Istanbul said they were preparing M'Liss' small station wagon for a three-month trip through Persia, Pakistan, and India.

SURE to be one of the prettiest weddings of the year is that of Jan Cadwallader and John Buckley on December 15 at St. James's Church, King Street. Jan, who is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Cadwallader, will have as attendants Jenny Cameron-Smith, Caroline Adams, Mary Maclean, Mrs. Robert Cadwallader, and Mrs. John Mulready. After a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, the newlyweds will leave for a three-week honeymoon in Honolulu.

CONGRATULATIONS pouring in for Pamela and Alan Reitano, whose baby daughter — Chantal Pamela — was born on November 14 at Mona Vale District Hospital. Pamela was formerly Pamela Leister, of Leeton.

NOVEL idea of Stevie Gazey and Jim Dryburgh to have a horse-and-carriage to take them from Knox Chapel (where they will be married on November 24) to the reception at Pearl Gardens, Wahroonga. The black carriage will be drawn by two white horses and driven by a coachman in top hat and tails. The newlyweds will spend their honeymoon on a five-day cruise around the Barrier Reef islands and then stop off for seven days on Brampton Island.



WED. Mr. and Mrs. James Jardine leaving The King's School Chapel, Parramatta. The bride was Miss Susan Mortlock, daughter of Dr. J. Mortlock, of Townsville, and of Mrs. L. Mortlock, of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. W. Jardine, of "Curry Flat," Nimmitabel, and of the late Mrs. Jardine.



ENGAGED. Mr. David Hogan and his fiancée, Miss Janet Bishop, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Bishop of Artamon. Mr. Hogan is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan, of Denistown.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Thompson chatted with flowergirl Joanne Donnelley as they left St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, following their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Pam Batchelor, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Batchelor, of Caringbah.



FIRST NIGHT. Miss Jill Forster (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Lyall Menz at the first night of "There's a Girl in My Soup" at the Theatre Royal. Television personality Stuart Wagstaff plays the lead in the play, which ran in Sydney earlier in the year with Ron Randell in the part. The play will run for four weeks.



ENGAGED. Mr. Greg Brodie and Miss Grietha de Hoop, who have recently announced their engagement. Mr. Brodie is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brodie, of Toongabbie. Miss de Hoop is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hank de Hoop, of West Ryde.



TO LIVE ABROAD. A March wedding is planned by Mr. Christopher Little and Miss Pamela Keeler, who have announced their engagement. Mr. Little, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Little, of Clareville, and Miss Keeler, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Keeler, of Killara, plan to spend a year overseas after their marriage.



TO WED. French Commercial Attache, M. Michel-Henri Carriol, son of M. Rene Carriol, of Paris, and of Mrs. Christian Hugel, of Libya, with his fiancée, Miss Julianne Zerky, daughter of Mrs. Max Fleischer, of Vaucluse, and of the late Mr. C. Zerky.

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 3

He urged me to read it carefully, memorise it, and then burn it in the bathroom water-heater, carefully stirring up the ashes.

But the letter was too long and far too complicated for me to memorise. I carried it around for a couple of days, and then made a few secret notes of its highlights before destroying it in the way he had instructed. Far from dispelling the mystery and bringing reassurance, the letter baffled me. It was so typical of Kim's thinking. I suspected that he had fallen into some sort of trap.

As well as Kim's letter the envelope contained \$U.S.2000 in bills. Kim instructed me to use this money to buy a return ticket to London for myself and single tickets for the three children, Annie, Harry, and Miranda. I was to purchase them in the BOAC office for cash. But this was a ruse, to throw everyone off the scent. I was instructed to destroy the tickets and on no account to use them.

I was instead, Kim told me, to go to the Czech Airlines office and inquire about the dates and times of planes to Prague. I was to choose a flight and make preparations to travel on it.

Across the road from our house was a narrow and crooked alleyway which Kim and I used often to take a short-cut downhill to the sea. At the end of this alley, on the left, was a white blank wall. Kim instructed me in the letter to write in white chalk on this wall the date I had chosen for my departure to Prague; I should choose a spot high up the wall, toward the right.

He specifically asked me to give him (and, I presume, his Russian friends) at least ten clear days' warning of the exact date of our departure. If, on the other hand, I ran into difficulties or was in any way held up, I was to mark the wall, on the left, with an X. The letter was quite explicit that the chalk had to be white.

Kim also told me that a very dear and

close friend of his would shortly be calling on me. He was a very able man. He had great powers at his command. He could do anything for me. I was to trust him completely. Kim suggested that I might recognise the man but that, in any event, he would bring with him as means of identification a book-token which I had given Kim as a birthday present three weeks earlier.

This matter of the book-token aroused all my suspicions. I was convinced that Kim had been kidnapped. I thought that he mentioned the book-token as a secret warning to me to be wary of all the contents of the letter.

The point was that Kim had taken no book-token with him. I had, indeed, bought him one as a birthday present but he had lost it; I had then got him another, only to find a short while later the one he had mislaid.

I now had both book-tokens in my possession. Could Kim have forgotten that he was not carrying the book-token in his wallet?

A major obstacle to any plans I might choose to make to leave Beirut—whether to the East or to the West—was that Harry, Kim's youngest son, had no travel documents or passport. He had been born in Washington, DC, his father in India, his grandfather in Ceylon, his great-grandfather in Burma.

His British nationality had not been fully established (and later, in England, he had to go through an 18-month legal wrangle to get himself naturalised). Consequently, when Kim was in the Middle East, Harry had to travel on his father's passport.

I would now have to find him a travel document of his own. This was a problem Kim seemed to have overlooked. It was all very well instructing me to put myself on a plane to Prague, but how was I to get Harry through the Lebanese passport control? I could see no way round this obstacle.

My only hope was to get the British and American Consuls to help me. Their



KIM PHILBY with the fox cub which he and his wife reared in their flat in Beirut. The cub died in an accident shortly before Philby fled to Russia.

reaction was uncompromising: they would only issue Harry with a travel document if I undertook to fly with the children direct to London, with no stopovers. I promised them I would co-operate in every way.

I was not altogether displeased to have no other course of action. Kim's last letter had convinced me that he was not free to do as he wished. I now suspected he was in one of the Iron Curtain countries—I did not think of Russia—but I had no intention of taking the children there without knowing what sort of life they would have.

SOMEHOW I had to let Kim know my decision. So one day I stole a piece of white chalk from a classroom at the American University, where I was taking sculpture classes. That evening I took the children to dinner at a German restaurant near our house. My plan was to slip out during the meal, make for the alley, and put an X on the wall, without the children knowing I had gone farther than the Ladies.

But when I got to the alley there were so many people around I couldn't do it.

I waited until nearly three in the morning. The children were sound asleep. In soft shoes, I crept down the stairs with the piece of chalk in my hand, avoiding the lift so as not to alert the concierge. The alley was deserted. I found the wall and high up inscribed a large X, to indicate clearly that I was in trouble.

And so I waited; but for over a month nothing happened at all. No mysterious Russian gentleman called at the house. Perhaps they did not dare approach the house, as I was under constant surveillance from the Press, the British, the Americans, the Lebanese Security, and God knows whom else. The porter was bribed, my maid was bribed, and the men in the flat across the street maintained a round-the-clock watch.

Meanwhile my friends the Balfour-Pauls at the British Embassy and Dick Parker at the American Embassy finally, after great effort, induced the Lebanese to give Harry a travel document. I made preparations to leave for London. We decided on a surprise departure and, as I wished the children to complete as much of their

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THE COURTSHIP . . . with scribbled notes

ELEANOR PHILBY was born in the United States 53 years ago, and worked in an advertising agency. In World War II she was posted to Turkey in the overseas branch of the U.S. propagandist organisation the Office of War Information.

There she met her first husband, a New York "Times" correspondent. They married in 1948, and have a daughter.

Eleanor first met Kim Philby in a crowded bar in Beirut in 1956 when he was a correspondent for the London "Observer" and "Economist."

She recalls: "I thought that here was a man who had seen a lot of the world, who was experienced, and yet who seemed to have suffered, who was vulnerable. In private conversation, he had a gift for creating an atmosphere of such intimacy that I soon found myself talking freely to him.

"We took him under our wing, and he soon became one of our closest friends.

"Kim knew more about Lebanon than anyone in my circle, and this was the beginning of a romantic adventure. It seemed to me that I had never met a kinder, more extraordinary person.

"I knew there were risks in this friendship. I owed some loyalty to my marriage, however unsatisfactory it was, and I was very anxious to spare my eight-year-old daughter any pain or embarrassment. But Kim gave me such tenderness that I found him irresistible.

"Almost from the start, his letters played an important part in our friendship. Like his beautiful manners, his skill in writing letters was a reminder of a civilised way of living, particularly beguiling to an American. They drew me into his daily life by the little incidents he described so wittily and gracefully, but they were also unashamedly effusive.

"... I have looked at your photograph often—such a sweet one, too. It makes you look so loving and gentle, just as you really are. It also brings the old sentimental streak out, and almost fills my eyes with tears. Silly old thing that I am..."

"Almost daily, under my coffee cup or smuggled into

my purse or into my pocket, I found a tiny note from Kim, written on a flimsy piece of paper, half the size of a playing-card. The language was sentimental and extravagant.

"One such note, scribbled on the back of a bar slip, read: 'My prettiest beloved, I love you more than all the earth (and Venus, too), and will throw in the moon if you pay this check, Yr Kimmy.'

"These notes marked the tender stages in our courtship, the pauses in our leisurely exploration of the countryside around Beirut. On one day he slipped me three billets-doux—at 11.10 in the morning at Biblos, after lunch at 2.30 in a restaurant overlooking the old Phoenician port, and in a nearby village at 6.30 that evening. The first note read simply: 'Deeper in love than ever, my darling—xxx from your Kim'; later that day it was: 'Still deeper—xxx from your Kim'; and later still, as the sun was setting over the sea, it was: 'Deeper and deeper, my darling—from your Kim.'

"Over the months the tone of these notes and letters was amazingly consistent. He wanted to give me total reassurance to still all doubts of his sincerity. He drowned me in a delicious flood of honey.

"Because our meetings had to be secret and brief, we used to write each other letters which we exchanged as we parted, to read privately at home. By the spring of 1957 we were deeply in love, giving each other a degree of commitment very much at odds with our personal situation.

"We were both married: Kim had a sick wife and five children in England, while my husband still knew nothing of what had happened to me. These were problems we left to the future, so engrossed were we in each other.

"The only people who knew my secret were two of my girlfriends, who provided alibis for my meetings with Kim. They used to call for me at home to take me to the cinema, but instead drop me off at Kim's, and later take me home again.

"Of course, Kim often came openly to see us. He got on well with my husband and my daughter adored him.

Kim took infinite pains to amuse children. He taught my daughter to recite the names of all the British monarchs back to King Alfred. (When Kim's defection was announced, one of my friends burst into tears: 'But he taught your little girl the Kings and Queens of England,' she sobbed.)

"Kim often invited us all up on Sundays to his father's little stone house in the mountains. My husband usually cried off, preferring to spend the day with cronies at the St. George's Hotel. So I would go with my daughter, but some gossip must have reached my husband's ears.

"One Sunday, when Kim brought me home from the mountains, my husband threw him out of the house. He told him he was no longer welcome. My husband was preparing to go off on a trip and he said to me severely: 'Let's have no more hanky-panky while I'm away.'

"The situation was getting us down. It came to the point when Kim said, 'You've got to do something about your husband.' He would have liked me to leave home and live with him. 'But what about your wife?' I asked. He did not see that he could do anything about her. She was ill, far away, and divorce for him seemed impossible.

Eleanor told her husband they must separate. Around this time, her mother died in San Francisco and she returned to America with her daughter to see her father.

Soon afterward Kim wrote saying his wife had died in England. Eleanor quickly obtained a Mexican divorce, and she cabled the news to Kim. She goes on:

"The same morning Kim, with some apprehension, went to inform my ex-husband that we were to be married.

"I've come to tell you that I've had a cable from Eleanor,' Kim told him. 'She has got her divorce and I want you to be the first person to know that I am going to marry her.'

"My ex-husband was laconic. 'That sounds like the best possible solution,' he said. And then, turning to professional concerns, he asked Kim, his fellow journalist, 'What do you make of the situation in Iraq?' A revolution had broken out there..."

Official artist deeply moved by his experiences

Children of "the ugly war"

● It was the children Australia's first official war artist to Vietnam, Bruce Fletcher, remembers most about his six months there. "They are the war's most pathetic victims," he said.



AUSTRALIA'S first official war artist to Vietnam, Bruce Fletcher, above, and in his studio at Glen Iris, Victoria, with some of the unfinished oil paintings he did while in Vietnam.

BRUCE FLETCHER was speaking in his studio in the Melbourne suburb of Glen Iris soon after his return to Australia.

"There are so many of them injured, orphaned, or simply wandering around by themselves. I wish we in Australia could do more to help them."

Bruce, tall, lean, suntanned, was never mistaken in Vietnam for being anything but Australian. "The Vietnamese can always tell the difference between Americans and Australians even out of uniform," he said.

In a quiet voice he spoke of the children, and of how he was so moved by the plight of two of them that he tried to adopt them.

"They just appeared at the army compound, a little girl about three or four and her brother, 18 months old. The girl's body was covered in sores from malnutrition."

She was "mother," and took the greatest care of her brother. "When I sketched them she always made sure he was standing up straight."

"They would take me by the hand, struggle up to me. You couldn't help but fall for them and want to do something to help them."

Bruce was told that the general rule laid down for adoption was that the person had to be 30 years older than the child and of the same sex.

"This is mainly to protect the children. So many parents offer to sell their daughters to servicemen."

"A fisherman wanted only the equivalent of about \$30 when he asked a friend of mine to buy his teenage daughter."

Another child Bruce well remembers sketching was a boy aged 12.

"He was a real Tom Sawyer type, grubby trousers, bare feet, and so small that his head just reached above the top of the table when he was standing."

He was the youngest of four boys being interrogated by the South Vietnamese for setting a mine trap.

"The questioning went on hour after hour while people, chooks, and dogs wandered in and out of the police station," said Bruce.

It could have been a comedy scene if it wasn't for the real-life drama of the situation.

The boy was found guilty, sentenced to death, and was to be executed by firing squad. "It was most upsetting to hear," said Bruce. "But in the end he was reprieved and sent to a reformatory."

According to Bruce, this is the most distressing part of the war. "You're not just fighting against a virile enemy who can defend himself but against children, and girls and women. "It's an ugly war."

Some of his paintings are ugly, too. They are of the dead.

One is the body of a woman who was killed accidentally. She was in the jungle gathering sticks, and when challenged she ran and was shot. She was mistaken for a Vietcong.

Bruce sketched the body as it hung tied to a pole, the local method of carrying the dead.

"She was a little old woman," he said. "She wore gold earrings and a wedding ring. Her face was lined, her hands work-worn. She was like any mother."

Bruce, who was commis-

sioned by the Australian War Museum, Canberra, to go to Vietnam, did 180 sketches and 30 oil paintings — although he was wounded the second day.

A bullet went through his foot when a gun accidentally discharged at the airport at Nui Dat. He spent three months in hospital, and still limps.

His foot was in plaster until six weeks before he left to come home, but he wasn't completely out of



● Artist's wife Mrs. Jackie Fletcher.

action. With the aid of crutches he was able to move around in helicopters and ground vehicles.

The plaster on his foot was such a glaring white against the local landscape that he was persuaded to camouflage it. "I painted an abstract jungle design on it, complete with scor-

People were the main facet of the Vietnamese for Bruce. His models were varied. Men, women, and children, old and young, alive and dead; Australian servicemen, peasants work-

ing in the field, shoe-shine boys, street vendors, Vietcong.

He sketched where he had the opportunity. From the backs of cars, in bars and laundries, and his studio tent, and he did oil paintings sitting in the jungle under a plastic canopy while the rain poured down.

Once the people got over their initial shyness, they loved being sketched. "They even queued, jostling each other to be first. I was never short of models."

The "front" was anywhere, because of the possibility of snipers. "But you become accustomed to living with fear and tension," said Bruce.

"The Vietnamese usually have the inscrutable faces of the East, but often I've seen these serene expressions give way to looks of fear and anguish."

Bruce met the Vietcong on neutral ground, when they were wounded prisoners in the hospital.

"They were nursed back to health by the Red Cross, often only to be executed once they were handed over to the South Vietnamese," he said.

He taught one VC patient to play draughts. Many times it turned into a battle, and not only of wits. "When he lost a man he refused to take it off the board," Bruce said.

Bruce, who has travelled widely in Europe and the East, regards Vietnamese girls as the most beautiful in the world.

"Practically every girl is beautiful," he said. "Their bone structure is perfect, their skin smooth and unblemished, their eyes mysterious."

Unfortunately, he said, many of the young middle-

class teenagers in Saigon copy Western fashions.

"Girls have replaced the gracious national costume the *ao-dai*, with the mini-skirt, something they shouldn't do. It doesn't suit them. Their figures are too skinny, their legs not shapely enough — sometimes they are bandy."

"And they also wear too much make-up."

Some boys, too, wear stovepipe trousers and cowboy boots and wear their hair long. And boys and girls both have adopted the habit of wearing sunglasses at night.

"It's a very studied look," said Bruce. "They probably try to copy what they see in American movies."

The villages are beautiful, said Bruce. They are set among bamboo, banana, and palm trees and the houses are of good design and built of local materials, mainly coconut palm.

"Some have adobe walls, and the sliding doors can be taken out for extra coolness."

The weather is a problem.

Everything is either mildewed because of the high humidity or quite wet because of the monsoon rains. "And everything got covered in mud, from underwear to my paintings," Bruce said.

He even did a painting using mud, but it disintegrated.

He ate Vietnamese food, dishes mainly with a rice base, and tasted the local beer. "But only once," he said.

"My description of it would be unprintable. If you can imagine Australian beer mixed with vegetable extract, it might give you some idea."

He learned a few phrases

of the local language, but often found it easier to communicate by drawing quick relevant sketches.

The children, in turn, picked up lots of English words, but, he said, mainly the very naughtiest.

He found Tudo Street, the Collins Street of Saigon, full of beautiful French colonial buildings, bars, and art galleries.

"There are always exhibitions by local artists. The standard is high and many paintings are sold to Americans."

"When I needed art materials I could go into the shops and buy whatever I wanted. A bit strange to be able to do that in the middle of a war."

Bruce is now back at Caulfield Technical College teaching art, as well as putting the finishing touches to his Vietnam paintings and continuing his own work.

He mainly concentrates on portraits, landscapes, and still-lives.

Born with "a brush in his mouth," Bruce started painting long before he went to school.

At 14, he said, he became the youngest pupil admitted to the National Gallery Art School in Melbourne. It was two years earlier than the normal age.

Then he became William Dargie's studio boy. "Apart from actual art lessons, I prepared canvases, made oil preparations, framed pictures."

Bruce wants to go back to Vietnam, for despite the war, he said, it is an artist's paradise.

"If I lived there for 500 years, I would still not be satisfied."

— MAUREEN BANG



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U.S. director makes series in Australia

● Famous American Eddie Davis is a veteran Hollywood director who recently spent a lot of very expensive time in Australia making the first episode of a TV series called "The Adventurers."



EDDIE DAVIS, American director of the new TV series "The Adventurers" filmed in Australia.

THE ADVENTURERS" is a story about five men and a boat, the three-masted sailing ship the New Endeavour.

The series is being shot in Sydney Harbor and round on the coast, and later on the Barrier Reef.

The first episode, "Once Upon a Map," about a treasure hunt in the Pacific, is filmed and on its way to England to be seen by interested parties in England's commercial TV.

All that is needed is their approval and the series is away to a minimum of another 38 episodes, with production starting round Christmas.

"The Adventurers" is being made by Supreme Pacific Television Productions. Its two producers, Roger Mirams and Mervyn Murphy, seem very sure that they will get English approval, and Canadian and Australian, too.

They brought out Eddie Davis — he directed "Adventures of the Seaspray" — to make the pilot episode. Now back in America briefly, he returns before Christmas to make the remaining episodes.

Meeting Eddie was an interesting and eye-opening experience. He has reached an age when he appears to be ageless, as if he were never anything else.

He loves working on Australian TV. "I like the feel of working here. Everyone helps everyone else."

"TV-making is very different in the U.S.," he said. "There the cameraman never looks through the camera. He puts it where it should be and the only man who is allowed to look through the camera is the operator. Here it is different."

How different it is was put succinctly by Eddie, who has directed a number of episodes of "Rat Patrol."

"Rat Patrol" and "The Adventurers" are 30-minute shows. For an episode of "Rat Patrol" there are 97

technicians behind the camera. For "The Adventurers" there are 11, including Eddie himself.

Eddie enjoys working here, provided that at the end of his working day he can spend his leisure in a big city — preferably Sydney.

He is famous as the director of many series, including "Bat Masterton," with Gene Barry (one of his favorite stars), Lloyd Bridges in "Sea Hunt," "The Eddie Cantor

By
NAN MUSGROVE

Show," Broderick Crawford's "Highway Patrol," "The Lawman," "Tarzan," and "Rat Patrol."

I was interested to hear what he thought of "Rat Patrol," a series about American soldiers on patrol in the Western Desert of North Africa in World War II.

No Americans fought in the Western Desert, and when it was shown in England there was such an outcry from the 8th Army that the program was taken off.

Another of their objections was that one character, Sgt. Troy (Chris George), wears an Australian Digger's hat.

Chastened by this experience, "Rat Patrol" inserted an apology before it started its Australian season.

I asked Eddie what he thought about it all.

"I thought the people who objected had a point," he said, "but really, my dear, 'Rat Patrol' isn't history, it's just an idea."

"You have these soldiers out on the desert on reconnaissance. They're not disciplined soldiers and they'll wear anything — a Digger hat if they can get one."

"The series, in color, is a big success in the U.S. Each episode costs \$U.S.125,000 to make, takes 34 days."

I told him I thought American TV series hadn't been good lately.

"I see TV shows that are not bad, or not all bad," he said. "Believe me, nobody sets out to make a bad show. If it turns out that way, it is something you can't help."

"One show I made I thought was so good I even rang a critic and told him about it."

"I got the worst panning in the world from all the critics on that show. They were right — it was bad, but I didn't know."

I asked Eddie about Hollywood's old star system, when studios ruled a star's life.

"There still is a star system in Hollywood," he said, "but it's different."

"All the stars today are freelance, and big studios compete for their services. They get tremendous salaries. Believe me, the stars control the studios."

"There's no longer any glamor attached to the star system — there's money."

Remember Chuck Connors in "The Rifleman"? Today, Eddie said, Chuck gets \$U.S.25,000 every week for his role in a series called "Cowboy in Africa."

Trini Lopez
in special

HANDSOME Trini Lopez, who is of mixed Mexican-Spanish descent, will make a special for the Channel 9 network during his Australian season (November 27, 28, Sydney Stadium).

He gives the impression of enormous vitality on stage.

He says it's because he loves singing and people stimulate him.

"When they respond to me, I go all out," he said. "Anyone has to like what he's doing or he can't do it well. The minute I see my audience and hear their applause, I forget about everything. Even if I'm ill or headachy, I've got to give all I have."

Sounds like it will be an extra good special.

Lynne Randall, fresh from her U.S. tour with the Monkees, will be in it, too.



NEEDLEWORK OFFER

● In response to many requests, we can now supply table napkins, shown above, to match our lovely wattle cloth (our Needlework Offer, October 18, 1967, issue).

THE dainty table napkins have the same attractive wattle design as the cloth.

Each napkin measures 13in. by 13in., is made of the same good-quality pale green linen as the wattle cloth, and is stamped with an easy-to-embroider golden wattle spray in one corner.

You can order in sets of four or six.

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Embroidery threads and full directions are included in this special offer, which can be sent to any address in Australia and overseas.

Embroider a set yourself or, if you prefer, we will send a set of either four or six napkins to anyone you name. (See address label below.) They would make a delightful and unusual gift.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 29, 1967

TO ALL WHO PRACTICE THE ART OF SCHWEPPESMANSHIP:



1. My children should have all the advantages.
2. Only Schweppes mixers are good enough for me.
3. Therefore, only Schweppes soft drinks are good enough for my children.
4. Why complicate things?

SCHWEPPE: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN



THE STARLINGS, George (Richard Briers) and Kate (Prunella Scales), with the shadow of the cot behind them — the cot that is too small for twins. ABC-TV's "Marriage Lines" may be seen in Brisbane and Adelaide at 7.30 p.m. and in all other capital cities at 8 p.m. Wednesdays.

MORE FUN WITH THE STARLINGS

● "Marriage Lines" is surely one of the funniest—and nicest—of ABC-TV's English comedies.

NOW in its third series, it is the story of the marriage of George (Richard Briers) and Kate Starling (Prunella Scales).

Viewers have lived happily through their troubles as they set up their first home in a flat, the arrival of their first baby, and now are involved once more with the engaging Starlings, faced with a housing problem, and Kate, magnificently pregnant, with twins.

In real life, Richard Briers, 31, is married to young actress Ann Davies and has a daughter, a toddler called Katy Ann. The Briers' have been married for seven years and Richard has contributed some ideas of his own to "Marriage Lines."

"I was married very young," he said, "and I suppose for the first couple of years we were a bit like the Starlings."

"After seven years, we've got all my books off the floor and into shelves, and our life is in some sort of order."

Prunella Scales (Kate Starling), married in real life to actor Timothy West, doesn't divulge her age, has no children yet, but hopes for two, and says she is not a bit like Kate Starling.

"I'm much less efficient. I'm appalled at her being able to do things so quickly—like making beds and the washing."

"But I'm just as silly as she is—though in a different way. I understand Kate, and have an enormous amount of sympathy for her, but I don't react to situations the way she does."

Viewers are diverted with the way Kate reacts, and George, too. There should be more series like "Marriage Lines," and the good news is that there is certain to be another new series in 1968.

—NAN MUSGROVE



GEORGE is a great man for the telephoned explanation, especially when he gets involved with his friend Miles (Edward de Souza, second from right), who leads George into situations that he enjoys but which take explaining.

Television



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5367



In love with



LOOKING DOWN on Joadja Valley. The house on the right, built in recent years, is used by the property manager.



"FIRST time I set eyes on this valley it went straight to my heart and I was determined to buy it," Miss Pat Lee remarked laconically as she drove the small car at break-neck speed down the winding narrow, precipitous gravel road.

Pat, a native of Arkansas, U.S.A., bought Joadja Valley, 16 miles from Mittagong, N.S.W., last year and moved into it in February. There was little of its history she didn't know.

"You really need a week to see it properly," she said as she expertly manoeuvred the car around the last bend, hurtling it with unconcern through tough, stubby undergrowth, over a tiny waterway, on to a dirt road.

And there was the valley lying tranquilly before us. The soft green of the gums and wattles, broken occasionally with the brilliant green of an English oak, all blending with soft, beautiful groups of pastel grey sycamores which undulated gracefully through the scene.

"There's 3600 acres," explained Pat, "but if the valley was laid flat it'd be more like 10,000. I've done a good amount of exploring since I've been here but there are still places I don't know about. Right now I'm taking you to Cemetery Hill, it's a real bit of history."

MINERS' COTTAGES, built with locally made bricks, are still standing. The settlement once had about 1000 people. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

her valley

● A woman rancher from America has bought a deserted N.S.W. village

HIDDEN DEEP in a valley in the southern tablelands of New South Wales is a deserted village, the shell of a community that thrived in the 1880s. Called Joadja, it was a shale-mining settlement, and in common with other similar Australian mining communities it flourished, withered, and died.

The oil-bearing seam of shale rock was discovered about 1850 halfway up the mountain on two sides of the valley. Cableways took the shale down into the valley for processing and hauled its products to the top of the mountain, and the company, the Australian Kerosine, Oil, and Mineral Co. Ltd., operated its own railway to Mittagong.

In its peak year, 1890, the valley produced 42,000 cases of kerosine and benzine, 100 tons of hard paraffin, and 400 tons of sulphuric acid. A plant was installed for turning imported steel sheets into kerosine tins, and the shortage of labor was eased by bringing workers from Scotland.

The decline began in the 1890s, when the first cheap American kerosine came to Australia. Shale-mining ended at Joadja in 1903. Some miners stayed to dig coal on a small scale and grow produce for Mittagong; the last families left in 1930, beaten by transport costs.

Since then, the valley of Joadja has changed hands several times. Eighteen months ago it was purchased by Miss Pat Lee, an American rancher.

— ELIZABETH McMURRAY



PAT LEE, from America, examines an old vinegar bottle she unearthed at Joadja.

Pat, a stocky figure with humorous, sleepy eyes which beam from behind her glasses, was born to a family of bankers and farmers who were most upset when she chose the farming side as a career.

"Family sent me East to school to shake it out of my mind," she chuckled, "but they didn't realise my grit. I wasn't going to spend my life sitting behind a desk adding up figures. Anyway, I still can't add two and two together.

"Nope, I stuck it out and went to the university and did agriculture instead of banking, and the family cut me off without a penny. They did become a bit resigned eventually when they knew I was darned determined.

"Been raising beef cattle all my life and I'm staying right on being a farmer. Pops, that's my father, he's running my cattle range in the Ozarks at the moment.

"But I'm aiming to sell out my interests in the States, lock, stock, and barrel and just settle in here. Already got 150 steers and 12 acres of lucerne. Next year I'm going to plant 50 more.

"How come I saw the valley? Well, in 1965 I called in to Sydney on a round-the-world holiday and just stayed. Fell in love with the place and just couldn't move on. Met the people who owned the valley and they brought me out here to have a look at it.

"Only had a couple of hours in the place, but that was enough for me. I just loved it. The village down there reminded me of the old slave quarters on my grandma's Georgia plantation.

"And I want to restore as many of the old places in this valley as I can. I know its history pretty well. Folk around the district told me a lot and I found

some real good information in the Mitchell Library.

"It'll take time, sure, but what is time? Since I've been here I've been rising at 4.30 each morning and falling into bed at 8.30 each night. I'm a farmer and I'm used to hard work. In fact there is little in farming that I can't do, including breaking in horses."

The car, which had been crawling up the side of the valley, came abruptly to a halt. Before us, rising on the slope dappled under shading gums, lay a cluster of old graves, marked with ornate, heavy headstones, some announcing that beneath them lay not one, not two, but three or four of the one-time village's inhabitants.

We read the names and birthplaces—mostly Scotland—carved on the old stones.

"Took a while to get these graves

Old church was general meeting place

cleaned up," said Pat matter-of-factly. "There's still quite a lot to do, like putting back little paling fences we found lying around the place.

"But see, jonquils are still flowering on some. Lots of young children buried here. Think the deathrate must have been pretty high for kids, probably from the fumes of the kerosine kilns.

"There were 96 deaths recorded in this place, and so far we've only been able to find 39 graves. But there have been fires around here, so we'll probably locate more in time."

Thoughtfully we climbed back into the car to leave the quiet spot resting in silence and, as we started down the hill,

I fashioned the picture of the sad, solemn little corteges that must have once wound up here slowly from the little village.

Now we were on our way to that village, past the gracious old remains of the stone schoolhouse designed, Pat said, by an Italian.

Great loops of vines entwined the still-standing walls which were shaded by gums, and the little step, worn down by the many feet that had passed over it, was all that remained of its entrance.

"The school never had but more than 14 or 15 pupils, and they all left at an early age to go and work in the mines.

"I hope to do a considerable amount of restoration work eventually, but at the moment I'm concentrating on stopping any further deterioration of the ruins.

"I've got ample bricks—all made here in the valley and still in good order,

rise, a blossoming peach exploding its color through its roofless end.

"Never was consecrated, so I was told. It was used both by Protestants and Roman Catholics, and in between services it was used as a roller-skating rink, a ballroom, and a general meeting place.

"When they skated or had a dance, they just pulled the pews out, stacked them up, and put them back for the church services. Sensible, don't you think?"

On down the road and Pat eased the car over yet another clear, sparkling waterway and through an avenue of pines, and there before us was the village's main street.

Along one side of a little white-caked road stood some half-dozen cottages shaded by sycamores, pines, and firs.

"In 1890 almost 1000 people lived here. There was the butcher shop, and across the road a bakery and the post office, and up there on the rise is all that's left of the pub.

"They were pretty well self-sufficient down here. The valley had its own orchards of apricot, cherry, and pear trees, its own dairy farms and stores.

"And because they made their own bricks these cottages cost very little to erect and the tenants were charged 7/6 a year rent. Not bad, eh?"

"The managers had slightly bigger houses away from the village, while the head man, why, he had a house that must have had 15 rooms.

"Apparently they were about the best-paid and best-treated miners in Australia at that time. They were paid 3/6 a ton for the coal and shale they took from the hill-sides, whereas other miners in New South Wales were paid 2/6 a ton.

Continued overleaf

In love with her valley

From page 21

"Three-quarters of the population were Scots, and I believe their accents were so broad as to be incomprehensible, while their dress in some cases was very quaint.

"This village must have looked like a little toy village then. But, looking at pictures of the time, when the hills were all cleared of trees for fire danger, it must have been harsh.

"You know, God has blessed my valley and cloaked it again with trees and growth, preserving this little bit of history with a softness and dignity."

The little cottages, some in quite good repair except for the usual initials and names scratched on their walls by a succession of the curious, were much of a muchness.

All constructed of the old valley's beautiful old bricks, they were made up of three small rooms and a shower-room which opened on to a stone-paved courtyard at the back.

"Good solid work," said Pat stamping her feet on the firm floorboards. "People really made things to last in those days."

Nearby, stacks of the old bricks lay neatly piled, waiting, Pat said, to be used for further restoration.

"I'd like to turn these into honeymoon cottages. Wonderful place for a quiet, peaceful stay. Put in running water and the usual amenities and I think they would be terrific.

"Those old bricks, marked with the valley's own sign, are in wonderful order. Been offered good money for them, but I'm not selling one. I want them back where they belong."

As we stood there in the silence, broken only by the humming of bees and the occasional call of a bird, it was not hard to re-create the scene the village must have presented when it was alive.

Far off to the right would have come the sound of shale falling down the mine's chutes, the rising steam from the boilers. Here, the voices of women gossiping, doing their shopping, calling their children from play, or cooking the evening meal.

A reporter from a Sydney newspaper, who visited the valley about three years after the village was built, wrote:

"At night there was only a glimmer of a few lights and the faint sound of voices. At midday, the passing to and fro of men intent upon different kinds of employment and the ascending and descending of loaded wagons upon a railway from the valley to the summit of the mountain nearest Mittagong."

Herding us once more to the car, Pat chuckled and said, "There's one of the villagers left, you know. A real ghost. Young fellow named McGregor who tried to leave the valley to find his fortune in the outside world."

"Apparently the villagers warned him that his greed would be the end of him but he decided to go ahead, anyway.

Left one night by moonlight and began the long, slow climb to the top.

"They found him dead the next morning, apparently blown off the track by a strong wind. They say on a still sunny day he can be heard walking up the mountain, but that he never reaches more than halfway.

"Haven't heard him myself, but I do know that a certain door in my manager's homestead is always being found unlocked of a morning. Can't think of anyone else who would do it.

"But come along and let me show you the old kilns, or retorts, where they used to crush the shale. Now, these things really fascinate me. I haven't finished exploring them myself yet."

So once more the little car wove its way up a grassy rise and took us to a broad, green expanse, flushing a kangaroo from where it had been grazing, to take shelter in the surrounding trees.

"Kangaroos? There's hundreds around here. And lyrebirds and wombats—boy, there's a whole tribe of them under the homestead. I would like to catch a wombat for a pet. Believe they are great creatures and make wonderful watchdogs—but they sure are hard to catch."

The brick retorts, stilled into silence, stood row upon row at the end of the clearing. Choked with undergrowth and dirt, some still had shale in their kidney-shaped iron tanks.

"They used to get about 10,000 gallons of oil every week from these. A lot of it was used to light the streets of New York, London, and Moscow. These will never be used again but, to me, there is beauty in every piece of them."

The day was waning and it was time to leave the valley—for a while, for once having seen it you want to return.

"Was living in the homestead over there," said Pat as she hurtled the car back up the winding road. "It's quite comfortable. Don't know who built it but it must have been a long, long time after the village died. Now, I'm living in a train up top."

And there "up top," not far from the valley's front gate, which she keeps locked, standing by a shed full of feed, were three railway carriages — one a sleeper—and six trams.

"Don't ask me where they came from. Wish I could have the things removed, but it would cost too much. Then vandals broke into them last year and whipped out all the sleeper's wash-basins. They did about \$4000 damage all told."

Not being able to move them, Pat Lee set to and equipped the sleeper with bathrooms and toilets and turned the trams into dining-rooms.

Local pony clubs often take their members on camps to the areas and the riders eat and sleep in the trains and



KEROSINE RETORTS at Joadja are now a picturesque ruin.



OLD GRAVES which Pat Lee has cleaned up. The jonquils are very old.

trams, while Pat is quite willing to show interested tourists through her valley.

"Charge 50 cents to see the valley and 75 cents if they want to stay overnight in the sleeper.

"Only in the weekends, though. I have a couple of men on duty. I don't mind people coming in, but I don't want vandals who will do any damage to the places.

"Right now I can put up about 35 people overnight, but when I get the place fixed the way I want it I'll be able to take many more.

"As for me? Well, it will still be run as a grazing property and when I can get around to it I'm going to build a nice big house right in the middle of the valley facing the creek.

"It will have three bedrooms, an enormous living-room and, I hope, a nice big swimming-pool so I can have lots of friends down to stay and see my little piece of paradise."

—GLORIA NEWTON



SLEEPING CARRIAGE is her temporary home on the mountain-top overlooking her valley

Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you
don't have to fuss over)*

MAGLIA SWIMSUIT STYLE 915



Scarlet and banded in blue. A swim slimmer with fine little shoulder straps by **Maglia**. This style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'. Go ahead—you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. 'Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'.

This label*
looks after
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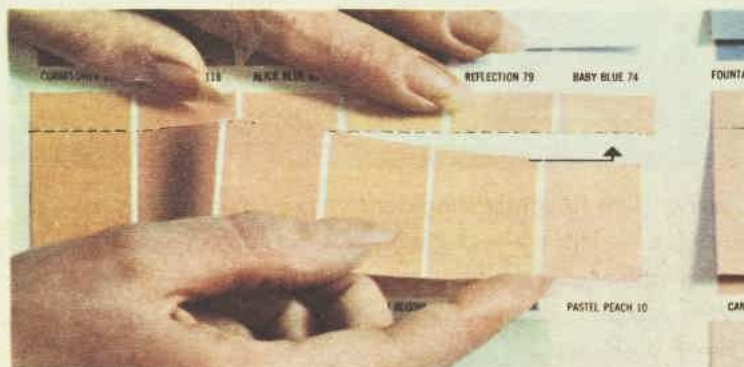
*'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark.

Page 23



**Nobody tears strips off
Dulux* 'Super-Enamel'.**

But how about the colour card?



It isn't difficult to find the toughest enamel of all for cupboards, doors, kitchen and bathroom walls. Finding the right colour is just as easy.

First, go to a Dulux dealer and ask for Dulux 'Super-Enamel'. Isn't it simple?

Get a new Dulux interior colour card, tear off a few strips and match them against floor coverings, tiles or bath. Soon you'll be holding exactly the colour you want.



*Dulux is a registered trade mark of BALM PAINTS LTD.

"I was born Greek —I will die Greek"



MELINA MERCOURI: A voluptuous star turns heroine. By ORIANA FALLACI

PICTURED: MELINA MERCOURI

THERE was a moment when Melina, whom people had known only as an intelligent character, a sexy actress, proved to be much more than that and to deserve the unbelievable role she is now living: a national heroine in exile. That moment was on Friday, July 7, when the American Committee for Democracy and Freedom in Greece invited 800 people to a party, where some would speak, and she would sing the songs banned by Stylianos Patakos, the new leader in Greece. Melina was to arrive at 11.30 p.m., soon after her performance in Jules Dassin's show on Broadway, "Illya Darling." But the Committee received word that she couldn't come, because of a sudden mourning. Probably, she could not even perform that

evening; she had collapsed. Yet, she did perform. And at 11.30, when everyone was about to leave the party, she arrived.

She entered without a word. Without a word she went to the platform from which the orators had spoken. She was dressed in black, her face was pale, drawn, melted. Deep wrinkles marked her eyes. Her mouth was bent in a grimace. Only her pupils seemed alive, they shone like lighted matches. Over the silence of the crowd she raised her voice firmly: "My father would have been happy to be with you tonight, to work with you. He died a few hours ago. In the name of my father, I ask you not to give up. Democracy

Continued with Melina's own story, on page 48

WISTERIA . . .

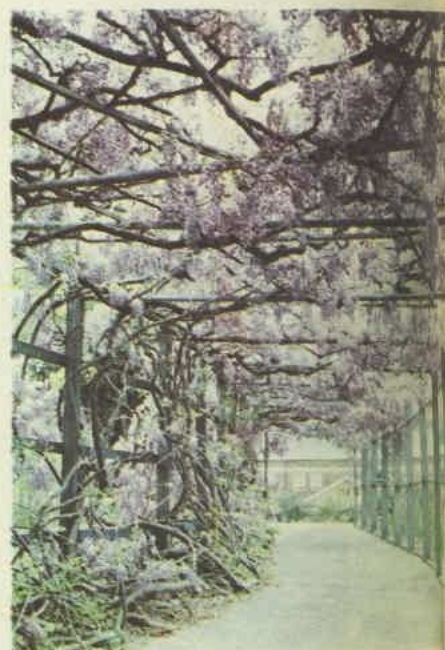
*graceful racemes of
beauty, the flowing
banners of spring*

WISTERIA twines and wreaths around the pillars and arches of an arbor walk in the sunken Memorial Garden, Hyde Park, N.S.W.

**How to grow wisteria: See
gardening notes, page 38.**



SHOWER of delicate pink bloom . . . a wisteria grown as a bonsai by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Cammeray, N.S.W.



WISTERIA on a walk at Admiralty House, official residence of the Governor-General, Kirribilli, N.S.W.

BACKDROP of spring glory, below: At Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dunlop's home at Darling Point, N.S.W.





COLONIAL elegance of white cast-iron lace and mellow sandstone . . . proper company for this superbly grown standard wisteria drooping with languid magnificence in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Watson, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Pictures by staff photographers Ron Berg and Keith Barlow.



WISTERIA decks a dead gum tree with blossom at home of Mr. H. G. Cooper, Avalon, N.S.W.



BONSAI wisteria, photographed at the National Trust property "Everglades," at Leura, N.S.W.

Gifts for your family-



**Bond's 'Yachtees'-
that won't shrink**

New Ideas from the Bond's family

'Yachtees' jackets, 'Coaster' robes and 'Wrap-Laps' are the newest togs in towelling—made from "Snow River" Terry—the most advanced towelling fabric and the best behaved. Rugged with a soft pile, it won't snag or lose shape. It machine washes and won't shrink. Only Bond's have this fabric—another reason why Bond's is Australia's greatest name in cotton. See these new towel togs today—you'll even smile at the prices.



New 'Yachtees'

Just made for fun and sun times and a whole range to choose from. Read left to right for the styles shown here.

- 1 There's a bold contrast stripe in this easy-going jacket with the new Henley neck. In gold/tan, light green/moss green or white/royal blue. \$4.99
- 2 Check—for a strong impression in contrast colours—white/royal blue, gold/brown or light blue/navy. Lace-up front. \$4.99
- 3 An exotic touch of the Orient brightens this 'Yachtees' jacket in black/white or black/brown/white. Milano collar, toggle tie. \$6.50
- 4 Stand-out smart in this 'Yachtees' jacket of plain colours—white, royal blue, lettuce green, light blue. Milano collar, lace-up front. Game fish motif. \$4.50
- 5 Something more extrovert in printed paisley design. In olive/gold or light blue/dark blue. Milano collar, toggle tie. \$6.50
- 6 Boys will love the adventure of 'Yachtees'. This style with contrast stripe in light green/moss green, gold/tan, or white/royal blue. Also in quarter check style of white/royal blue, gold/brown or light blue/navy. \$2.99

New 'Coasters' and 'Wrap-Laps'

'Coasters' are the relax-in robes for bath or beach or patio pleasures. 'Wrap-Laps' are a fun idea for after swim or shower. One 'Wrap-Lap' fits three sizes. There's a range for men and boys in both of these new towel togs. Pictured: left to right.

- 1 'Coasters' robe with two pockets and tie waist in plain colours with contrast motif. White, sky blue, or burgundy. \$7.99
- 2 'Wrap-Lap' in printed poinsettia design of red and black/white or brown and black/white. Also in Oriental design and both styles are in boys' sizes. \$3.99 (Boys' \$3.50)
- 3 Boys' 'Coasters' robe just like dad's. In plain colours with contrast motif—white, sky blue, lettuce green. \$5.99
- 4 A boldly male look in printed Oriental design. Two pockets, tie waist. In black/white or black, brown/white. \$8.99



new towel togs or lose shape

exclusively

METTERS

4 HOTPLATES *and* GIANT SEPARATE GRILLER

and all these METTERS star features

- ★ Automatic clock and illuminated control panel. Just set and forget.
- ★ Reminder lights on control panel never let you forget that the elements are switched on.
- ★ Swept-up back, recessed cooking top—wipes clean in seconds—stops over-edge spilling.
- ★ Four lift-out elements—elements come right out with a flick of the wrist for easy cleaning.
- ★ Thermoguard hotplate—automatic pot watcher prevents boil-overs.
- ★ Giant lift-out grill element with removable easy-clean reflector.
- ★ Extra-large adjustable grill tray with see-through anti-splash shield and foldaway, heat-resistant handle.
- ★ Spatter-free rotisserie cooks meat and poultry to retain all the natural flavours.
- ★ Miracle mirror oven door glass. You see food cooking only when oven light is on.
- ★ Lift-off door. Lightweight oven door lifts right off for easy cleaning.
- ★ Storage cupboard. Ample room for accessories and utensils.

Plus exclusive Grill and Warm Oven.

Warm the plates and keep cooked dishes piping hot in the extra-large grill and warm compartment that has its own independent temperature control.



LD2

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RIGHT: View from Cape Leeuwin, W.A., not far from the place where the young Grace Bussell in 1876 rode her horse through raging seas to rescue 48 people from the wrecked steamer *Georgette*. This picture was taken by Mr. J. Melville, of Kogarah, N.S.W.

Australian Almanac

● A weekly series
by Bill Beatty



NOVEMBER 26

1824 Buffalo Range discovered by Hume and Hovell. The spectacular granite mountains in north-eastern Victoria are seven miles long and four miles across at their widest. In their journal, the explorers noted that on this day they saw "a mountain with snow upon it . . . a singular-looking mountain which we called Mount Buffalo."

The 14 square miles of the plateau have an abundance of tors, and granite blocks are strewn over it. The Gorge is a striking feature, with a wall of granite up to 800ft. high and half a mile long.

1887 Beach defeated Hanlan in sculling contest for world's championship on the Nepean River, N.S.W.

William Beach was 17 when he first entered a boat, and his first rowing success was against a hotelkeeper on Lake Illawarra, N.S.W., with stakes of a dollar a side. The event which launched him on his sculling career was winning an all-comers' handicap skiff race on Sydney Harbour—a 2½-mile course.

Beach won the Australian championship in 1884, and in the same year defeated the world's champion, Edward Hanlan, on the Parramatta River. In 1886 Beach went to England and in three weeks, in the National Sculling Sweepstakes, defeated five of the world's best oarsmen. Returning to Sydney, Beach rowed only one more major race—against Hanlan, over a 3½-mile course. He then retired, having rowed unbeaten for the world's championship seven times. Beach died at Dapto, N.S.W., in 1935. Three years later a memorial was unveiled to him in Cabarita Park, in the Sydney suburb of Concord.

NOVEMBER 27

1856 Parliament House, Melbourne, opened. Building had begun early that year, and the two chambers were opened on this day. The building developed in stages, and 100 years later still lacks a 150ft. dome over the vestibule and most of the north and south wings.

The first Victorian Parliament was held in St. Patrick's Hall, Bourke Street, between William and Queen Streets, in 1851. Parliament rented the hall from the St. Patrick's Society. The architecture of the Melbourne Parliament House is on a magnificent scale, and classic in style.

1889 Great Hall of the Town Hall, Sydney, opened. An ornate example of Victorian grandeur in architecture, Sydney Town Hall is typical of the latter part of the 19th-century building boom which all but submerged the little Georgian town of Sydney. The Victorian age is reflected in these massive, highly ornamented buildings, indicative of the colony's growth and prosperity and contrasting with the simple, elegant buildings of the earlier era.

1943 Death of Thomas Louis Esson, playwright and dramatist. Esson was educated at Scotch College, Melbourne, and the University of Melbourne. He began his literary career as a member of the staff of "Table Talk" and later transferred to another magazine, "Lone Hand." In 1908 he went to India and Japan for "Lone Hand," and on his return to Australia began to write plays. Two of his earliest were "The Woman Tamer" and "Dead Timber," a tragedy of life on a Gippsland selection.

Louis Esson was inspired by the idea of a national theatre for Australia. He was one of the founders of the Pioneer Players Movement in 1922, and produced a number of Australian plays.

NOVEMBER 28

1795 The first export of cedar from New South Wales. The cedar went to India for wood-carving, by the vessel *Experiment*. A few years later the Hawkesbury, Hunter, Illawarra, and Shoalhaven districts of New South Wales began to be exploited for the splendid red cedar abounding in the river valleys and the ranges there. By the 1850s this timber was wiped out, but red cedar was then found on the Northern Rivers.

So ruthlessly were these magnificent timbers stripped that little was left at the dawn of this century. Today the great forests are no more. Nearly four million super-feet of cedar was exported in one year alone. Relics are found in the cedar panelling and fittings of old homes in and about Windsor, Parramatta, Maitland, and the South Coast districts of New South Wales.

1855 First Cabinet in Victoria under responsible government formed, with W. C. Haines as Premier.

1861 Burke and Wills' relief expedition returned to Melbourne.

1882 Birth of the athlete Clarence Weber. As a Melbourne schoolboy, Weber was a champion in field sports, and at the age of 20 became cycling champion of Victoria. He won greater fame as a wrestler, and in the flush of his youth was described as having "the face of a Greek god, the body of a Hercules, and the grace of a panther."

NOVEMBER 29

1830 Death of "King" Bungaree. Governor Macquarie honored the Aboriginal Bungaree with a "badge of distinction"—a brass plate, shaped like a half-moon, suspended by a brass chain. Engraved in large letters were the words BUNGAREE, KING OF THE BLACKS. On the plate, which Bungaree wore round his neck, was also engraved the arms of the colony of New South Wales—an emu and a kangaroo. Several tribal chiefs were "honored" with "badges of distinction" by early governors.

1865 Brisbane shops first lit with gas.

1894 The Wairarapa disaster. The steamship was on a voyage from Sydney to New

Zealand when, near Auckland, she was caught in a dense fog and wrecked on Great Barrier Island with the loss of 125 lives.

1899 The *Valkyrian* sailed from Newcastle, N.S.W., and was never heard of again. Formerly owned by the New Zealand Shipping Co. as the *Waimate*, she was sold to Russia and renamed.

1900 Salvation Army pioneers religious films. The first one was "The Early Christian Martyrs," made by J. H. Perry. "Soldiers of the Cross" was produced in 1902.

NOVEMBER 30

1816 George Town, Tasmania, founded. Named in honor of George III, it was here that Lieutenant-Colonel Paterson formally took possession of the area. It was for a time regarded as the northern capital of Tasmania.

With the growth of Launceston, George Town lost prominence and for years was merely a pleasant watering place, until the establishment of the aluminium smelting plant at Bell Bay, nearby, brought new expansion. Its bulk oil terminal and cargo ferry service to Melbourne also have made George Town a thriving centre.

The area has many historical links. The picturesque little church of St. Mathias was built in 1842 by Dr. Mathias Gaunt, an ambitious pioneer who also built the first steam flour mill in northern Tasmania. The original road linking George Town with Launceston was built by convicts. It had signalling stations along it for sending semaphore messages (many of which were used to apprehend bushrangers), the last being sent in 1859.

1878 Death of sculptor Charles Summers. Summers worked on the Victorian goldfields, then as a modeller at the new Parliament House in Melbourne. His most important work was the Burke and Wills bronze group in Melbourne, and he is represented in the National Gallery, Melbourne, the Adelaide Gallery, and at the Mitchell Library, Sydney. Summers later went to Rome, where he opened a successful workshop.

DECEMBER 1

1826 Australian Subscription Library, Sydney, opened. Some of Sydney's leading citizens made a combined catalogue of the books in their private collections so that they could more conveniently borrow books from one another. From this beginning, some of them clubbed together in 1826 to establish the Australian Subscription Library.

1842 Election of the first municipal council of Melbourne.

1848 Kennedy, the explorer, killed by Aborigines near Cape York. In the previous year, Edmund Kennedy, Assistant-Surveyor of New South Wales, had discovered the Thomson River and established that the Barcoo River was part of Cooper's Creek.

In 1848, Kennedy led an expedition to explore Cape York Peninsula. Arriving at Rockingham Bay, north of Townsville, in May, Kennedy's party, after much privation and toil, reached Weymouth Bay, and established a depot. Kennedy, with four others, Costigan, Dunn, Luff, and an Aboriginal named Jacky Jacky, left this depot to try to reach Cape York, where a relief ship was expected.

Kennedy and Jacky Jacky continued north, after leaving the other three men at Shelburne Bay. Only the native reached Cape York, for in a skirmish with wild Aborigines Kennedy was killed. The faithful Jacky Jacky handed Kennedy's diary and journal to the ship's relief party, and then guided them to Shelburne Bay, but Costigan, Dunn, and Luff had died. When they reached the Weymouth Bay depot, only two survivors were found.

1942 HMAS *Armidale*, corvette, sunk by a Japanese air attack off Timor with the loss of 40 lives.

DECEMBER 2

1831 Sydney illuminated with bonfires lit in honor of Governor Bourke's arrival.

1856 First Parliament in Tasmania under responsible government.

1876 Wreck of the steamer *Georgette* near Cape Leeuwin, Western Australia. Survivors were saved through the heroism of a young girl, Grace Bussell, who was alone with her sick mother when an Aboriginal boy brought her news of the shipwreck. Without wasting a moment she mounted her horse and rode to the scene of the disaster.

The ship had sprung a leak, and the captain tried to beach her. Instead, the vessel was carried on to a reef some distance from the shore and began to break up. The lifeboat was lowered, but it was not seaworthy and the eight people in it were drowned. The rest of the crew and passengers clung to the wreck, over which the waves were breaking. It seemed no one could swim through the boiling surf.

Grace at once turned her horse toward the sea and rode boldly in through the raging surf. With superb horsemanship she managed to guide the animal courageously breasting the waves. At last they reached the wreck and, taking a child in her arms and a woman behind her, the girl set out for shore.

Backwards and forwards for four hours through the heavy surf went Grace Bussell and her noble horse until the 48 people were safe on the beach.

The 16-year-old heroine, hailed as "Australia's Grace Darling," was awarded the Medal of the Royal Humane Society, and the British Government presented her with a gold watch.



Mr. Kenneth Pirrie
top fashion designer and
fabric expert who designed
these dresses for the
Lux gift offer.

*"-and you can wash these dreamy dresses"
says Mr. Pirrie, "but only if you use Lux"*

Choose hand-printed pure silk delicate sheers or new synthetics, and wash them as often as you like. Mr. Kenneth Pirrie says it is okay—providing you use Lux.

Lux is pure soap flakes, so mild and gentle it takes care of your very best things. *If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux.* So make up these super summer

dresses in the fabrics you like and keep them looking fresh and new for many a season. It's easy! Thanks to Kenneth Pirrie. Thanks to gentle Lux Flakes!

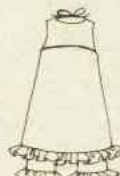
**GIFT
PATTERNS
of these three
Kenneth Pirrie
dresses!!!**



"THE A-LINE"
flares gently to the hem
with pockets hidden in
side seams. Simple to sew
with the special
Lux gift pattern.



"CAFTAN"
Float of silk falls
from a little yoke.
Free and fancy and easy
to sew from the Lux
gift pattern.



"KNICKERDRESS"
is this year's
young fashion.
Kenneth Pirrie designed
it for you to make
with the Lux pattern.



The Kenneth Pirrie dresses
above are on this Lux package
made up in different fabrics
—for a different effect.

PARTY SWINGER to make for CHRISTMAS

● Here it is, the "now" look in fashion, the dress you simply can't be without for the holidays ahead. It's got fashion's new flare; it's also got a high baby yoke cut on the bias, a neckline that frames the face—and cut-away armholes. Order now for Christmas party sewing. (See details under illustration, below left.)



7170. — One-piece tent dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 7170, the price, 95c, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





A CARDIN WARDROBE FOR MIA FARROW

in her
new
film,
"A Dandy
In Aspic"



WHITE CLOAK-DRESS, with fox fur at throat and hem, is worn with pastel shoes and paler stockings. Picture top left shows Mia's bare left arm and a cloak slit for the right hand. At left, she has thrust her arm through the slit—and the bouncy hemline lifts to show the flowered dress beneath. Below, Mia wears the glitter-besprinkled dress, which also has a jaunty hem.

● Pierre Cardin has designed clothes with a hint of the future for Mia Farrow to wear in her first starring film part, that of Caroline in the spy drama "A Dandy In Aspic." In the film, Caroline belongs to a suave, dangerous, up-to-the-minute world of spies and double spies, intrigues and furtive killings. In keeping with her role, her Cardin wardrobe has both allure and drama. In general, the line falls softly from a rounded, raised collar in an outward movement to a bouncing, frivolous hemline. This Columbia film will be released soon in Australia.





ROUND, RAISED COLLAR of Mia's horizontally striped topcoat is made of thickly padded giant-size binding of the coat wool. The pockets have a similar trim. Gloves match stripe and buttons.



VAGABOND SUIT has a green sweater and earth-brown pants. The checked hobo cap is peaked, and there is a touch of bright red at the throat. Key-note of the whole outfit is simplicity — the costly kind of simplicity rich women pay the Paris couturiers to achieve. Mia is the beautiful daughter of the actress Maureen O'Sullivan.



DRAMATIC and floaty, this dress again follows the theme of outward fall from a raised collar, which here hugs the throat. There's a bow at the nape, and a train falls to hem-length at the back. A challenging combination of the colors is achieved by bold geometrical cutting. It suits Mia.

Master Foods speak up about spreads

Look what's going on behind our backs!



(Easy-to-make party snacks—that's what!)

Our spread cans are two-faced! On the front, the everyday face of a sandwich spread. On the back? Mouthwatering party snack recipes galore! So easy—just open the can and you've almost got it made! Asparagus Dip; Asparagus Savouries; Fish-Savoury Eggs; Club Sandwiches; Chicken and Vegetable Pie Pieces; Devilled Hamwiches; Liverwurst Dip and many more. Partying soon? Don't turn your back on Master Foods spreads!

MP276

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

- This one-piece dress made in summer black is specially chosen for a Melbourne reader, who requested a sleeveless style with a belted waist.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you let me have a design and pattern for a one-piece dress with a belted waistline?"

My material is a very fine silk crepe and I have just under four yards of 36in. material."

Illustrated at right is the design you asked about. The dress has a high yoke and square armholes, a blouson bodice, and a slightly gathered skirt with front pleats. The waistline is belted. If you wish to order the pattern, under the illustration are full details.

"Can a tourist passenger travelling by plane carry a coat or is it included in the luggage allowance?"

Economy-class passengers can carry a coat, umbrella, handbag, binoculars, camera, and reading matter.

"I am going to make a plaid material into a frock and jacket, but on the pattern form there is no allowance for matching the plaids. How much extra material should I buy?"

If the plaid design is small, an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of fabric would be sufficient. If the plaid has a large pattern, buy an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fabric.

"Please tell me if a short or long bridesmaid's frock is the fashion. I also would like to know the newest styles."

This season there is a slight preference for the floor-length bridesmaid's dress. There is no restriction on the choice of design. Wear what suits your own style and coloring.

"My husband and I have been invited to a dance and he thinks it is not necessary to wear a dinner suit. Do you think a lounge suit would be correct?"

Find out in advance what the other men are wearing. Your husband should wear the same.

"Please suggest shades to flatter grey hair and a fair skin."

All shades of blue and all shades of pink are the most becoming to flatter your coloring.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a tuck-in sleeveless blouse with a scoop neckline? My size is 38in. bust."

Our pattern department has the design you inquired about. The pattern also includes an overblouse with cut-away armholes and a V-shaped or square neckline. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 7100, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

"Could you please tell me the correct way to wash skin gloves?"

The correct way to wash skin gloves — be sure they are washable — is on your hands, using lukewarm water and a complexion soap. Rinse the gloves on your hands, too, again using lukewarm water. Dry indoors or in the shade. Blow into gloves to give them shape and place flat on a towel. Before the gloves are thoroughly dry, pull them on your hands.

"I am being married in a bridal dress, and as I wear glasses with black frames I wondered if I should buy a special light pair for the occasion."

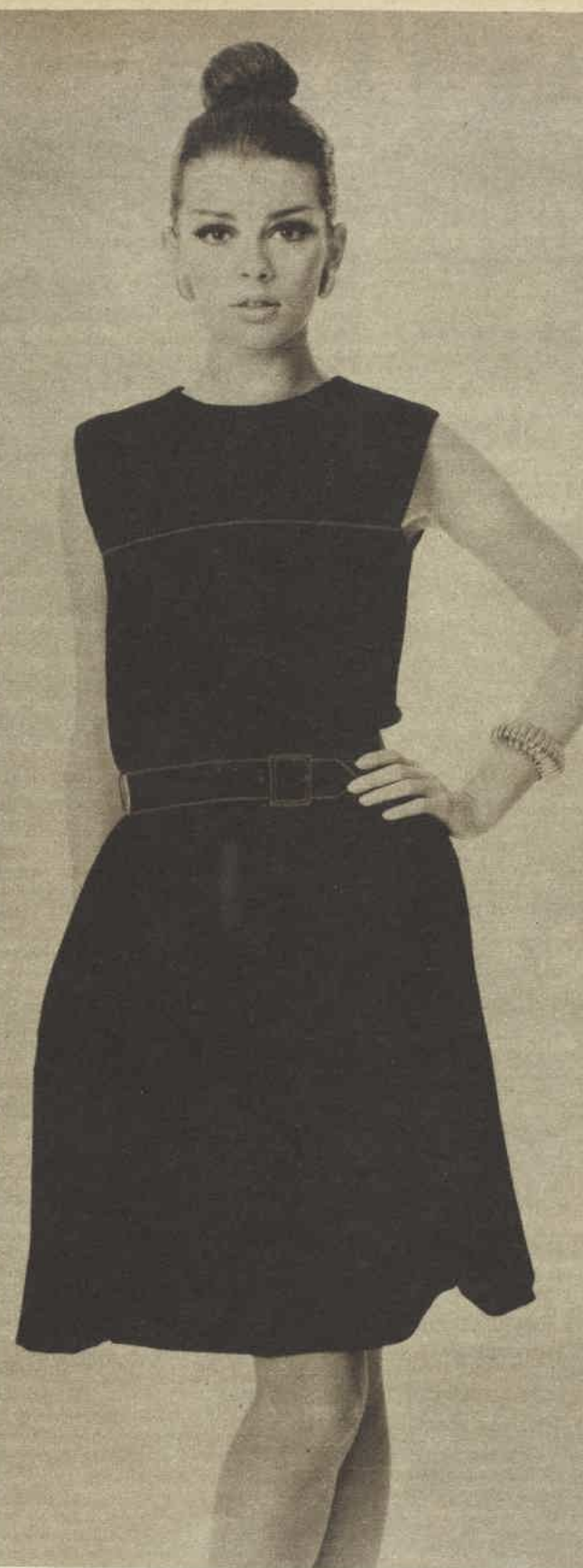
Have you considered contact lenses? Or the new frames in light colors? I do think black frames would look rather heavy worn with a bridal dress.

"I have a blue crepe late-day frock I find difficult to press. I press the dress with a very hot iron and it seems to pull the fabric. Could you give me any information that might help?"

Crepe needs a moderately hot iron and should be pressed on the wrong side. It must not be pressed with any moisture, so don't use a damp cloth.

"I am accompanying my husband on a business trip to California. We are going by air and I would like some advice about a suitable travelling dress."

My favorite dress for air travel is an easy-fit coat-dress in a non-crease fabric. Take a lightweight cardigan, as planes can be chilly.



1783.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Vogue pattern 1783, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"As I don't have much social life, would you advise me about some style suitable for any occasion? I will be buying the garment ready-made, but I thought it would be useful to have your suggestions before I shop. The outfit is for the daytime. I am in my early fifties."

I suggest a dress and matching jacket in plain or printed silk. The beauty of this type of ensemble is that it can be changed completely by discarding the jacket.

"Do you think flesh-colored lace would be suitable to make a maternity frock for party wear?"

Yes, I do. Have the dress made Empire-style, tied under the bosom with a pink ribbon ending in bow and streamers. Pretty maternity clothes are in fashion.

"Is it customary for the bride or bride's parents to pay for the bridesmaid's outfit?"

No, the bridesmaid pays for her own wedding outfit.

Keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests

To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests, spray with safe Pea-Beu insecticide. Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact—an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

No insect is immune to its deadly action, yet Pea-Beu does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs or to irritate delicate nasal tissue nor does it contain any of the poisonous hydrocarbons and is therefore perfectly safe to spray anywhere in the home, near children, food, and near pets.

Pleasantly perfumed to leave a refreshingly clean aroma in the home, powerful Pea-Beu insecticide is now available through leading stores and chemists and is the positive way to ensure your home is pest free.

UNWANTED HAIR GONE IN TWO MINUTES

Here's the smoothest, daintiest, easiest way to remove surplus hair. Just spread fragrant Neelo cream on with your fingertips. A few minutes later, wipe it off, and the hair goes too. Nothing could be easier. Neelo simply creams hair away, leaving your skin soft and smooth. No tell-tale shaving stubble. And gentle thorough Neelo penetrates the hair follicle, slows hair growth and brings you long-lasting skin smoothness. At your chemist.

Neelo
cream hair remover



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De Witt's Pills

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Go-go or fox-trot — the officers on P & O cruise liners know them all.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

WISTERIA:

A beautiful climber that can become a tree, a shrub, a container plant

WISTERIA is one of the most appealing flowering climbers, with a special elegance and delightful fragrance.

It is also a practical choice for trellis or patio, giving abundant leafy shade in summer, yet allowing almost full sun through in winter.

One of the most adaptable plants, it grows happily in most climates and practically any soil—alkaline or acid, clayey or sandy.

Young plants will establish more easily in heavy clay soils if a little sand and peatmoss or leafmould are added in the root area before planting.

By ALLAN SEALE

Wisterias make most of their growth in wet periods in spring and summer, but once established can survive long spells of drought. They are very long lived, unusual for such quick growers.

Wisterias planted early in the last century still grace some of Australia's oldest buildings, flowering each spring.

Sometimes they romp out of control through old gardens, but this can be avoided if they are trained properly.

Wisterias can be enjoyed in several forms. The most conventional one is as a drape over fences, trellises, and pergolas.

They can also be trained as a shrub or

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — Page 198

AS A CLIMBER

When encouraging wisteria to drape over fences, walls, trellises, etc., train it to a single stem for the first 4 or 5 ft. — usually to the height of the fence or trellis, then train along the top.

Suckers coming from the base are removed, except where the original growth is weak, when you should leave the most promising one until it is 2 or 3 ft. long, and then twine it around the established cane. In time, they will form a solid stem or trunk.

Rub off side buds which develop before the stem reaches the desired length, keeping all future growth well up from the ground, and the wisteria won't be difficult to control.

As the plant approaches its desired size, excessive new growth is pruned away, spring and summer, to about six leaves above the start of the new cane.

The vines can be kept even more restricted by a final pruning in late winter, reducing the canes back to one growth bud beyond the flower buds. If doubtful about which are flower buds, leave until they elongate or are about to unfold, a few weeks before flowering.

When training the vine across a wall and encouraging it to adopt a certain shape, side branching can usually be stimulated by bearing the leading cane down in a direction opposite from the way the side branch is to go.

The new growth may start in a nearly vertical position, but later can be fixed in its proper place.

Solid lattice or strong wires are needed to support the vine in its earlier years. Eventually it may develop a trunk sufficiently rigid to take most of its weight.

AS CONTAINER PLANTS

Wisterias make graceful container plants, whether they are trained as tiny bonsai or overhang large urns. The shape you choose will depend on the type of container and your preference.

The characteristic Japanese style

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standard for a garden feature, or to blend gracefully with azaleas, flowering peach, and other spring gems.

With support, they can be trained in shapely fashion across a wall, or allowed to climb an old tree to array its branches with showers of soft color.

SHRUB OR STANDARD FORM

Wisterias are easily trained into shrub or standard shape by regular summer pruning. The standard form is preferable to a more compact shrub shape, as there is less likelihood of low branches contacting the ground and forming independent roots.

(These layers eventually form deep roots, and are hard to remove.)

There are several ways to form a standard wisteria, but the quickest is to allow the plant to go its own way for the first season while it is establishing.

Then, toward the end of the next winter, drive a firm stake such as a piece of water pipe alongside it, leaving it at about the height the trunk of the standard will be.

Prune the plant well back to encourage vigorous base shoots. Select the two strongest, and as growth progresses loosely tie them to the stake, allowing them to cross over every 15 to 18 in. This forms a sturdy and picturesque trunk.

Rub off any side shoots developing below the top of the stake.

As future growth develops, the plant is pruned as suggested for climbers, but the new canes are taken back to about four leaves instead of six or seven. Any subsequent summer growth is pinched back to keep it within bounds.

usually spreads irregularly from a short standard, with one or two branches arching and another descending sharply.

Or you may prefer a growth-style which spills flowers down the sides of the container. Any shape can be achieved by shortening back excessive growth and rubbing off all shoots except those heading in the direction required. Mature growth can be reshaped by gradually bending canes, fastening where needed.

OTHER USES

Wisteria may also be used to cover tall stumps.

Allowed to twine up a tree, it makes an attractive picture, festooning the branches.

A similar effect was achieved by Mrs. Handley in her Dundas, N.S.W., garden when she devised an artificial tree to support a pendulous white wisteria. This "tree" was made by supporting three steel-reinforcement bars in the end of a 3 in. steel pipe buried almost to ground level.

The bars were curved slightly at the top so that they arched gracefully in three directions. Soon the vines disguised any suggestion of metal and manufacture.

WISTERIA VARIETIES

The lavender wisteria most popularly grown is *W. sinensis* (also listed as *W. chinensis*), sometimes known as Japanese wisteria. It is very hardy and free flowering. A double variety is sometimes available, *W. sinensis flora plena*, and a white variety, *W. sinensis alba*.

There is also a North American species with exceptionally long sprays of white flower, *W. multi-juga alba*, and a so-called pink, *W. multi-juga rosea*, with light pink buds which fade to white.

Failure to flower. New plants may not produce flowers for the first few years, until mature wood forms. Shortening back sappy growth the previous season will usually help form flower buds. So will the application of a complete plant food, one high in phosphorus rather than nitrogen. Seedling plants take longer to flower than those raised from layers or cuttings.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

CORDON BLEU (TONGUE LIZARD)!

• TUCKER BELONGA BIG WATER HOLE . . .

This is the heading, on the chapter dealing with sea-food recipes, in a novel cookery book, "Gunyah Gabba," published by the Barraba, N.S.W., Pre-School Centre Association.

The committee of the association decided a concerted effort was necessary to raise funds for the building of a new pre-school centre. A cookery book was decided upon as the most interesting and effective way of raising funds.

As Mrs. W. F. Chaffey, wife of the N.S.W. Minister for Agriculture, says in her preface: "There have been many old hands bringing to light recipes concocted from campfire yarns."

Native relics

Barraba, set in the hills of the north-western slopes of N.S.W., has a population of about 2000. There is widespread evidence of Aboriginal activity there before the coming of the white man, and Aboriginal axes, cutting tools, and grinding stones are often found.

Relics of the unknown past—like the vast rubbing stones on the sandstone banks of the McIntyre Creek—show this to have been a natural habitat of original Australians.

So, when the committee came to decide on a theme for their cookery book, an Aboriginal theme was the obvious choice.

This is a cookery book with a difference, truly Australian in presentation. Some of the chapter headings are: "Jumbuck Belongas" (lamb and mutton recipes); "Plummy Smoke in the Eyes" (barbecues); "Corroboree" (entertaining).

Gift idea

There's even "Big Fella Walkabout," for a small section of international recipes supplied by various High Commissioners, Embassies, and Consulates.

Interspersed throughout the book are Aboriginal legends and names, definitions of Australian slang.

The committee believes this is a delightful book to send overseas as a gift—and one you'd like to keep for yourself, too. Recipes are practical and widely varied. "Gunyah Gabba" is obtainable from the Secretary, Barraba Pre-School Centre, Barraba, N.S.W. 2347. Cost is \$2.50, plus 26c postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 29, 1967

What's new, pussycat?



★ Every girl knows it—the feeling that eyes are fixed on you. It happened to these models recently, for obvious reasons. They were modelling hats from a London collection by Simone Mirman. On the left is "Four Eyes," a white velour helmet with plastic eyes. The other hat, "Pussycat," is in white fur.

• 39c + \$1.50 + 25c + \$2 . . .

It all added up

COMPACT

to a win for Suzanne

GRAVE, TERSE VERSE

CALICO, in California, is a ghost town with some ghosts that offer visitors some pretty lively humor.

In the cemetery there are quaint epitaphs.

Such as the weathered headboard reading:

1888

Here lies Ann Mann.
She lived an old maid,
And died an old Mann.

And another one that catches eyes goes:

Beneath this stone,
A lump of clay,
Lies Mora Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

★ There's no business like show business . . .

The scene: On a film set in France.

The actors: A reporter, star Rex Harrison, and his pet basset hound.

Harrison: "His name is Homer. He is to get married soon."

"His fiancée is Brigitte Bardot's dog."

Curtain.

■ Those girls you see checking your purchases through supermarkets' cash registers apparently are a very contented lot.

Generally, it seems, they wouldn't trade jobs with anyone.

At a recent national contest for "Checker of the Year" the seven contestants were adamant about their jobs being ideal for girls.

The contest was held by the National Association of Retail Grocers, and National Cash Registers, during the N.S.W. Grocers and Storekeepers' Association convention in Sydney.

The winner was Suzanne Wyhoon, of Kooyong, Victoria.

Suzanne (who won a cash prize of \$200, a plane trip for two to N.Z. with a week's holiday at Pakatoa Island and another at a luxury hotel in Auckland) told judges she had only one ambition apart from her job—to get married.

Runner-up, Brenda Wardle, of Adelaide—who lost the title by only half a mark—won \$100 in cash and seven days' holiday for two at Newport, a Sydney beach suburb.

Suzanne and Brenda, along with the other five contestants, said they could think of no other job that would

bring as much pleasure as theirs does.

"We meet so many people, make so many friends. We listen to their troubles and to their good luck. It's like belonging to one big family," Suzanne said.

"And our jobs are pretty important—aside from the need for swiftness and accuracy with the registers. After all, we are the only personal contact shoppers have with our stores—and they judge the stores on our behaviour."

One entrant said she had refused promotion twice—because it would have taken her away from her cash register and put her into an office.

Another said she had tried seven different jobs, including one as a factory worker, before settling down happily to life as a checker.

And they all agreed that marriage was the only thing that could take them away from their jobs.

That adds up—until one plus one equals three. Or more!



● Suzanne . . . the champ.



Cast your spell with FRANAD 105

Enchant him, bewitch him. Cast your spell with a charm of Franad 105.

Precious new fragrance with the gentlest sigh of musk. Carefully blended from 105 rare plants and herbs, and captured in silky-smooth bath oil, cologne, spray cologne, dusting powder with a whisper-soft lamb's wool puff, and creme perfume sachet lotion. All fully imported from America.

Priced from \$1.45 to \$18.75. For you who believe in magic, Franad 105.





"Aren't you wearing Tweed ()?"

Elegant women the world over delight in the famous fragrance of Tweed. Like the jet set who fly Qantas round the world.



LN 9.FPM

LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

Teaching children to dance

IT is lack of correct discipline by parents, not dancing lessons, Mrs. Clarke, that makes children cheeky. Dancing gives children poise and the ability to mix well in company. But adults often do damage by making comparisons and talking too freely before their children.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Paterson, Padstow, N.S.W.

BE careful which type of dancing you choose. There is stage dancing, which is excellent exercise but calls for a certain amount of precociousness. Junior ballroom I found distasteful, with children dressed in formal evening clothes, like miniature adults. I felt they were being robbed of their childhood. Ballet gives a child grace and poise plus an opportunity to listen to beautiful music. It is a hard master, but brings great reward. There is no place for cheekiness in ballet.

\$2 to "Kay Cross" (name supplied), Campbelltown, S.A.

I ONCE heard a young mother say, "My daughter is learning art of speech, not dancing. She must speak to people all her life, whereas she won't by middle age be standing in front of any assembled company demonstrating dance steps." Personally, I believe that dancing classes do develop grace of movement but that years of lessons are worth while only for children of outstanding talent.

\$2 to Mrs. V. L. Price, Ashgrove, Qld.

SOME time ago our family doctor was very definite in advising me against having my small daughter taught dancing. "Mothers should keep young children well away from dancing lessons during the early years, when their feet are still forming rapidly," he said. "The unnatural positions and movements can result in flat feet and other deformities."

\$2 to Mrs. F. Frohlich, Longueville, N.S.W.

IN my opinion, dancing is wonderful for children, especially those who are a little shy. It helped my small cousin in overcoming a speech defect, which was only caused by being nervous.

\$2 to Mrs. C. Coxon, North Mackay, Qld.

A FRIEND who has taught ballet for many years, to literally hundreds of children, always says that it gives girls poise and confidence. They know how to move, sit, and stand gracefully, it teaches them a certain discipline, and altogether has a beneficial influence. As for making a child pert, isn't that the result of the parents' training—or rather lack of training? Pertness is evident in many children who have never been inside a ballet studio.

\$2 to Mrs. A. E. Greenhalgh, Cottesloe, W.A.



LETTER BOX

Modern discipline

THE modern method of disciplining law-breakers makes me rather bewildered. Jail is supposed to be a form of punishment for wrongdoers. Yet we hear of prisoners being taught trades, educated to higher levels, given art lessons and entertainment, while many hard-working, law-abiding citizens aren't in a financial position to give their children these opportunities. If a child deliberately breaks a window, we don't punish him with a piece of cake. Why should criminals be given a greater opportunity than those who keep to the straight and narrow path?

\$2 to Mrs. E. J. Rogerson, Goulburn, N.S.W.

One man's reply

I SHOULD like to refute the statement that men can never do more than one thing at the one time. Every morning I switch on the coffee-maker, get the eggs and bacon going, fill the cups with hot water, and put the bread in the toaster. Everything is timed to finish exactly at the same moment, and the result is a piping-hot breakfast. Admittedly, I have been told that I am the slowest and noisiest washer-upper this side of the black stump. But, between you and me, this has long since produced the desired result.

\$2 to "Male Reader" (name supplied), Monbulk, Vic.

When to telephone

SEVERAL women have told me they do their telephoning in the mornings because friends are usually out in the afternoons and "men don't like wives being called to the telephone in the evenings." I deplore morning calls, which interrupt my busiest working time, and do most of my personal telephoning in the late afternoon or after dinner at night. My husband has never objected to a ringing phone—as long as he is not expected to answer it.

\$2 to "Hard To Believe" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

Lunch-hour party

WITH an aged mother, two sons, one six and the other 21, and a husband, I was wondering how I could fit in a birthday party for my 12-year-old daughter. Then the bright idea of having a birthday luncheon for her during the school lunch-hour hit me. We wrote the invitations on fancy notepaper. When the eight schoolfriends arrived home with her, I had everything set out in party fashion, and we were able to fit in four quick competitions while they sat at the table. It proved quite successful and some of my friends are copying the idea.

\$2 to Mrs. Nancy Gruar, Box Hill, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

WIM-WAMS

"LEAST said, soonest mended." "Little pitchers have big ears." "Your eyes are too big for your mouth."

In my youth we heard sayings like that every day.

My grandmother had a stock of them ready for all occasions. She also kept in readiness more mysterious phrases.

I would ask: "What are you making in that dish, Grandma?" She would reply: "Wim-wams for a goose's bride." She said that when she wanted to keep something a secret, like a birthday cake.

Today old sayings are not used so often. I was talking lately to a girl of 14 who did not know that a stitch in time saved nine.

I also met a boy of 12 who was quite unaware that an apple a day

kept the doctor away. When I told him so, he did not seem to believe me.

What set me thinking about old sayings was a book—a new edition (the 123rd) of an old book called "Enquire Within Upon Everything."

My mother used to have a copy of "Enquire Within." It provided our family with information on all sorts of important subjects, from keeping tortoises to weaning babies. And at the top of each page was a proverb or motto.



The new edition has brought the facts on babies, tortoises, etc., up to date. But I was pleased to find that the sayings at the top of the pages have been left the same as they used to be.

I came across old favorites such as "Children and chickens must always be picking," and "Eggs badly boiled are good things spoiled" (how true!).

Yet I must say that, looking at

some of the sayings in the light of more mature experience, I was not so sure they were right.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," for example. If I had stuck strictly to that, I could not have raised the mortgage to build my house.

"A blunt knife shows a dull wife" is a little hard on married women. I have known one or two wives with blunt knives who were quite bright.

And, of course, some of the "Enquire Within" sayings are not suited to present conditions.

"A duel is folly playing at murder" may be a sound warning. But one is rarely challenged to duels these days.

"A sooty chimney costs many a beefsteak" hardly seems appropriate to a modern dream kitchen.

However, many of the book's words of wisdom are as up to date as ever.

It remains true that "Beauty is a good letter of introduction"—though it sometimes introduces a girl to the wrong man.

A husband's wrath still spoils the best broth. (A wife's wrath doesn't improve the flavor, either.)

"Dinner to a minute, and all ready to begin it" is an ideal arrangement. If only they were ready to begin it, and not watching "The Flintstones."

EMANCIPATION

• A London model, speaking of a British pop singer with whom she is friendly, said: "I would marry him if he asked me."

Well, that's quite clear. Nothing's misunderstood. She says she will, or rather, would if could, Speaking aloud what maidens often think, Though coyly most from declaration shrink. "I'd wed him if he asked"—which makes it plain The next move's up to him. What if disdain Should greet this generous offer of her heart? A lesser girl, her pride at stake, might smart. Not she. Such frankness is its own reward, It goes with confidence which, soon restored, Will find her, should she fail to make her catch, Some charming fellow who's a better match.

—Dorothy Drain

Didn't take hint

WHEN a friend of my son, a motor mechanic, came home one day and sat in the lounge in his greasy overalls, I was horrified. I vowed he would never do it again, and when next he arrived I had a white sheet covering the upholstery. Politely, he pushed the sheet aside before sitting down.

\$2 to "Horried" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

Simple explanation

MY father was commenting on how fat my mother was getting when my younger brother informed him that she did exercises. When Mum asked him how he knew, he replied, "I can hear you gasping, Mummy."

\$2 to Miss Helen Korting, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Only skin-deep

HAVE any readers ever heard of anyone who remarked that ugliness, like beauty, is only skin-deep?

\$2 to "Wondering" (name supplied), Callopie, Qld.

Do you need reassurance?

We'll give it to you.

Tampax menstrual tampons may be used by any normal young woman, married or unmarried, active or not.

The silken-smooth applicator guides insertion, makes it easy. Tampax was developed by a doctor over twenty-five years ago.

Many mothers, who first learned to use it as young girls, are now teaching their daughters to use it.

Millions of women are using Tampax. And for every user, there had to be a first time.

We're not going to tell you the advantages of Tampax tampons; you probably know them already. But if you're still hesitating about using Tampax . . . We hope this will reassure you.

Tampax is available in two absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to: The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O. Sydney.

Give your hair the Peek-In Glow

Your hair will glow with deep rich beauty—the delightful translucence you see when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. The hair looks more youthful, clearer, cleaner and the highlights are revealed in their fullest glory when you use the Peek-In Glow shampoo by Delph. The Delph Peek-In Glow shampoo that enables you to look into the hair and see its loveliness at depth is available from Chemists and cosmetic counters. There are three types: "Clear, Creamed and Medicated."

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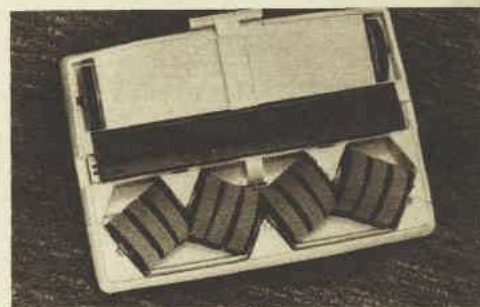
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16 brushes, 12 sponges and foaming shampoo ... do all the hard work for you. Deep down dirt is brought to the surface. Carpet pile is restored to its upright position. Colour is brightened.



Carpets never soggy. SABCO FOAM CLEAN dispenses a controlled flow of fluid. There are no valves to stick and cause 'flooding.' Carpets need only get 'slightly damp to touch.'



Use your room in 2 hours. You can 'FOAM CLEAN' and use your room in the one morning. It's so quick and easy, you can give your carpets a thorough rejuvenating treatment once a month ... not just once a year.



Only \$12.50

including marked-to-measure bottle with enough SABCO Shampoo to FOAM CLEAN all the carpets in your home.

THE MARIAS OF AUSTRALIA



● Maria-Teresa and Giuseppe on their wedding day. Giuseppe bought the white lace crinoline wedding dress in Australia before returning to Italy to marry Maria.

● "If they don't like it here, why don't they go back to Europe!"

Many people have been guilty of this intolerant, silly remark, and I found myself saying it, to my own mortification, in moments of exasperation with one of the Italian girls I employed in the house. So, too, did Ted, my husband, normally so kind and easygoing, when irritated by the evidence of superstition in some domestic problem I would bring him.

"Maria-Pia says she cannot come to do the housework tomorrow if I am to be out all day because the workmen are here painting the kitchen, and in her country no good girl stays alone in a house with two young men." Or, "Darling, will you go out to the kitchen and bring in my morning-tea tray, because Maria-Teresa says

it is not well for a Signorina, like herself, to enter the bedroom of a married couple." Or, "Would you mind taking the meat from the butcher when he comes. Maria-Elena says he has the evil eye!"

Few of us pause to wonder, when summarily dismissing the hapless New Australian, where he has come from, or what there is for him to go back to.

It occurred to us only because we had learnt Italian as a hobby and had become interested in Italians as a result. So we made up our minds that when we were touring Italy we would discover for ourselves what distance-enchanted vision our Maria held, for instance, when she upbraided me primly, "Oh, no, Signora! Not in MY country!"

By JEAN E. TURNLEY

Australian writers Jean and Ted Turnley have employed several Italian migrant girls in their Melbourne home, and through learning Italian became interested in the Italian families they met. When Mr. and Mrs. Turnley toured Italy, they visited the homes of three Marias they knew.

MARIA-TERESA, or, as she was called for short, Marita, was born in Calabria, one of eight daughters and three sons of a peasant landworker, a *contadino*, who farmed a strip of land belonging to the baron who owned most of the countryside.

The rent was paid in produce. The children helped their parents in the fields, but as they grew up the boys left home to seek work elsewhere and the girls married.

When Marite was 14, with long black curls down her back and cheeks like two red apples, Giuseppe, 24, came on a visit from the neighboring village and saw her at church.

Giuseppe was visiting relatives to say "Arrivederci," because he was migrating to Australia, but before he returned to his own home he had become betrothed to Marite, who promised to wait until he sent for her.

Marite did not take her engagement very seriously. She was amused by Giuseppe rather than attracted, since he was a stolid, serious young man with a long, plain face. "Like a donkey," Marite described him casually, though not unfondly, and fell to giggling at the memory of him.

Only very occasionally did she wonder how he was faring in Australia. "Probably he has fallen into the ocean on the way over . . . or is eaten by a kangaroo!" she

would say, giggling among her sisters, and her mother would scold them.

Three years went by, and then one day, when the family were out working in the fields they saw in the distance a small humped figure toiling up the valley through the olive trees. As it drew closer they saw it was a man carrying a large bundle on his back.

It was Giuseppe, come back from Australia! Marite felt herself grow suddenly shy. She took the cloth off her head, shook out her long hair, and, with her

railways. He had saved his money. He had bought a house, and a refrigerator and a television set. Then he had booked his passage back to Italy, and just before he sailed he had bought this—sheepishly he brought the large box up from under the table where it had rested between his knees and began to open it, without looking toward Marite, sitting modestly among her younger sisters.

It was a wedding dress. A white lace crinoline, with three stiff petticoats and

heeled shoes before her wedding day. They were borrowed—white satin with needle-point toes and stiletto heels—from a married sister. Marite tottered about under the rotary clothesline, dancing the bridal waltz, until she collapsed with laughter.

"And what happened to your beautiful dress?"

This was the minor movement. She would look at the children, her sparkling vivacity suddenly clouded. "My mother she sell . . . my cousin she getting mar-

ried, also. When I put in box" — Marite's magnificent chest heaved in a sigh — "I cry!"

The little girls all wailed. "Oh, Marite, why did you have to sell it?"

"I must buy oth' clos', come to Australia!" Her roguish smile returned. "I buy de 'at!" She had never had a hat before. She brought it one day to show us. A yellow pillbox with a large black rose in front. She looked ravishing in it.

She wore it all the morning washing-up and making the beds.

The newlyweds had travelled by train to Naples to take the boat. Another first experience for Marite. They had sat up all night, on the hard wooden seats, and the

train rocked and swayed and clattered around the million curves in the mountains. Marite had been sick. Demonstrating, she clucked her stomach and rolled her eyes in agony.

In Naples, however, all was recompensed. Giuseppe had dashing taken a room in a hotel. A real hotel, third-class, overlooking the famous Golfo. But it was not the Bay of Naples, or the shining marble floor, or even the hot-water tap over the basin that enchanted Marite. It was the telephone beside the bed.

"Coffee!" The girls were disgusted.

Marite was disappointed in herself, too, although she tried to justify it.

"You not understand. My mother, father very poor. Not have the coffee every day. Too dear. Only for . . . festa . . . like Christmas . . . New Year. In Australia—" Marite spread her arms wide and gazed about our backyard with its scuffed lawn and sparse apple trees as though it were the Garden of Eden. "Here you drink the coffee all the time!"

Marite was that rare being — a satisfied migrant.

The girl I interviewed before Marite had been unattractive and grasping. When I named the wages she had taken a belligerent stand and rapped out, "Troppo poco!"

I guessed it was not that the money was all that little, it was part of her Italian culture to bargain, and I left her quite crestfallen when I chose to take her at her word and cheerfully departed, pursued by her brother-in-law, who was anxious to get rid of her.

So I got in first with Marite, by recounting this "too little" episode, to which her sister-in-law Signora Bianca, who had been responsible for Marite answering our advertisement, responded reasonably that even "little" was more than Marite was getting at the moment.

She had found it im-

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

To Marite it was the Garden of Eden

parents and brothers, went down the valley to meet him.

Giuseppe appeared disappointingly the same. He wore the same suit that he had gone away in. Marite was downcast. He had had no success, then? He had returned a failure? But there was still the large bundle. A big cardboard box.

So they took him into the house and gave him bread and olives and a glass of wine, and after an hour of polite, tedious, circumlocutory talk between the elders that the occasion demanded, during which Marite thought she might easily go mad, Giuseppe finally got around to talking of his life.

He had found a good job in Australia, working for the

several misty yards of silk tulle veiling.

He had bought it in an elegant little shop, in Swanston Street, Melbourne, and carried it across a thousand miles of water, on trains and buses and carts through Italy, up the steep winding roads to the mountain village in Calabria.

At this point in the story Marite would stop—with her lap full of shelled peas, perhaps, as she sat on our back lawn entertaining the little girls—because they always interjected:

"Show us how wide your skirt was, Marite."

And, with a held-up apron, Marite walked on our back lawn as in a full crinoline.

"And the shoes?"

She had never worn high-

CONTINUED from PAGE 43

"How stands my Marite?" asked Mamma

possible to get work, firstly because she knew so little English, and secondly because Giuseppe jealously would not let her go where men might approach her.

Meanwhile it was urgent that they make more money to furnish rooms for letting in the big old house Giuseppe had bought his bride.

Apart from the large, gleaming refrigerator on time payment, there was only the double bed, the kitchen table, and two chairs.

Marite scrubbed the bare wooden floors daily and looked forward to the time when she would have them covered with bright, flowered linoleum.

When the rooms were ready Marite enlisted my aid in advertising for tenants. She was firm on one point. They didn't want Italians.

With their own countrymen, she explained, there was too great an element of "family rates," a moral obligation to help the newcomers.

Aside from this practical consideration, she shyly admitted, she really wanted Australians, so that she might learn to speak "good English" and cultivate Australian ways.

But, alas! She was at the mercy of an unco-operative society, and the only Australian tenants who desired her modest, cheap rooms were shiftless drunken couples who made her shining house filthy, owed her rent, quarrelled continuously, and abused their children.

Marite could not understand how these Australian women, whom she admired for what seemed to her elegance and sophistication, could be so dishonest and cruel.

When the drunken brawls became too alarming, or the battle to extract the rent hopeless, she would send Giuseppe to the police, but with the lack of language and understanding on both sides there was rarely a satisfactory solution.

At the time when we were departing for Italy, Giuseppe and Marite had reached the stage where, once they had rid themselves of their latest troublesome tenant, they fearfully closed up their battered rooms and abandoned the idea of being landlords to anyone. Giuseppe took a weekend job gardening.

In Italy, remembering Marite's warning, we took the luxury Rapido train from Villa San Giovanni at the toe of Italy, when we set forth to tour Calabria.

The air-conditioned 20th-century vehicle provided a startling contrast as it went dashing through the flowering countryside where men

were ploughing with bullocks, and women, in long red petticoats, with hitched-up skirts, were working among the grapevines and vegetables.

We had taken the precaution of sending a telegram to Marite's people, announcing our visit, little knowing what a stir we would create.

The little farm was miles from the village post office. However, an eager volunteer—the only man with a car—was soon forthcoming among the intrigued villagers who had all appraised the telegram, and he drove out and delivered it.

When he got there, no one could read the telegram, so they all had to wait, including the volunteer postman who spent the day there, until a more erudite relative came home from work.

Even then they were not clear who these Australians were, or their connection with Marite.

Nevertheless, Marite's father, instantly recognised as such, dressed in his Sunday best, met us as we stepped out of the train and greeted us like long-lost children. The volunteer telegram-boy once again pro-

of the horrifying long, dry black sausages from the rafters to tempt my appetite! Like Mamma he was very emotional and kept pressing on us the contents of a small earthenware keg of red country wine, encouraging us with copious pulls at it himself.

The wine was excellent and helped down the beans and the large chunks of homemade bread, very hard and dry, which was not surprising, since it seemed to be stored in a table drawer. We each had a fork, but there was just the one knife between us.

The room was lit with daylight from the wide open doorway. There was only one tiny, high window.

All that, plus the wisps of hay protruding from a loft-like structure in the raftered roof, and a chook that came in to peck crumbs from the stone floor, gave me the feeling that I might have been playing "House" in the stable on the farm when I was a child.

In the far corner from the door was the vast *letto matrimoniale* where Ted and I were stowed with some ceremony that night, including the flourishing in the air before assorted company of a brand spanking new white enamel *vasa di notte*.

Its companions under the bed were a pumpkin, a tray of drying figs, a basket of clothes including two of my cast-off, print dresses (last seen in my duster-bag in Melbourne), and a mother cat!

The rest of the family disposed themselves in the other corners.

Our bed was dressed with spotless white sheets turned down over an elaborate hand-worked quilt and had a coverlet of bright red wool decorated with long black tassels. The mattress and pillows were stuffed with corn-husks. It was like sleeping in the hay.

There were no amenities at all. A small oil lamp was the only lighting and the cooking was done outside over a wood fire. The plumbing was quite basic—the earth.

Washing was done in the river, some distance away, once a month, and water for the house was carried daily from a small spring.

Any stores were kept in a tall old glass-doored dresser. Only a few small earthenware bowls were housed in it, but behind the glass was displayed a fine collection of family photographs.

Wedding photographs were

The MARIAS of AUSTRALIA



● Maria - Teresa's home in Calabria — a one-roomed stone building — and the family vehicle, a cart pulled by two grey cows with huge horns.

preciative tenants for her rooms.

I greeted them all with pleasure. It was quite amazing to see them transplanted to Australia from that rustic plot in Southern Italy.

Already they had acquired, in clothing and hairdos and make-up, a considerable Australian veneer. They went with assurance to the glossy refrigerator and brought out bottles of beer!

But I was hauled off further still to the bedroom. There were additions to the furniture here that struck me at once. A blond imitation-birchwood dressing-table with three gleaming mirrors, a matching bulbous wardrobe, and a red plastic-covered armchair. And a bassinet! A most elaborate, frilly bassinet, with the fattest, ribbon-covered baby in it.

Here was Marite's first-born. "His called John," his mother said proudly. We looked at each other across the bassinet.

"Not Giovanni, Marite?" I teased her gently.

"No!" She was vehement. "Non Giovanni!" She faced me with defiance, as though I might have stood for her mother, for Calabria, for poverty and hardship, work, and want.

"His name John." She added simply, "My son — Australian."

about all the expenses of a young couple.

The next day was Sunday, and all day long relatives and friends kept walking up from the village to greet us, the men shaking us by the hand, the women kissing me on both cheeks. We were *i Signori, i visitatori Australiani*, but our chief attraction was our camera, and they brought babies to be photographed and children in their church-going finery.

A year later it was Marite's turn to run to greet me and kiss me on both cheeks and beg me, "How stands my mother?"

However, her own family affairs were so engrossing that Marite did not linger long on the Italian side. Deferentially hanging back in the hallway behind her were two of her sisters, whom I had met in Calabria. Now they had found jobs and were earning good money, and at last Marite had ap-

a specialty. All eight daughters had been married in full bridal regalia, and they were all pretty. To think of eight beautiful brides emerging from that humble one-roomed house!

Newest and most resplendent photograph of all was that of Marite, smiling her honest heart out, arrayed in the lovely lace crinoline from Melbourne.

Mamma came and stood beside me and asked me in a wistful voice, "How stands my Marite?"

I looked down and saw tears in her cloudy blue eyes and I tried my best to be understood as I told her about Marite's own nice house, with several rooms, and the good job her husband had, and the nice clothes she wore. Then I realised I had better not go on in this strain, as Mamma began to moan about what little money was being sent home from Australia; so I hastened to tack on a bit

"Royal" welcome in

MARIA-ELENA did not remember Stromboli, although she had been born in the shadow of it. When she was three her family had migrated to Australia from their island home, a little fishing village.

We stood on the deck of the steamer from Messina and gazed across the sapphire-blue waters of the Aeolian Sea for our first sight of Maria-Elena's hometown.

As we drew abreast of the fishing village the steamer hove to and blew a blast on its siren, and a little rowing-

boat put out from the shore to take us off the ship.

We had come to fulfil a promise given on the night of our bon voyage party in Melbourne, and although I viewed the descent down a small, swaying rope ladder with some horror, there was no question of turning back.

The water around the cockleshell craft, however, was reassuringly calm, and at the bottom of the rope I fell into a pair of sturdy upheld arms and was safely placed in the boat.

Tentatively we asked if anyone knew the name of Mantello, that of Maria-Elena's father.

"Sì, sono Mantello!" said the man at the oars, show-

ing all his white teeth, and the man at the tiller and the man in the stern cried in unison, "Sono Mantello!"

They were all Mantellos, as, in fact, most of the people on the island were. The oarsman volunteered, "Voi siete i coniugi Tonnell."

At the sound of our name, pronounced precisely as Mr. Mantello said it, I was back in my kitchen at home, taking the vegetables from him and arguing about the methods of bringing up daughters.

Mr. Mantello had five daughters, of which Maria-Elena was the eldest, and his parental attitude could have been described as

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● Street of steps leading to Maria-Pia's home in a mountain village outside Salerno, in Italy.

MARIA-PIA HAD COME TO LOOK FOR A HUSBAND



● Under the bridge is the community wash place in Salerno where women beat the clothes on stones.

WHEN we let it be known to our Italian friends that we would like to visit their relatives, we received a flood of letters and parcels to deliver to them. Quite the largest, lumpiest, and most inconvenient parcel was handed into our keeping by Maria-Pia.

Maria-Pia was a Southerner from the province of Salerno. She had come direct from her small mountain village, after a brief domestic training in Rome, with a party of about 60 single Italian girls flown to Australia by the Government to take domestic jobs in homes and hospitals, and, incidentally, to provide wives for the restive surplus of young Italian males already in the community.

Maria-Pia had gone straight from the airport to live-in with a rich family. There she had received more money than she had ever dreamed of, more food, her own room, bath, radio, and television. But she was not happy.

She described the house to me grimly as "un deserto,"

and I pictured some eerie old mansion, until one day out driving she casually pointed it out to me — a luxurious modern home in the social heart of Melbourne.

It did have a large garden enclosed behind a high brick fence, and this was why it was likened to a desert, because Maria-Pia could not see out on to the street and watch the passersby, or the traffic, and she was frequently left alone in the house all day.

to an Italian convent where several girls like herself boarded and went out daily to work in the neighboring factories, hotels, and shops in the Italian district. That was where we had come in contact with her when I went to find a domestic.

She was a little squat, swarthy thing, with bushy-curly hair. She used no make-up and wore drab colors. Like so many Italian women she seemed to welcome the excuse of any distant bereavement to wear

daughter, and it seemed extraordinary to me that she had ever been persuaded to leave Mamma. There was very little communication between them now. Mamma could not read or write, and Maria-Pia was scarcely any better. There was just the rare card at Easter and name-days.

When Maria-Pia came with her parcel, we were intrigued to see her accompanied by a young man, Donato. He was handsome and very nattily dressed in a striped suit and pale grey

old grandmother, but she had raised a large family, six boys besides Maria-Pia. Now they were all gone, the sons scattered in search of work to the north, to Germany, and France, and Maria-Pia to Australia.

The only relatives left in the village were the family of one son, who lived with the wife's parents nearby. There were three boys and a little girl, Annunziata. Maria-Pia was her godmother and this little girl had been particularly remembered in the parcel from Australia.

Maria-Pia would marry soon.

In spite of my reassurance, I doubted if the Signora was really anxious to hear of Maria-Pia's marrying. I felt she only wanted her daughter to come home.

We were bound next for Rome, and Signora Maddalena pressed us to visit the convent where Maria-Pia had been trained for Australian domestic work before she migrated.

We found the convent on the road to Florence.

The Sisters were delighted to have visitors all the way from Australia. A dear old Sister took us off on a tour of the place. Maria-Pia? Certo! She remembered Maria-Pia. Brava! She was a good girl, but—the coiffed head wagged sympathetically — not always courageous!

Back home in Australia Maria-Pia came, not only to welcome us home, but to say, "Goodbye." She was leaving, she said. Going back to Italy.

Going back? A thought struck me. "You are going to be married? Going back on your honeymoon?"

"No, no. *Vado sola.*" *Sola!* Forlorn word. Alone. She was going alone.

"But what happened to the *fidanzato* with the red sports car?"

Maria-Pia hung her head. "*Cattivo!*" He was bad. Hesitantly she told me how when the time came to discuss marriage and there were no parents he had declared himself to be dissatisfied.

"Good" girl

No really "good" girl would come to Australia without relatives. And he wanted to find out for himself. Maria-Pia refused. She would not let him, until they were married.

So, *impasse!* No marriage. Maria-Pia wept a little, but somehow I felt she was not altogether heartbroken. She was the same timid, woeful little thing as ever.

"Back to the village, Maria-Pia?" I asked.

Si, she was going back to the village, but only for a short while, to visit with Mamma. Then she would go on to the Milan, to the Sisters.

Maria-Pia was joining the convent.

A handsome young man in a red sports car

So one day she had simply run away. Her intention was to go straight back to Italy, unaware that she was committed to remain in Australia for two years. She actually got as far as the wharf by saying, "Ship . . . Italy . . ." to a taxi-driver, who took her to an Italian ship which had just berthed.

In the crowd there she was fortunate to be rescued by an Italian-speaking priest who was meeting the boat on behalf of the new migrants.

Maria-Pia was then taken

total black and stay in mourning for ages.

She made no effort to learn English and would not go to night-school because it meant riding on the tram alone. She learnt only two tram-routes — to the convent and the house where one of her girlfriends worked. She never went anywhere else on her day off.

Nevertheless, she had come to Australia to get married. She even had her dowry linen with her, in a large green tin trunk.

Maria-Pia was an only

pointy-toed shoes. He wore a lot of heavy gold jewellery, and he had a red sports car.

He seemed thoroughly unsuitable for quiet little Maria-Pia and I regarded him with suspicion. However, she demonstrated a casually possessive air toward him and later told me confidentially that they were "*fidanzati*." One of the girls who had travelled from Rome with her had a married brother living in Melbourne, and Maria-Pia and Donato had met at this house.

Maria-Pia's village was reached by bus that left Salerno at 7 a.m. and took three hours to make the 30-mile journey through the mountains.

The 40,000 inhabitants were huddled together in a cluster of high, dark old stone buildings.

In the house built two centuries before, which lodged four families, Maria-Pia's mother and grandmother were preparing the spaghetti. Normally, both Mamma and old Nonna left at dawn to go four miles to work in the fields as long as the light lasted. Today they had stayed at home in our honor.

Rabbit sauce

To make the meat sauce they had killed one of the several brown and white rabbits which were penned in a tiny grotto below the street level.

Maria-Pia's mother herself seemed elderly. She wore an old grey crocheted shawl permanently around her shoulders and long, full, drab skirts.

Mamma was a widow and alone now, except for the

The large lumpy parcel had been a nuisance to us on the trip, but when it was opened on the long, bare wooden table in Signora Maddalena's main room, and the villagers crowded around, we knew it had been worth while.

There were packets of cigarettes and chocolates and coffee and various tins, including some of kangaroo-tail soup that we had contributed, but the main items were a length of white silk, another of satin lining, and an embroidered veil for little Annunziata's First Communion.

The neighbor women gave admiring sighs and fingered the silk with reverence, and Maria-Pia's mother preened herself ever so slightly.

On the morning we left, when she took me high up to the tiny attic that had been Maria-Pia's room, I sensed a sad droop in the thin shoulders under the grey shawl climbing the steep stairs before me.

No one used the room now. The small white bed was untouched and as smooth as Maria-Pia had left it.

Signora Maddalena was asking me if all went well with her only daughter. She had not spoken like this in front of the neighbors. Was there a young man yet — a *fidanzato*? She had sent Maria-Pia's dowry linen — had that been correct? Was she to marry?

I remembered the flashy young man with the red sports car, but I only said, Oh, yes! It was likely that

Maria-Elena's town



● Traditional Italian marriage-bed for Maria-Elena and her husband, Raffaello. Chenille coverlet was decorated with sugar almonds.

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TRAVELLER'S TALE

The MARIAS of AUSTRALIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

strictly mid-Victorian. He had the liveliest interest in the social behaviour of my daughters, but on the whole was inclined to regard the Australian parent-child relationship with the gravest misgivings.

The patriarch of the village, Mr. Mantello's brother, Signor Francesco, was waiting for us on the beach, where he accorded us a heavily formal welcome. He was respectfully followed by the rest of the male inhabitants.

We made quite a procession along the small main street, graciously greeting the women of the village who stood in their doorways to be presented.

We followed Signor Francesco to his home up the dazzling snowy steps to be met at the top by his wife, Signora Maria, who embraced us emotionally.

They were all aghast that we had brought no luggage. We had thought that only a call was expected. We soon gathered that our hosts had planned a long visit for us.

But our luggage had been left at the hotel on the mainland, we confessed ruefully. Together with our precious passports.

"*Fa niente!*" That was a mere nothing, and I suddenly realised how much Signor Francesco reminded me of his brother in Australia. He would ring the hotel and send for our things.

We were swept into the house and the procession of food began to arrive.

First the ritual coffee, served rather cool, very strong, very sweet, in tiny, ornate cups, and homemade "*biscotti*." Then we were asked if we liked "*pasta*," and thinking they meant as a follow-up to the coffee said "No," not realising at the time what a thrill of horror they must have experienced to learn we did not care for their staple diet — spaghetti!

Poor Signora Maria, probably at her wits' end, dashed out and wrenched a couple of eggs off the hens. They were still warm when she anxiously submitted them for our approval. And very good they were, too, fried in olive oil, except that, before I could stop her, she generously poured the remaining oil over the eggs as she served them.

But there was still some concern, when the eggs were demolished, that we might not have enough to eat. There was some whispered consultation, and we were asked would we fancy? We could not comprehend the word.

Some more whispering, and a boy was sent running to a neighbor's, and then, plopped down in front of me, livid purple and glut-

nous on the plate, a raw octopus!

They didn't really expect me to eat it raw, and everyone laughed hilariously at my reaction. It was to have had a fast fry, I think, but after exhausting my vocabulary of inoffensive phrases I convinced them I was no longer hungry.

As night drew near mysterious preparations were going on in the inner room of Signor Francesco's house, and there was a lot of running to and fro by the neighboring women, and a good deal of giggling and whispering.

We presumed, from experience, that we would sleep in the *letto matrimoniale*. I had spent my time storytelling with the women, exchanging family anecdotes, and had told them our trip abroad was in the nature of a second honeymoon, the first having been a miserable few days snatched from soldiering.

This appealed strongly to their sentimental Italian

girls she had gone to school with. I knew she had never been allowed to go out with a boy or spend a moment alone with one.

Her father professed an alarming theory about the propinquity of the sexes.

"Boy and girl . . . no good alone together, Mis' Tonnell! We Italians say, 'Boy like tin petrol — girl like gas stove — you put together and, Boomph!'" Mr. Mantello exploded his amorous couple with fervor.

None of my feeble arguments about sex education, mutual trust and honesty in parent-child relationships, moved him in the least.

So, at his news, I exclaimed happily, "How lovely! Is she — I didn't know she was going out with a boy. She's engaged then?"

Mr. Mantello frowned at my naivete. "She's not knowing. I'm speaking this boy's father at Christmas party. He's coming from my *paese* — what you say — hometown? I see his son

we finally arrived there we realised we need not have worried about the lack of guests. The hall was crammed with several hundred Italians, all dressed, from mamas in resplendent brocades down to children in miniature evening suits and floor-length gowns, in the gayest evening wear.

Everything was on a grand scale. A full dance orchestra, an Italian tenor, barrels of beer and wine, and fabulous food with whole chickens for every guest.

Everyone enjoyed himself enormously, none more so than Mr. Mantello. His pride, as he waltzed with the radiant bride, a vision in her lovely gown, was a joy to see.

Next day our road home took us back through the district where Raffaello had his market garden, and soon after dawn we passed alongside his property.

Rain was threatening to spoil the late tomatoes. They would be all lost if neglected another day. So there, among the vegetables, as if it were just another day and the fairytale wedding had never been, Raffaello and his whole family were busy at work—including his bride!

"I wonder," our smallest girl said, pensively staring out the car window, "if Maria's taken along some of those sugar almonds?"

To fill in the long interval before the reception started, Mr. Mantello had taken us to the home of the bridegroom's parents where Maria-Elena and Raffaello were to live. And we were invited to look at the nuptial chamber.

The large double bed was the centrepiece. Spread with a rich chenille coverlet, the entire surface was decorated with sugar almonds arranged in stars and moons, flowers and lovers' knots, the initials of the bridal couple enclosed in hearts on each pillow.

"Is it for a midnight feast?" my smallest daughter whispered, vastly intrigued. Later still she confided that the bride's youngest sister had imparted the staggering information that Maria-Elena had never been alone with Raffaello.

"Even on walks her brothers had to go, too! You know, Mum, Maria's never even kissed Ralph!"

"*Niente confetti*," I smiled, standing by this nuptial couch in Italy, and the surrounding women caught my words and nodded in unison.

When we caught the steamer back to Sicily they all came down to the beach to see us off, Signora Maria crying as she kissed me "Goodbye" and begging me "*Ritorna, Signora, ritorna!*" How many of her kind had she farewelled there, sailing far away, never to return?

She wasn't allowed to be alone with a boy

hearts and they entered into the spirit of the thing. But we were unprepared for the wholeheartedness of the affair until we were at length ceremoniously conducted into our nuptial chamber.

The bed had been dressed with beautiful hand-embroidered linen sheets and a bedspread of pale blue satin that was hand-painted with a scene involving a stately pair doing the minuet, surrounded by butterflies and bluebirds and blossoms galore!

And, in the traditional manner, all the neighbors, including the menfolk still wearing their hats, trooped into the bedroom and inspected our marriage-bed.

Amid the laughter and the good wishes and the scarcely comprehended broad jokes, I thought back, not to my own, original marriage-bed, but to Maria-Elena's as I had seen it during the festivities of her wedding in Melbourne.

Maria-Elena's marriage had interested me from the first. I even knew about it before she did. Mr. Mantello, her father, secure in his knowledge of our common interest — daughters — confided in me one day:

"My Mary (he always made a valiant effort to be Australianised) she be getting married soon!"

I was delighted. She was so sweet and good, just 18, and seemed to have such a dull time compared with my own daughters and other Australian

today at market. He's very nice boy. Twenty-six. Got big farm. Peaches, apricots, cherries — everything!"

A week later he reported with satisfaction that Maria-Elena had met her intended. Raffaello. A formal call had been made, with all the family, on the Sunday. "They be getting married at Easter!"

"Isn't that exciting!" I said, irresponsibly romantic. "It all worked out, then? They fell in love at first sight?"

Mr. Mantello brushed this irrelevancy aside. "Raffaello — he's having one thousand pounds in the bank . . . he work hard . . . very good husband."

The wedding was to be in the country and the cost would be borne by both families. Our invitations came, written in Italian, in ornate style, inviting our excellencies and all our relations to the church at 3 p.m. and the reception at 6.30.

On the bright, cold day of the wedding, dressed in our best warm suits, we set off in keen anticipation for the church.

Having heard so much about large Italian weddings we were disappointed to find a very small congregation, not more than 20. Mr. Mantello seemed honored, however, if a mite surprised, and shook us all solemnly by the hand.

The reception was at the local town hall, and when

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MELINA MERCOURI — a laughing portrait.

Continued from page 25

will win." Then, as silently as she had come, her head proudly erect, she left the platform and went away. Five days later, Patakos took away her citizenship, confiscated all her properties.

One cannot say that Melina Mercouri had previously borne heavy burdens. Her biography is an example of dazzling, irritating fortune. The good Lord gave her all: richness and beauty and success and love.

She never knew what it means to be hungry; she always lived surrounded by servants and chauffeurs and secretaries, and was always dressed by Balenciaga or Dior. She never knew what it means to be disliked; she was always applauded by an audience which forgave even her impertinence, her aggression. She never knew what it means to be alone: men were always around her; and for 11 years she has loved and has been loved by one of the most fascinating men anyone could ask for: the director Dassin. Finally, she never knew what it means to be ugly. At 41, she still can afford the luxury of appearing on the screen or the stage almost naked. Happiness, laughter always were her charm, her religion.

While striking out against Patakos, Melina knew very well what she was doing and risking. Not without reason, she is now aware of the possibility of being killed, and there is something alert in her eyes, the watchful look of an animal that waits for the shot but intends to die fighting.

But let Melina tell you her own story. My interview with her took place in Manhattan, after the memorial service she had arranged for her father, Stamatis Mercouris, in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of New York, at the same time the memorial service was arranged by Spyros, her brother, and by the widow in London, Stamatis Mercouris died in London, and his body will not be returned to Greece as long as the colonels (Patakos heads a military regime) sit on the throne.

Now Melina, in black for mourning, speaks.

● A drunk Nazi officer threatened to shoot Melina if she refused to drink with a group of Nazis. She still refused. He fired, but missed.

THE STAR TELLS HER OWN STORY:

FIRST there were those 20 days and nights of uncertainty. After the junta took power in Greece, I lived 20 days and nights of agony. I couldn't sleep, I perspired like one who has the typhus.

Every five minutes I had to bathe and change, even my body vomited agony. I choked with thirst, I filled my stomach with water. I do not remember ever being so ill in my life. I swear it on democracy.

And I said to myself: Should I speak, shouldn't I? I never was a heroine. And they had the most atrocious weapon to use against me: They could forbid me permission to see Greece again.

The thought itself doubled my sweat. It still does right at this moment. Shall I resist?

There are people who don't feel any love for their country at all, and they can settle down anywhere, and die in the new place, and never go back where they belonged.

I can't. I am imbued with that love, since my birth. I love all that makes up Greece: our madness, and our humor, and our jealousy, and our bravery, and our hate, and our mountains that never have any trees, and our sea that cries, and our smell of tomatoes and cheese, and our history, our past!

And I said to myself: If they should steal this from me, I would lose my mind. Then, on the 20th day, something happened.

I remembered that I belong to an anti-Fascist family, well known in Greece for being anti-Fascist, and I remembered my grandfather who had been mayor of Athens for 30 years and had been jailed, and I remembered my father, who had been exiled four years because of the Metaxas dictatorship, and who had fought against the Fascists and the Nazis as a real hero, and I remembered a sense of guilt.

I always had a guilt or a regret for having done nothing when my country was occupied by the Fascists and the Nazis. All I did for Greece at that time was to quarrel with a Nazi.

I was in a bar, with friends. Some Nazis arrived, drunk. They said: "Come and drink with us." My friends followed them. I didn't. I did not wish to do that.

● Many have asked Melina Mercouri if she now fears for her life. "I am not afraid of being killed," she replies below. "But I think of it, as do the others."

Then the drunkest came to me and said, "You, too." I answered, "No." "If you don't, I'll shoot you," he said. I answered, "No." "I will count to three and then shoot you," he repeated. I answered, "No."

He shot. He missed me.

That's all, and it is too little. I can't forgive myself. My brother was only 14 years old when he fought with the Underground.

Maybe I was too young, too much in love with the theatre, too busy with dramatic school.

I don't reproach myself for anything else I have done in my whole life — not for the lovers I have loved, not for the mistakes I have made — but I do reproach myself for having been so blind when I was young.

When the 20th day arrived, I understood that this was the moment to redeem my shame. And suddenly my sweat stopped, my thirst stopped, and I felt very well.

My first step was to go and talk on NBC news.

I called the Greek Consul in New York, Mr. George Gavvas. I called the First Secretary of the Greek Embassy in Washington, Mr. George D. Vranopoulos, and I said to them: "I want you to know that I am going to talk." Then I went and said that Greece is no longer a country you should visit as a tourist.

"Don't go to Greece"

"Since April 21, Greece is a country of slaves. The sun and the sea and the moon are not enough to make you forget that those slaves are in chains because of a dictatorship."

"If you go to Greece to enjoy the sun and the sea and the moon, your conscience cannot feel clean because there is nothing clean in sailing a yacht around an island which is a prison."

I said this. And I cried while saying it. It isn't easy to say: "Don't go to my country, please."

For 15 years I have been considered a sort of Greek attraction. Greek authorities even sent me to Scandinavia to attract the tourists. And I gave parties in Paris, in London, because of this, and I invited artists and authors. I made films with American money in Greece, and I used to be called the "unofficial ambassador of Greece."

And this made me proud, and it's hard to give up the pride.

My second step was on the "Tonight" show, one day after the junta had banished Mikis Theodorakis' songs — "Zorba the Greek" among others.

I went and I sang "Zorba the Greek."

Then I read a statement signed by Edward Albee, Leonard Bernstein, Irene Papas, Jules Dassin. I said:

"The lights have gone out in Greece. Greece, the birthplace of the democratic concept, is presently under the heel of a military dictatorship. Constitutional government and the rights of the people and the Press thereunder have been repressed."

And then I went to "The Merv Griffin Show." And again I spoke, though I don't remember what I said.

My mouth is large, it is even larger when it's opened to tell the truth. I kept it opened for God knows how many programs. I think I visited every TV channel and every radio station in New York.

They got so angry in Washington, Vranopoulos from the Embassy came to tell me: "Stop it."

My answer was to show him a newspaper with the report of Dora Stratou's arrest. Dora is the head of the famous Folklore Dance School.

Vranopoulos' answer was: "Stop screaming and I'll free her." My voice became ice: "And the others?"

Vranopoulos left the theatre with these words: "You want to force us to be nasty with you."

Some people say that the loss of my citizenship wouldn't be a surprise for me. It was.

I didn't believe they would indict themselves in such a stupid way. I rather thought that they would kill me instead of exposing themselves to international scorn.

One day I noticed that my passport would have to be renewed soon. I called the Greek Consul and told him I had to renew my passport, since I had no intention to ask for an American passport.

Mr. Gavvas seemed really frightened. He said he would inform me whether he could renew it or not.

Then my father died. He died in London, where he was under treatment for cancer, and he died of a heart attack while he was doing such a good job for democracy.

I heard the news over the telephone, from my brother Spyros.

I was alone, without Jules Dassin. The man who had been near me for 11 years, the man who had taught me to breathe, without whom I couldn't breathe, was far away the first time I needed him.

The telephone call from Mr. Gavvas reached me when I was alone.

He offered me his condolences. I said good, very well, thanks, when may I come and renew my passport?

— PORTRAITS OF MELINA MERCOURI FROM UNITED ARTISTS.

He said: "I can't renew your passport." I said: "Is it official?" He said: "Wait until Friday."

On Wednesday I heard about the loss of my citizenship and all my properties in Greece.

At seven o'clock in the morning, a call from London woke me up. A voice said: "Here, the 'Evening Standard' of London. You have lost your citizenship and your properties have been confiscated, what is your comment?"

I had no comment right away. I was speechless. I asked him to repeat what he had said. He repeated it.

And my answer came like water from a fountain: "I was born Greek, I will die Greek. Patakos was born Fascist, he will die Fascist; if he wants to make a Joan of Arc out of me, it's quite his business."

I didn't cry. Only when I was on the stage of "Illya Darling" and I sang "Piraeus, My Love," I started crying. I still do when I think: You'll never see your Greece again, Melina.

Patakos announces that I'll see Greece again if I ask to be forgiven, if I prove my Hellenism. Patakos makes me laugh. What does he know about my Hellenism? How does he prove his Hellenism? With machine-guns?

Patakos also says that I don't deserve my Greek citizenship because I did not live in Greece.

What a ridiculous lie. The last time I left Greece was in September. I had been in Greece eight months with Jules Dassin.

I usually lived in Greece six months each year, the rest of the year abroad because of my work.

My house was in Athens, a beautiful house looking over the Acropolis. Jules chose it, and it had just been finished when Patakos stole it.

But I don't mind that.

I never cared for property. I ignore what I possess or I possessed, all I can remember about my properties in Greece is a penthouse, and some land on which I built five apartments, and some money in the bank. Are those important? Other things are really important. My mother, for example.

She is all alone on the top of a mountain, which doubles her desperation, and I cannot even telephone her.

The only news I had from her was brought to me by a good American. I don't even know if she is in danger.

If they should arrest her, too, I would collapse. One can tolerate a certain number of tragedies, not more.

"The ones who suffer more"

Besides, there is not only my mother, my people are also my mother. When I was a child, my house was always open to the people.

They came, and ate, and talked with us, and there was a phrase I used to hear from my grandfather: "Action and People." Or: "Action for People."

I have never forgotten it, though I never was poor as my people are.

Between the people who are never hungry because they eat too much, and the people who are always hungry because they eat too little, I prefer the latter.

After all, they are the ones who suffer more. They always did.

Not like today, it's true. There was not an ideal situation in Greece before Patakos, but the terror did not exist before Patakos.

Many people had been released from prison and Constantine gave us hope.

People trusted him after his marriage with Anne-Marie of Denmark, and they were right.

I know the girl, she has good blood. You look at her and you understand at once that she had a democratic education.

Poor king. All was so useless, though. He had had the opportunity of his life and he has lost it. If he had only gone into exile after Patakos came to power.

The fact is that it takes much courage or much intelligence for those decisions. Or perhaps he is too badly advised by those around him.

I always thought that his mother, Frederika, did not do much good for Greece: I don't see intelligence in her, only dark ambition, and a German side which irritates.

But Frederika does not represent Greece. Nothing in her remembers Greece. She is not Greek.

"And now what will happen, Melina?" I am asked.

Now there will be a trial at some court-martial, with the same old accusation of my being a Communist. Simply grotesque.

Nobody will believe it. Everybody knows how much I hate extremism, all extremisms, including Communism.

But I will be condemned, as all the others have been.

And who cares if those who make the charges are often Right Wing, deeply attached to the conservatism? Who cares if they belong to some party off centre?

Those who do not like Patakos are Communists to Patakos.

"Tell us, Melina, are you really afraid to be killed?" I am also asked — so many people have asked me this.

I am not afraid of being killed. But I think of it, as do the others.

It is obvious that they are capable of anything. When they forbid you to wear a mini-skirt, to have a beard, to hear the songs you like.

They arrested a girl, 23 years old, because she was listening to a song by Theodorakis. You go straight to a court-martial if you listen to a song by Theodorakis, or if you possess it, steal it, buy it, play it.

Theodorakis is in hiding to avoid arrest.

They have arrested a man who was smashing crockery while dancing in a Piraeus taverna. We used to smash crockery during a party, now it is forbidden.

It is also forbidden to say the word "elections." A teacher was arrested because she said to a boy at school: "No, we do not have elections, but we will very soon."

They have closed a number of book stores, and you can't find "Who's Who in Greece," because the book contains biographies of anti-government personalities. Yaniss Kordatos' "New Introduction to Homer" is no longer on sale.

I tell only what I know. God knows how many other shames I ignore.

But I do not ignore the fact that Emmanuel Baklatzis, the editor of "Athinaiki," is in jail with the mice. And I do not ignore that Christos Lambakis, the owner of To Vima, has been arrested along with Dora Stratou.

I do not ignore the fact that about 100 journalists have been thrown out of their syndicate, that at least ten of them are prisoners on the island of Yioura, that many newspapers are no longer printed, that 38 non-political organisations have been closed down in Piraeus alone. The Piraeus-Keratsini Child Love Association, the Piraeus Mother Love Association, the Athens-Piraeus Taxi Drivers' League.

I do not ignore the fact that John Chrysikos, 66-year-old former rector of the University of Athens, has been arrested, along with the pathologist Eugenios Phocas, 64. During the night, without any explanation. Like Alexandros Sakellaropoulos, president of the Bar Council of Athens. Like Anastasios Peponis, director of the Greek radio during the Government of Papandreou.

Often there is not even an explanation. Sometimes there is never an accusation, either. Only the condemnation.

The society filled with terror that George Orwell described in "1984" has already begun in Greece.

This is why I must not take, I cannot take, an American passport.

As the wife of Jules Dassin, an American citizen, I could ask for an American passport. But it would be like giving up, even like betraying Greece.

I love America. I love it because America gave me love, and I am sensitive to love, I need love; and when I receive love, I always give it back.

I saw this in the way they applauded me when they understood I was crying while singing "Piraeus, My Love." The way they smile at me, those cab-drivers, when they say: "You'll go back, will you?" The way they send me gifts — one dollar, five dollars, 25 dollars, because they think I am starving.

I am not a political person. I understand only those things that touch my heart. Good or bad.

The colonels of Athens behaved badly and so I hate them. The Americans behaved well and so I love them.

But I don't want their passport. I am Greek, and I will go on travelling with my Greek passport, which is not valid, and I will let myself be expelled from all the airports, all the frontiers.

And Patakos will bathe in the ridicule. There is no other alternative for me or for him. I know I'll have to suffer because this is what I chose when I chose to speak.

"A flag in my hands"

I shall have that passport back.

All my life I have been pessimistic: in regard to love, to my career, to my beauty. Yet today I wave the flag of optimism. Even if it is not logical (I cannot afford the luxury of logic). I must have hope.

I am another woman now. I have learned to say no.

Before, I couldn't. The first tear, the first caress, made me answer: Yes. And so I changed color every five minutes.

Now I have a very definite color, the color of No. Because I happened to receive a gift; that is, to understand injustice, to discover dignity.

From now on, nobody will smile with me for my being frivolous and crazy and paradoxical as I used to be.

I am going to study, to find the answers and know the words to use when I'm asked: "What is democracy? What does freedom mean?"

Answering with my feelings only is not enough. Because I no longer am Melina Mercouri, actress. I am a woman who represents a Cause.

I did not look for such a flag, but Patakos has put it into my hands and now I hold it tight.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 29, 1967

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 12

school term as possible, we arranged that it should be on the last day of May.

Late in April—or it may have been early May—Y once more turned up discreetly in Beirut and I saw him several times. (One night he took me out to dinner. "Let's go to the Costabelle," he said. "It's a nice quiet place." Practically everyone I knew in Beirut was there. Y's face was scarlet.)

Y constantly warned me that I should on no account agree to meet any strangers outside the house. At one of our meetings I gave him some clues to the contents of Kim's letter and confided to him my fears that Kim had fallen into a trap.

I later regretted having done so because, unknown to me, Y must himself have crept up the alley one night and written a date on the wall—if only to test the system and cause confusion in the enemy ranks. Kim later told me in Moscow that a message had come through and that he had gone to Prague to meet us. He had hung around there for three days before giving up.

I took the piece of chalk to Moscow. Kim now has it.

EARLY one morning, about a week before my planned flight, the door-bell rang. It was about 7.30, in that hollow quarter of an hour between the departure of the children on the school bus and the arrival of the maid. A tall, thick-necked, blue-eyed man stood on the threshold.

He spoke fluent English but looked unmistakably Russian. I recognised him as a man who had come to see Kim a few years earlier, and who had introduced himself as the Far Eastern correspondent of a German news agency.

"I'm for Kim," he whispered. I let him quickly into the flat. He was nervous and impatient, continually glancing round to see if we were alone. "Kim's just fine," he said. "He sends his love. He wants you to join him. I'm here to help you."

"Where's your identification?" I asked, thinking of the book-token.

He waved this detail aside irritably. He obviously didn't have one. Since I recognised him, this was beside the point. Later I reflected how typically Russian this grave error was: The whole scheme had been planned in meticulous detail, but an all-important element was overlooked.

My confidence was not secured. How could I be sure he came from Kim? Why had he not bought himself another book-token? Or why had Kim not given him some more personal object, such as his signet ring?

I took the Russian out on to the terrace and made him some coffee, in spite of his nervous insistence that he couldn't wait. He pleaded with me to leave with him.

"Come with me now," he said, "or meet me on the beach or in some little cafe, or anywhere you like. I am free to help you. I can do anything. I can solve all your problems if only you agree to meet me somewhere today." He was practically in tears.

But I shook my head. "I'm not going. It's too late. You've come too late. I'm very sorry. I've got to get Harry back to England. He has no papers and the British will only give him a passport if we fly straight to London. It's the only way out."

I told him how hopelessly impractical my instructions had been. How could I possibly fly to Prague, I asked him. Every move I made was watched. I couldn't go within a hundred yards of the Czech Airlines office without raising the alarm.

"But tell me about Kim," I urged. "How is he? Where is he? Give me his address at once." I thought of the dozens of letters I had written him in the long, lonely nights and which I had not been able to post. I desperately wanted to contact him. But the Russian didn't answer. He offered to give me all the money I needed. "Come with me and everything will be arranged," he said.

My own funds were running out. I felt very insecure, but I refused his offer. "Will I see you again?" I asked him. He shrugged his shoulders and disappeared down the stairs.

I gave him ten minutes to make his getaway. Then I telephoned Y at the British Embassy, as I had promised to do, to tell him that my long-awaited visitor had called, and that I thought I recognised him. Y hurried round. Later in London his chief asked me to examine a set of photographs to see if I could identify the Russian. There he was. Kim told me later that I had ruined the man's career.

In Moscow I talked over the whole episode with Kim. "The whole plan was crazy," I said, "and made me believe you'd been kidnapped. How ridiculous to have me sneak up that alley and make those marks! It just didn't sound like you, more like a fake Eric Ambler."

"I know," Kim answered. "I argued with them for days about it. I told them you wouldn't swallow the story."

I now believe that if I'd met the Russian secretly outside the house he would have whisked me away, along with the children.

On the evening of May 30 when the children got home from school full of plans of how they were going to spend the evening, I broke the news that we were flying to London on the 6 o'clock plane the following morning. They were greatly excited. The strain of the past weeks on them must have been very great.

I told them to pack the things they liked most and leave the rest behind. They were not to say goodbye to any of their friends. I spent the rest of the night in a frenzy of last-minute preparations.

On the stroke of five, three cars drew up quietly outside the house. They were my British and American Embassy friends. The lift in our building was ancient and noisy, and to avoid waking the concierge, the three men tip-toed up the stairs. We were ready and waiting for them, with our luggage, and we made a dash for it.

As we passed in procession by the little cubbyhole at the foot of the elevator, I saw one-eyed Joseph, the concierge, sprawled on his bed. He opened his one good eye, saw us, and leaped up.

This was the moment for which he had been carefully primed by the Press. He had been bribed to tip them off the moment he saw me leaving the building with a suitcase. But, alas, the little kiosk across the street, where he planned to phone from, was still closed.

We drove off, leaving him standing in his grimy grey drawers in the roadway, shaking his fist at us in impotent rage.

At the airport my friends cleared our passports and luggage, leaving us in the car. Then, ahead of the other passengers, we drove directly across the field and boarded the plane. We were put in an empty first-class compartment.

From the windows I could see frantic figures dashing about the airport terrace, waving their long-lensed cameras. The Press had arrived, but we were already out of range.

When I arrived at London Airport, British Intelligence had sent an official car for me. At my request, I was driven to Kim's sister's flat. Patricia had very kindly asked me to stay with her with the hope of my being undiscovered by the Press. The children were immediately taken to stay with relatives in the country.

I woke late next morning, June 1, and on getting out of bed found I could not stand on my right foot without great pain. My big toe was inflamed and swollen.

I rang Y, who was now in London, to ask if he could recommend a doctor. Y's choice was a Dr. X, who in due course arrived and diagnosed gout, but it was really bursitis. He prescribed sedatives.

As soon as I could walk again I lunched with the Y's, who once more took up the now familiar theme that Kim was an active Communist agent and that I should on no account contemplate going to Moscow. I still was not convinced that he was there. Y suggested that I should meet his chief, who might be able to persuade me of Kim's long years of work for

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IF you are making an apron of plain material, use a brightly colored handkerchief for the pocket. It looks attractive and is serviceable. — Miss Sylvia Marshall, 3 High St., Dandenong, Vic. 3175.

CLOTHES pegs are sometimes inadequate for holding a heavy rug or blanket on the line. Try trouser hangers instead, one at each end of the blanket. They will hold it firmly. — Mrs. P. L. Barrett, 279 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas. 7250.

USEFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

MOTHERS short of storage space for the many small treasures children collect will find a plastic shoe-tidy very handy. Hang it behind a door or at the foot of a cot within the child's reach. — Mrs. B. Roberts, 11 Leven Ave., Seaton, S.A. 5023.

CLEAN the base of any iron with toothpaste. It acts as a gentle abrasive without scratching. — Maureen Uttersen, 50 Wimbledon Ave., North Narrabeen, N.S.W. 2101.

SHRED silver beet and spinach with kitchen scissors: After washing, roll three or four leaves together and cut off slices with scissors. Cabbage can also be shredded in this way. — Mrs. Jane Drury, Mowbray Court, Park Ave., Mowbray Park, Brisbane 4169.

USE a strong feather to clean crumbs from difficult-to-reach parts of the electric toaster. It is most effective, costs nothing, and is easily replaced. — Mrs. J. M. Pertin, 31 Canterbury St., Oakleigh, Vic. 3166.

WHEN starting a new recipe book, use a loose-leaf folder. This enables you to add more pages as sections are filled. — Miss D. Krelle, Box 4, Minyip, Vic. 3392.

POACHED EGGS will keep their shape perfectly if you stir the near-boiling water with a spoon and drop the egg into the circular well made by the water's movement. — Miss M. R. O'Kane, Meiklejohn St., Numurkah, Vic. 3636.

WHEN bottling jams and chutneys for stalls and fetes, place a colored paper patty-cake container under the lid—it makes an attractive seal. — Mrs. F. E. White, Comboyne, N.S.W. 2429.

Yoghurt topping on casserole

● An unusual casserole of meat and vegetables with a baked-on yoghurt topping wins the main prize of \$10.

CASSEROLE ASHKHABAD

1lb. minced lamb
1lb. minced beef
4 tablespoons oil
1 tablespoon water
1 medium eggplant
seasoned flour
2 onions
4 tomatoes
3 tablespoons plain flour
4 eggs
½ pint yoghurt
salt, pepper.

Cut eggplant into small cubes (leaving skin on), sprinkle with salt, and leave to stand ½ hour. Wash off salt and dry.

Saute meats in pan 5 minutes with 2 tablespoons of the oil and water. Place half meat in base of greased casserole.

Coat eggplant with seasoned flour and brown in hot oil; drain. Chop onions and saute in remaining oil 3 minutes, then add thickly sliced tomatoes, cook further few minutes. Spoon combined vegetables into casserole, season; top with remaining meat. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Blend flour with the well-beaten eggs and yoghurt, add salt and pepper. Pour batter over casserole, return to oven, bake further 15 to 20 minutes or until sauce is set.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. E. T. Brown, 75 Chantry St, Goulburn, N.S.W. 2580.

SPICED BANANA CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon mixed spice
3 ripe bananas (mashed)
2 tablespoons milk

Sift together flour and spices. Cream butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy, add beaten egg gradually, beating well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk; mix to a smooth consistency. Place half the mixture in well-greased 9in. x 5in. loaf tin, spread on a layer of mashed bananas then the remainder of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven approximately ½ hour.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Miss N. McGrath, P.O. Box 27, Goomeri, Qld. 4601.

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and
Canned Peaches



New from White Wings, an exciting new dessert idea. Freeze, the quick, easy way to give the whole family a delicious summer treat. White Wings Freeze is available in four flavours. And to complement Freeze, add rich, juicy, sliced peaches. So easy and economical, just open the can. For a Carnival of summer fun try the Perfect Partners—White Wings Freeze and canned sliced peaches. For more Carnival dessert ideas, send for the special 101 Carnival Dessert Recipe Book—coupons on every pack.





THE HAPPY DAYS OF DAISY DUCK

READER'S STORY

● Daisy's owner, Mrs. P. Neilson, of Seaton, S.A., writes about this endearing duck which became a favorite family pet.

DAISY came to live with us when she was only two days old. She came unannounced on a very hot day of over 100deg.

My daughter had been saying how much she'd like a duckling, but then my daughter says how much she'd like any animal. The young girl she said it to promptly brought two around.

We had nowhere to put them except with a clucky chook and her chickens. I waited to see how the chook would react, and, as she didn't take the slightest notice of them, went in to have a shower.

I had been under the shower for only a little while when I began to hear tiny peeps. As the peeps were getting louder, I thought I'd better investigate. I realised the peeps were coming from the ducklings and saw with horror that the chook had nearly killed one of them, pecking it on the head. I brought them inside.

Next morning they were much better. We called them Donald and Daisy. They were let out during the day, with someone to watch them, and there were plenty of willing watchers. They became very tame, coming when the children called them for worms and titbits. They

would stand under the spade as you dug the garden, waiting for worms to be turned up, and sometimes you missed their heads by very little, for just as the spade came down a little head would go shooting out.

They had their own small pond dug for them each day and took great delight in slurping for worms or any delicious thing that might be in the dirt.

As they grew older, we realised Donald was really a Daisy, so we had two Daisies. They laid eggs and tried to hatch them, but if we collected the eggs they stopped laying. So a Donald was acquired.

About this time, one poor Daisy died, leaving the Daisy that had been so badly pecked when she was little. Daisy started to lay more eggs. It usually took some time to find these. Nests were found under the pampas, in the irises, under the birdcage, or in the vegetables.

This lot hatched out, but only four out of ten eggs. I've never seen such a clumsy mother. She walked all over her babies, and if we tried to move her she just stood there, one great foot on a poor baby till we shifted her off. Quite a few were lost this way. We didn't know what to do. Daisy took so long to turn around and settle herself, not realising there were babies underfoot.

The next sitting didn't produce anything, and as we'd let Daisy sit on for longer than normal something had to be done. I spent half of next day ringing up hatcheries. There were plenty of chickens, but no ducklings.

Next day was Saturday, and I was counting on there being more ads than usual in the paper, and, sure enough, there were three for ducks and drakes. Where there were ducks and drakes, there must be ducklings. One was fairly near home, so I tried there first. When I explained the position, Daisy sitting for so long and not producing a baby, he sold me a few-days-old duckling for 25 cents.

The eggs were taken from Daisy and the duckling offered instead. Daisy couldn't quite work it out, but there was a duckling, and she'd been sitting for so long, so she accepted the idea. But the duckling had other ideas. It had no intention of getting under this strange duck.

As I was playing tennis that afternoon and the children coming with me, the duckling was a problem. We'd already spent two hours with it, and couldn't spare any more time. That afternoon, we were pleased when tennis finished.

We raced home, flew down the backyard, but couldn't see a duckling. All hearts sank, and the children were almost crying when out from under Daisy came a small yellow head.

We had almost given up hope of her having more babies, thinking perhaps she was getting too old, when, talking one day at the back door, out of the corner of my eye, I could see dots of bright yellow. My conversation flagged and my mouth dropped, but when I had another look I couldn't see anything, so I presumed I'd been seeing things. Again I thought I could see yellow out of the corner of my eye and went to investigate. Sure enough, there were two gorgeous little yellow heads. When the children came home from school, to our astonishment, there were five little yellow heads. Fancy Daisy hatching out five all by herself!

Clever Daisy — ten out of ten!

Later that night there were eight heads. Wasn't she a clever old thing. Eight ducklings were unheard of for her. But when she was lifted in the morning she had ten beautiful ducklings and ten empty shells. The silly old duffer had laid all the eggs in a raised-up garden. She could get up and down, but her babies had no chance at all, and they had to be shifted.

Now this wasn't in Daisy's plan of things, and after objecting strongly and making a nuisance of herself, she was put in a hutch until we had the ducklings out. But Daisy was determined in her choice of homes and promptly led her brood back. It didn't matter to her that the ducklings couldn't get up on to the garden. She just sat and waited, even though they peeped and peeped. This time when they were taken back and locked in their new house, it didn't take them long to settle down.

Daisy was a glorious sight, waddling around the yard with her brood of ten behind her. They were such a glorious color, bright as gold, scuttling everywhere like little gold mice.

Their swimming-pool was much larger than others we'd made. The ducklings were a sight to see when they were swimming. They were always colliding. They would dive under and invariably come up under a brother or sister. One would go down, and while you were watching the spot it should come up, it would come up very fast in quite a different position. We would sit for hours watching their antics in the pool.

We couldn't possibly keep all the ducklings, so homes had to be found for them. They were so tame, and so loved, we could only give them away. Luckily, friends were willing to have pet ducklings for their children.

We ended up with so many ducks, something had to be done, so we found another home for Donald.

Dear old Daisy is still with us, too old to lay eggs. She has an old baby bath for her swimming-pool, which the children keep clean for her. She comes to the back door for her breakfast and tea each day and lets the children pet her. We hope to have her with us for quite a while yet.

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Johnson & Johnson

HAVE you ever tried apricot-picking as a way of spending a happy and profitable summer holiday? We decided to one year, when family funds were low and the family itself at rather a loose end.

We knew nothing about it, but after making a few inquiries found an orchardist willing to "give us a go."

So we loaded our car with camping gear, old clothes, and ourselves — myself and my husband, our daughter, and two teenage sons — and headed for the River Murray fruit blocks.

Our tents were pitched on the river-bank. Food supplies and ice were obtainable from the town three miles away.

The next morning we started work. The men were picking firm, just-ripening fruit and putting them into cases to be sent to the canneries. The golden-ripe ones went into buckets to be cut for drying.

My daughter and I were shown how to cut the apricots exactly in halves with one sweep of the cutting-knife, to flick out the stone with the one action, and then to place the fruit, cut sides up and touching, on wooden trays.

Progress was slow at first compared with the experienced cutters, but with perseverance our speed improved. Just as well, too. Payment is so much per tray.

Some of the cutters get themselves disliked by being greedy and grabbing the buckets with the largest fruit, which, although taking less to fill a tray, take longer to handle.

Besides, someone has to cut the smaller ones, so it is best to take the buckets as they come.

Sun-dried

After the stacks of trays reach a certain quota, they are taken out of the shed by tractor, covered, and sulphured. The next day they are spread out in the sun to dry.

The work starts early, and weekends and public holidays are treated as working days, because the fruit keeps on ripening regardless.

Apricot-pickers were paid by the hour where we worked, but piece-work rates are paid on some properties.

We were fortunate enough to be provided with morning and afternoon tea, but not all employers are so generous.

The heat can be searing, so shady hats are essential. Boots or shoes are better than sandals, because the sand, which feels like cool water in the early morning, can be scorching hot by midday.

Accommodation is not always provided on fruit blocks, but most of the river towns have good camping grounds or caravan parks.

When the crop was finished, we were all suntanned and healthy. We had worked hard doing things so different from city life, out in the fresh country air, meeting a fascinating cross-section of people.

We did go home with a lot more money than we started out with, but best of all was our employer saying, "You did a fine job, and seemed to enjoy yourselves. It is hard to think of you as city folk."

The following year the family said, "No work this time. Let's have a real holiday by the sea."

But as the fruit season drew near we forgot about the hard work, the aching backs, the cut

fingers, and remembered . . . row after row of trays of brilliant apricots drying in the sun, with the backdrop of deep green citrus trees; cutting the fruit in a large stone shed overlooking the rise and fall of thousands of fruit trees, in every shade of

green; seeing the huge fans of water spraying the trees on one property or another, catching rainbows from the sun as they circled; listening to the black-birds singing unceasingly from dawn to dusk.

We remembered swimming in

the river after work, or fishing; lying on our camp-beds at night, watching the moon silver the river through the black lace of the gums, and listening to the ping and rattle of gumnuts on the tent roof as possums skir-mished in the trees above.

Oh, yes; we went back the next year, and the next . . . until now we feel it is our summer home, with so many friends and people we have learned to like and respect.

Where are we going next year? Guess!

Picking apricots by the Murray River

A South Australian family who tried fruit-picking as a working holiday find themselves going back to it every year.

Community

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VARS33 (W)

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Casual dress is available cut out to make in orange flash/white/black, turquoise/white/deep royal, clear red/white/junior navy, or new green/white/navy linen-like printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.40; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.60; 40in. bust, \$3.80. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.



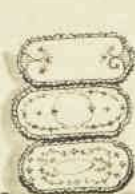
665

No. 666—SET OF THREE DOILIES

Set of three doilies with lace and three skeins of stranded cotton supplied are available traced ready to embroider on white, cream, blue, pink, or green pure Irish linen. Price per set of three is 99c plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

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Tennis dress is available cut out to make in white self-patterned pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.65. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.



666

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



667

Third progress prize in Amoco Contest

● This week's winner of a progress prize of \$20 or a pair of Davis Cup tickets in our Amoco-Davis Cup Contest is Carolyn Hutchings, 34 William Street, Mackay, Qld.

THE contest, for which the main prize is a Ford Cortina, has closed.

Judges are now choosing the State winners and the Grand Champion winner, to be announced in the issue dated December 20.

Here is Carolyn Hutchings' story:

Although it happened ten years ago, when I was only 15, I can still remember every detail of the night Mum took Aunt Carrie to hospital.

We were living in far North Queensland at the time, 20 miles from the nearest town. It was about 7.30. Mum and I were on the veranda waiting for Dad to return home when Uncle Jeff's green station sedan pulled up beside our red one.

"Ida," Uncle Jeff shouted, "Carrie's here. She has to get to hospital, and quickly."

Mother was not one to panic. However, this was one exception.

Calling to Uncle Jeff to put our travelling mattress in the back of the car for Aunt Carrie to lie on, Mother hurried inside to put on her coat, telling me to do the same, as I was to come with her. She would drive Aunt Carrie to hospital and Uncle Jeff would stay with the younger children.

By the time Mother and I had our coats on, Uncle Jeff

was back in the house. Aunt Carrie was lying in the back of the car, he told us. "Please hurry," he begged. "Pains are getting worse and much more frequent."

Mum banged the car door shut, calling over her shoulder, "All right, dear? We'll get you there in time, don't worry."

Without waiting for any comment from Aunt Carrie, we roared down the road.

Every now and again Mum would ask, "All right, dear?" With no reply from Aunt Carrie, Mum took it for granted everything was OK.

Never before or since has Mum driven so recklessly or fast. On the main road, a car behind travelling very fast honked its horn. Mum drove faster, muttering, "Must keep him behind us. Handy to have someone following if we strike trouble."

After a nightmare journey over the 20 miles, we pulled up in record time in front of the hospital. Mum rushed up the steps to get assistance.

Moments later she returned with a sister and wardsman and opened the car door. I can still see the horror on her face—no Carrie. General panic, but just then the car following us pulled up. It was Uncle Jeff with Aunt Carrie in the back.

Jeffery Junior arrived 20 minutes later.

SEND IN CAT PICTURES NOW

HURRY and send in entries for our Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest—it closes on November 24.

Prizes are for the best cat pictures, not necessarily the best cat.

Photographs may be black-and-white, color prints, or color transparencies. All stand an equal chance.

The best entry received from each State will win a cash prize of \$100. The national winner, chosen from the State finalists, will be awarded an additional \$750, making a total of \$850.

State finalists can also choose \$30 worth of film and the national winner an additional \$70 worth of film.

There are also 300 consolation prizes of a month's supply of Jellyment Whiskas—a case containing 36 tins. Send the picture to "Cats'

Whiskas Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

Judges are noted Australian photographer Laurence Le Guay and the Art Directors of The Australian Women's Weekly and of George Patterson Pty. Ltd.

The judges' decisions will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

The contest closes on November 24, and results will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated December 27.

Entries will be returned after the contest only if accompanied by a fully stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This contest is not open to employees of Australian Consolidated Press, Uncle Ben's Inc., and their advertising agencies, or to the families of employees.

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One thing is certain—common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

B
BRADMILL

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC 24

The ordeal of Eleanor Philby

From page 51

the Russians. I agreed and he telephoned his colleague immediately.

The chief joined us after lunch and I was left alone with him in the drawing-room with coffee and a bottle of brandy.

I argued my case as persuasively as I could. I said I did not see how Kim could have been so involved without my being aware of it. I believed that Kim had been kidnapped. But he was very insistent. "We have definitely known for the past seven years," he said, "that Kim has been working for the Russians without pay."

By the end of the afternoon I was in tears. Much against my will, I had to begin to think along the same lines.

Much of the agonising suspense which I had known in Beirut now returned to plague me. It took the Press only ten days to discover my whereabouts and a new siege began. There were constant knockings on the door and notes slipped through the letter-box offering me large sums of money for my story.

One popular Sunday newspaper proposed £10,000 (\$A25,000) for an exclusive picture story.

Dr. X, whom I saw weekly, recommended an anti-depressant pill. These consultations seemed more like psychiatric sessions. His gentle but persistent questioning made me suspect that he might have some Foreign Office connection. In Moscow, three years later, I was interested to read in the British Press that he was one of the doctors who attended Greville Wynne on his return to England (after being jailed by the Russians as a spy).

Still no message came from Kim.

Y, whom I continued to see at least once a week, seemed to have two obsessions: he wanted to discover whether I had any contact with Kim or the Russians; he also kept insisting that I must never, on any account, go to Russia. If I did, he said, I would never be permitted to return.

In early September, when I was in New York, the miracle happened—by special delivery. Kim's letter had been sent to his sister's address in London and forwarded from there.

At last I had conclusive proof that he was in Russia and in good health. Better still, I now had what I'd longed for for months: an address where I could write to him. It was Box 509, Central Post Office, Moscow.

From then on I wrote to him almost daily.

Kim's letter was long and tender. He urged me to come to Moscow as soon as I could, to come and see for myself what it was like. He assured me that if I did not like it there I would be free to leave at any time. He made this point very clear, because he knew I must be worried about it.

After further correspondence—in which he wrote, "You can safely ignore anything you hear from anyone but myself. There are an awful lot of people with an axe to grind by distorting my position. My friends here have proved true friends indeed"—Mrs. Philby decided to join her husband. Her letter giving the news was acknowledged by him in a cable from London, sent presumably through the Russian Embassy. It was signed "Archie," one of Kim Philby's favorite nicknames—taken from the philosophical cockroach of the American humorist Don Marquis.

ON September 25 I made a bet with Kim's sister Patricia that I would go that morning to the Russian Consulate. I took a tube from St. John's Wood to Central London. Then, in the best spy tradition, I took a taxi.

I had been trained during the war, when I was with the U.S. Office of War Information, how to throw off a tail—I had even been trained to kill a man in 30 seconds, a trick I have since forgotten. So

after a short taxi ride I got out and took another. Eventually I was inside the Consulate.

On a calling-card I wrote: "To his Excellency the Russian Ambassador." And on the back: "If you have a minute to spare, I would like to see you."

A few minutes later a tall, blue-eyed Russian ushered me into a room where another man was seated behind a desk. He rose courteously and said that he was very pleased to see me. He said he knew all about me: "We have heard that you want to go to Russia." I said yes.

"When would you like to go?" he then asked. I told him in three or four days, as I had some shopping to do and one or two other things to attend to.

He said, "We should like you to be ready the day after tomorrow." I was rather taken aback and asked whether such speed was necessary. He said it was.

I was told that I should be at London Airport on September 27, at exactly 11 o'clock. There would be somebody there to meet me who would take care of everything. I should worry about nothing. Then he opened a drawer on his desk, took out an envelope, and handed it to me. "Go and buy yourself some very warm clothes," he said.

In the envelope I found £500 in notes. I went immediately to Harrods and enjoyed myself. I bought

sweaters and tights, boots and a turban, fur-lined gloves and some goodies for Kim. But I made one mistake. Instead of the heavy fur-lined coat I should have bought, I chose a rather lightweight camel-hair. I often regretted it in Moscow.

I had arranged to see Dr. X in his consulting room in Knightsbridge later that morning. "You look so well today, Mrs. Philby," he said in his usual unctuous manner. "Have you had some good news?" I told him I would see him next week.

I left at ten the following day and arrived at the airport at twenty minutes to eleven. I sat inside the taxi in the parking lot as the minutes slowly ticked by. At two minutes to eleven the driver pulled up in front of the terminal, and I got out with my numerous bags.

Getting increasingly jumpy, I waited in the main hall about five minutes. I was very worried about being recognised by the Press.

Then I noticed a tall, stocky, thick-necked man striding up and down in the middle of the lobby, glancing anxiously around. I felt sure he was Russian. Finally I got up my nerve and went up to him. I tapped him on the shoulder and asked: "Are you looking for me?"

"Are you Mrs. Philby? Where's your baggage and passport?"

I handed both over. I asked if I could do some last-minute shopping at the duty-free store. I had in mind some scotch and cigarettes. But he vetoed this politely, saying I might be spotted by the Press.

Eventually it was time to go. We just walked directly to the huge Aeroflot jet. There was no Security check for passport control. He placed me in an empty first-class compartment, shook hands, wished me good luck, and said goodbye.

Four hours later—wearing a turban, dark glasses and my camel-hair coat from Harrods—I landed in Russia. I had not the faintest idea where I was in that vast country or what would happen to me.

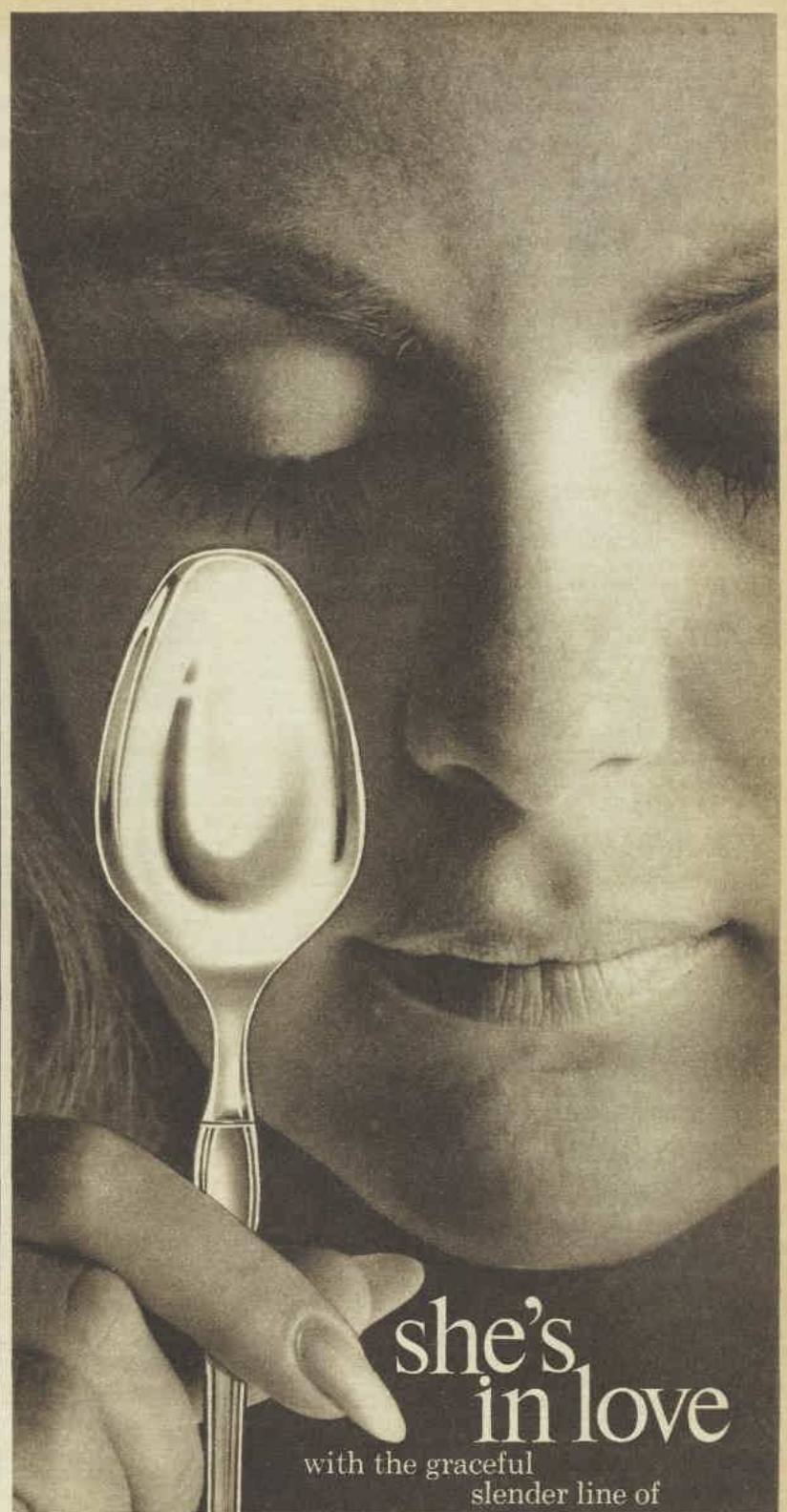
Kim seemed thinner, rather worn, and I had almost failed to recognise him. I had never seen him in a hat before. The dark blue felt he was wearing belonged to Guy Burgess, who had suddenly died the previous month. Kim had a collection of his clothes: the winter overcoats were especially useful and expensive to replace. He wore the hat out of sentiment.

(Guy Burgess and his colleague Donald Maclean were the central figures in the famous "missing diplomats" mystery. Both were British Intelligence agents, on the staff of the Foreign Office, and they fled to Russia in 1951. They had been close friends of Philby's.)

(World copyright 1967 London Observer)


NEXT WEEK:

Our life in Moscow



she's
in love

with the graceful
slender line of



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Astron

Mrs. Tredinnick still thought of her daughter as a child
and now it was difficult to realise she was growing up

Someone's Kissing Chrissy



By ALAN JAMES

THE golden evening, gentle with hazy sun, had slipped into velvet dusk. Slow, delicious heat rose from the stone-slabbed walkways, returning the stored heat of the day. All the gardens were fretted with the pattern of light and shadow from the open windows. The new summer grass, by day young and struggling, appeared as perfect lawn.

Mrs. Tredinnick paused at her bedroom window, fingered the curtains, then decided not to draw them. Too soon to shut out the night. Warm but not oppressive. She savored the lush content of high summer. Winter, with its enclosed comforts, would be here soon enough.

She liked her new house — liked the way the whole estate was laid out, with walkways dividing the children from the traffic. She admired the way full-grown trees had been preserved. There was no new estate rawness. The street lamp cast a dappled shadow of the walnut tree on to the pathway.

Then she looked again.

Two figures stood beneath the tree, embracing calmly with mutual pleasure. The boy was tall with his fair hair cut cap-wise, a golden-headed pageboy. The girl's blue sweater and skirt were familiar, so familiar.

She moved from the window.

"Mike."

"Mum?" came her son's voice from the next room.

"Someone's kissing Chrissy."

Mike, nearly six feet tall, dark and handsome, ambled across to the window of his mother's room.

"So they are, so they are," he said, resting his palms on the windowsill and looking out.

"Who is it?"

"Bill Freeman, from the village."

"What's he like?" His mother's voice was level.

"Engineering student. Got a scooter. Nice chap. Popular with the girls."

"How old?"

"Bout nineteen."

"Does he know Chrissy's only sixteen?"

Mike turned and faced his mother. Nineteen looked down, blue eyes to blue eyes, the same nose, the same firm mouth.

"Chrissy's a growned gal, Mum, and a nice girl—like her ma." He patted his mother's head and led her from the room on to the landing, turned off the bedroom light. A glance across the darkened room showed Chrissy and Bill moving out of the shadow of the tree, sauntering hand in hand toward the house.

So Chrissy kissing, Chrissy courting? Chrissy married, Chrissy gone from home? Peggy Tredinnick tested the propositions as they came to mind. None pleased her. All filled her with disquiet. She wasn't ready to accept her daughter in yet another role. Too quickly she was what Mike called a "growned gal." She had raced through babyhood and childhood — a golden-haired tomboy, last of the three Tredinnick children and beloved of Paul, her father, and Peggy, Mike, and John.

John, the eldest boy, now in Africa, had first called her Chrissy, and Christina she never more had been since the day he'd said, when she was six weeks old: "Won't that Chrissy ever stop crying?" which was really a little hard, for she was a marvelously good baby, golden and beautiful. But John was only seven at the time and, as now, restless and impatient. He would always have to live with the impatience that had taken him adventuring abroad.

Paul, Chrissy's father, saw his daughter in a shining aura and, dazzled, could see no flaw. He could be for ever twisted round beloved Chrissy's little finger. But, all credit to Chrissy, she had grown up with deep affection for her father, the two of them enclosed in a private capsule of mutual trust.

Peggy came slowly down the stairs, across the hall into the sitting-room. A soft breeze stirred the curtains at the open window. The heat of the day had begun to dissipate and the room, lit by a single table lamp, was quiet and refreshed. Distant traffic sounds punctuated the stillness.

To page 61



This cork
has changed
its address

You know Harveys, don't you . . . Harveys of Bristol, founded in 1796 . . . and famous the world over for their exquisite sherries . . . Bristol Cream, Bristol Milk, Bristol Dry.

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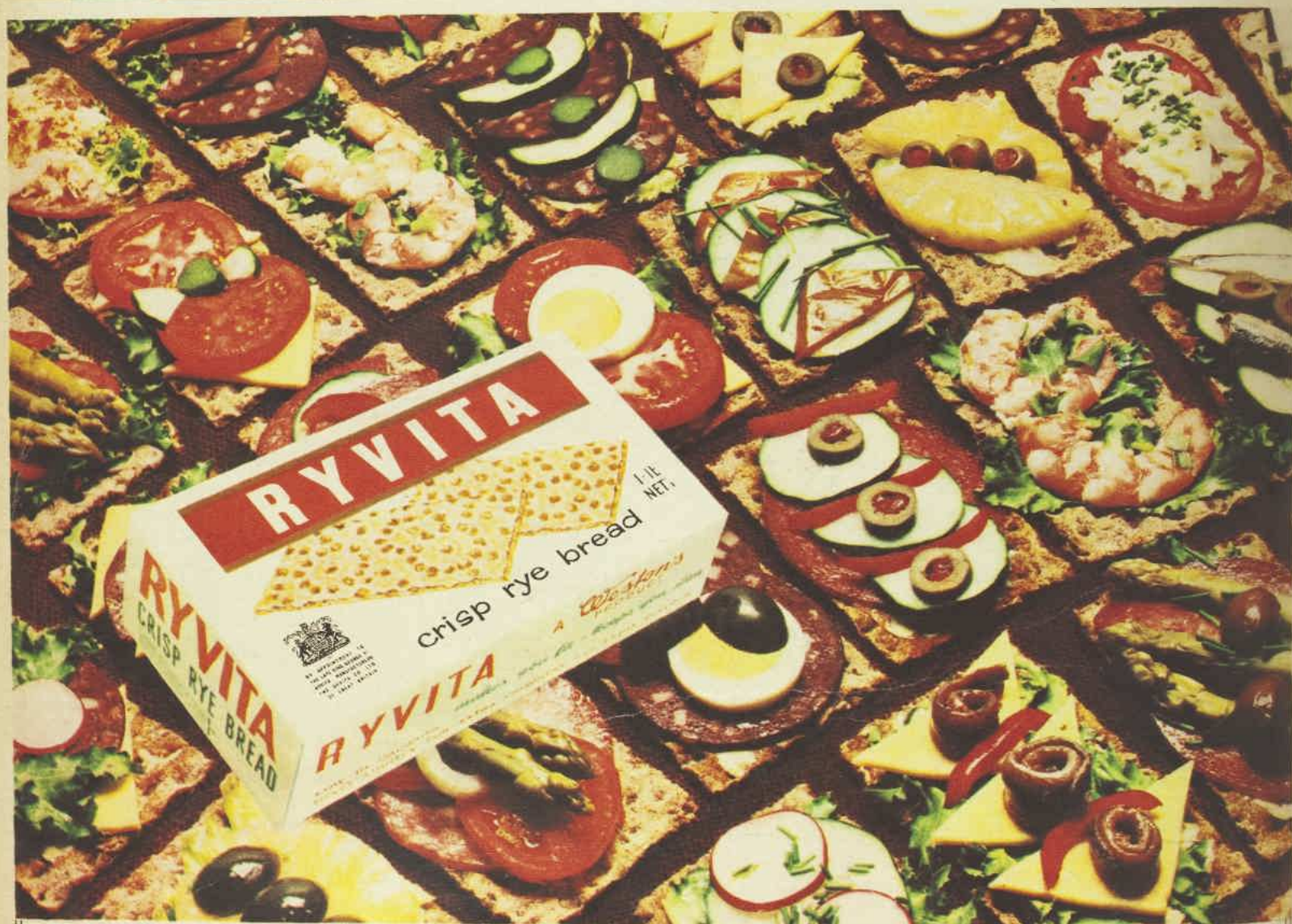


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Everybody's



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Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**



Peggy sank into an easy chair. Why should seeing someone kissing Chrissy disturb her so? The girl was sensible, level-headed, and she was doing well at school—not brilliant but a determined worker. She had never failed to hit a single self-chosen target. She had grown up normally and with grace. And what more normal, more desirable than that she should attract the opposite sex? He looked a handsome boy and Mike had shown no disapproval.

WHY should I object? mused Peggy. I want everything for her—all happiness, all love, all fulfillment. But I don't want it to happen quite yet. Let her be my child for a little longer.

Chrissy had always mixed with a pleasant crowd. She'd lived through all the right enthusiasms and heart-breaks—but always with a crowd. Peggy had never seen her with a boy alone. And never had she seen anyone kissing Chrissy in quite that grown-up way. It crossed Peggy's mind to call her in, to draw her back into her own orbit. To rescue her? From what? After all the two of them were not exactly furtive. The street was well lit and they had been visible from the house. Chrissy wasn't trying to hide anything.

Peggy wondered how long they'd known each other, where they had met. Her own curiosity surprised her. Never one for prying, she

SOMEONE'S KISSING CHRISSEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

caught herself in a strange mood of confusion, almost panic. She hadn't really ever looked forward with clarity to any new stage in Chrissy's life. The problems of seeing her through school had seemed enough. With Chrissy she shared the daily dramas of classroom politics and the small tensions of emotional traffic with classmates.

But Chrissy had never singled out any of her crowd of boy friends as a special chum and had but rarely been on a twosome date. She had always showed a hint of scorn for those girls who were forever arms entwined with boys.

Was Chrissy changing? Perhaps she was falling into the pattern set by her friends. Perhaps her determination to finish well at school was weakening. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps?

Chrissy burst into the sitting-room, shattering Peggy's mood, bubbling with laughter and dragging a boy in coat and jeans. Both of them were as blonde as angels.

"Mother, this is Bill. Isn't he beautiful?"

Chrissy, volatile and happy, changed the quiet evening from mellow dusk to dancing starlight. Their young radiance filled Peggy with a great happiness. Bill said: "Good evening, Mrs. Tredinick. Chrissy brought me to say goodbye to you."

"Goodbye," said Peggy, "we haven't said hello."

"Mummy, it's so sad," said Chrissy. "Bill is off tomorrow to Glasgow. He's working at a shipyard. Part of his course."

"Oh, what a shame," Peggy said, momentarily lost for words.

They chatted for a while. Mike ambled into the room and joined easily into the conversation. After a while Bill looked at his watch and said he must go.

"It's the midnight train to Glasgow. I must be gone."

They saw him to the gate, a lighthearted group.

Bill turned at the street corner, waved, and was gone.

Peggy was at her mirror doing her hair when Chrissy knocked at her door, came into the room, and sat on the bed.

"Mummy, isn't he super?" she said. "I won him in a raffle."

"Chrissy! Whatever are you saying?"

"Just fun, Mummy. We were terribly short of boys at the club, so when he came we drew lots to see who'd have him for the dance. I won."

Peggy, if she felt surprise, managed to conceal it.

"Well, I shan't be able to see him again till Christmas," said Chrissy. "Perhaps it's as

well. I must work like mad this term."

She crossed to her mother and lightly kissed her on the forehead and said: "Good night, Mummy," turned and walked to the door.

As she paused at the threshold, her merry face broke into a puckish grin, a child again.

"Mummy," she said, with a saucy twinkle toward the dressing-table, "Mummy, he kissed me," and was out of the room quick as a flash.

Peggy looked at herself in the mirror, smiled broadly, and said to her entirely reassured reflection: "I know."

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*****AS I READ*****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 22

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, blue, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, black, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, silver, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 29, 1967



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There was sadness and joy in
Fanny's homecoming after
so many years in exotic lands
of glamor and sophistication

Wanderer's Return

By VALERIE WATKINSON

FANNY HEATH came home on an autumn day when the old stone bridge was festooned with amateur painters striving vainly to capture on canvas the changing colors in the trees along the river banks.

She took a cab from the railway station and made the driver stop in the centre of the bridge, so that she could admire the trees and give viewing encouragement to the artists. Some of the paintings were very bad. Even Fanny, who had a kind heart, had to admit to herself this was so. She then told the driver to go on.

"Awful, ain't they?" the driver said. "But it gives the place a lot of class."

"Doesn't it?" Fanny said. She caught his eye in the rear-view mirror, and they grinned at each other.

She had a way with cab drivers, and with porters and waiters and cloakroom attendants and shop assistants. Her sister, who was the other surviving member of the family, called it "the common touch." It was not a compliment. Judith disliked anything common. In her sister it was an attribute to be deplored.

The cab driver knew his passenger was Fanny Heath. There had been a paragraph about her return in the local paper the previous week, only the report had referred to her as Miss Frances Heath.

Everybody had called her Fanny ever since she could remember. She simply was not a Frances.

"Drive around a little," Fanny instructed the driver. "It's been years and I want to look."

He obliged willingly, first turning off the meter. "We'll make it a straight dollar. All right?"

"All right," Fanny said.

She laid her elegant lizard-skin handbag on the seat beside her, removed her pale doekin gloves, and loosened the fur piece on her shoulders. She stopped thinking about the meagre amount of cash in her bag. She should have taken a bus from the station, but it had not occurred to her to do so. The Heaths were not used to riding in public transport and Fanny, although she did not realise it, was still enough of a Heath to hail a cab automatically.

The driver pointed out all the places of interest, including the big new paper plant, of which her brother-in-law was president. She wondered vaguely what it would be like to have a husband who was president of something.

The cab driver was enjoying her company. She asked intelligent questions and was not afraid to laugh at his answers, some of which lacked respect for the importance of the places and people concerned.

He inspected her surreptitiously in the rear-view mirror. It was rumored that she had once been engaged to a count, one of those Italian fellows who kissed ladies' hands.

The cab driver decided that he would not mind kissing Fanny Heath's hand or her lips, either. She was a fine-looking woman.

"Oh, what a darling fountain," Fanny was exclaiming.

"Is that the one Judith paid for?"

"Yes, ma'am," the cab driver said, delighted she had referred to Mrs. John Bolton by her christian name.



Mrs. John Bolton would not have approved at all. She was a lady who was both aware and enamored of her social position.

"How nice to leave a fountain behind when one dies," Fanny said. "Much better than a statue."

They came eventually to the Bolton house, or, as people still insisted on calling it, the Heath place.

It was very old, but a great deal of work had been performed on it since Fanny had last seen it, which was nearly twenty-five years ago.

It was a low, white house, beautifully proportioned, with balconies and wrought-iron lacework, which Judith had preserved. A circular drive swept past the porticoed front entrance and there were neat beds of autumn roses breaking up the lawn area. The great trees were gold- and green- and silver-leaved, just as she remembered them from long ago.

"It hasn't changed a bit," Fanny said. "Not really. Thank you for the round trip." She handed the cab driver a dollar bill and tipped him gratefully.

He drove back to the railway station, over the stone bridge where the artists were still trying, pondering on the mystery of Fanny Heath, who, it was said, had been beautiful and gay and foolish and loving, and was now returning as a guest to the house which, supposedly, should have been half hers.

Judith was coming down the steps, her head held high like a mannequin, not looking at her feet. Fanny admired her from her position in the middle of the drive.

"Oh, Fan," Judith said. "Why didn't you telephone from the station? I would have sent someone to meet you, or come down myself."

"I caught an earlier train," Fanny said. "A darling cab driver took me for a ride around town. He showed me the new plant and the fountain. The house is beautiful, Judith. Just as I remembered it."

They embraced, touching cheeks, though Fanny would have liked to hug her sister, because it had been so long, but Judith was already pulling herself away and giving instructions to the maid about the bag and in which room it should be placed.

They walked up the steps, their arms around each other.

"You must be tired," Judith said. "Lily will show you your room and when you've freshened up we'll have tea in the library. Or would you prefer it out of doors?"

"Out of doors, darling," Fanny said. She was halfway up the stairs. She paused and looked over her shoulder. "And I'll have a little something with my tea. May I, just to give me some zing. Scotch, if you have it." . . .

"Oh, it was awful," Judith said to John, her husband, that night as they were dressing for dinner. "Scotch in the middle of the afternoon, and a 'darling cab driver' took her for a ride around town. You should have seen Lily's face when Fanny turned around on the stairs and asked for a little something!"

"Should I, my dear?" her husband inquired mildly. "I told her black tie, but goodness knows what she'll come down in."

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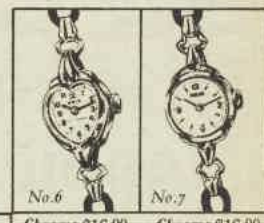
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NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dync (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

4522

WANDERER'S RETURN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

"I dare say Fanny knows how to dress for an occasion," John said. "All those people she runs around with—always getting their names in the newspapers—they must have taught her something, surely."

"Oh, that's just Fanny's special set. If you ask me she's getting tired of all the racket, and that's why she's come home now."

Fanny's dinner gown was a weird mixture of red and bronze chiffon. Judith suspected it was a model from one of the city boutiques. If it was it must have cost the earth. It was outlandish, but it suited Fanny. In it she looked like a big, full-blown chrysanthemum.

Her nephew, Keith, told her this, and Fanny said:

"You dear thing. I adore chrysanthemums. They have that lovely unflowery smell. Give your Aunt Fanny a great big kiss, you handsome boy, and then bring me a martini, very dry."

The handsome boy gave her a big kiss and went to collect

a martini, wiping the lipstick from his mouth as he went. As she sipped, Fanny asked him questions about his friends and his interests. Her voice and laughter were rich, full of liquid cadences, and loud enough to border perilously on the vulgar. He thanked her for the gifts she sent each birthday, Christmas, and Easter, and then, with a lack of subtlety which surprised even himself, sounded her for a loan.

"Darling, I can't," Fanny whispered. "Mainly because I'm nearly flat broke, but also because I wouldn't if I could. Your father would not approve. I suppose he's trying to teach you to live within a certain income. You should, you know. It makes middle age so much easier. Are you mad at me?"

"Of course not," her nephew said. He did not believe her story about being

nearly flat broke, but he appreciated the forthrightness of her refusal. There was something almost masculine about her bluntness, which was peculiar, because she was an excessively feminine woman.

It was the very first time her nephew had met a woman over thirty who possessed sex appeal. He had not believed such a phenomenon possible.

"Why don't you do something mad, like taking a summer job?" Fanny suggested.

He was saved the necessity of replying by the appearance of the guests.

There were only three couples, plus aged Judge Levine, who had insisted on being designated as Fanny's partner. Fanny remembered some of them, and they all remembered Fanny. She was the sort of woman people did not forget.

First of all there was that

terrible scandal when she had run off with an Italian who claimed to be a count. People still talked about it. The count had been tall and handsome, his handsomeness enhanced by the thin white scar along one cheekbone. He had, he assured interested inquirers, suffered it as the result of a fall in his childhood.

Nobody believed him, of course. It was an old knife scar. Goodness knows what he might do if incensed. He was a Latin, and Latins were so hot-blooded. The ladies had trembled—with dread and unadmitted envy—for Fanny, who had been gently raised in the best Heath traditions.

Fanny had not become a countess. Nobody knew why. Fanny never told. It was assumed that she had found better things to do in the city than marry (even a count), or her admirer had deserted her.

She did not look like a woman who had been deserted. She stood in Judith's drawing-room with the martini, very dry, in her hand and the long rope of amber

beads around her neck swinging over her full bosom and reflecting the light from the many lamps.

The men, of course, loved her. The women reserved their final verdict, pending knowledge of the duration of her visit about whether it was likely to be of a somewhat temporary or a permanent nature.

Fanny's niece, Jody, arrived with her escort in time for coffee. Judith had excused her absence at dinner by explaining that Jody's friend was attending a presentation dinner at the university, and Jody was accompanying him.

IT transpired that Jody's friend was a long, lean young man, with an obtrusive Adam's apple and an expression of helpless incredulity when confronted by the glittering assemblage in Judith's drawing-room.

He was an archaeologist. Fanny drew forth this information in the first two minutes and, thenceforth, the young man became almost at ease. He had just been awarded a field scholarship and was going digging in some remote part of the world.

It was obvious he wanted to take Jody with him and that Jody believed she wanted to go. It was just as obvious Judith was determined she should not go.

The young man waxed eloquent about Egypt, progressed to the Maya culture, and finally told a funny but rather rude story about the King of the Two Sicilies, who, in the eighteenth century, had locked up the newly unearthed treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum because they were too erotic.

Everybody laughed, and Judith frowned.

The young man finally took his departure, first wringing Fanny's hand and addressing her as "Aunt Fanny," and then begging her pardon.

"A wonderful dinner, darling," Fanny said, as she kissed her sister good night. "Jody, do come and visit me before you go to bed. You're the only niece I have, and we just have to get acquainted."

"Not too late, Jody," Judith warned, and Jody said:

"Oh, all right, mother," and: "I'm so glad you've come home, Aunt Fanny."

Jody sat on the foot of Fanny's bed and Fanny marvelled at her perfection.

"You're beautiful," Fanny told her.

"My nose is too big," Jody said.

"It shows executive ability. I like your beau. He's dedicated. I can see him trundling around the Amazon,

brushing away at little bits of poetry."

"I thought they dug," Jody said. "I'm terribly ignorant."

"Darling, no archaeologist worth his salt digs. He might break something priceless. It isn't done. They spend months, sometimes years, brushing away the dirt of ages."

"How do you know so much?" Jody asked.

"I knew an archaeologist once. I went with him to Egypt. Don't tell your mother, darling. She wouldn't understand. He taught me such a lot, about archaeology, I mean."

They both laughed and Jody hugged herself tight, because it was wonderful to have Aunt Fanny home, and to be treated like a woman instead of a child.

Downstairs in the library Judith and John discussed the dinner party. John had removed his tie and put on his carpet slippers. He was sipping a highball and Judith, elegant in a pink quilted-satin dressing gown, was enjoying her mug of hot chocolate.

"I thought it went off very well," John said. "Fanny carried the conversation, but she was amusing."

"I suppose it could have been worse," Judith conceded. "Judge Levine is such a vulgar old man. I wonder why we tolerate him. He said the women seemed a little standoffish toward Fanny, and I said: 'But, Judge, it's just that Fanny is one of those women other women don't feel comfortable having around,' and he laughed in a most insinuating way and looked at you, and said: 'My dear Judith, I don't blame you.' Honestly, I hope she doesn't fill Jody's head with nonsense about that awful young man."

"I don't think she will. Fanny is very sensible."

"Sensible? Fanny?"

"Keith asked her for a loan," John said.

"Did she tell you? I don't believe it."

"No, she didn't tell me. Fanny wouldn't. I knew by the look on his face that he'd been at her. I asked him and he admitted it. She told him she was flat broke. Got out of it quite gracefully, apparently. Suggested he take a summer job."

"The poor boy works hard enough at college without taking a summer job."

"The poor boy's grades should be a lot better if he works so hard. That's all I can say."

"Oh, don't start on that again," Judith said.

He was silent, wondering why an excessively respectable woman like Judith demanded from her daughter the highest standards of morality and

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I've just found the perfect solution for those housewives who are utterly fed up with cooking. All they have to do is buy a horse!

THIS is the view of the 19th-century French politician and gourmet Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who wrote:

"Raw flesh has only one inconvenience. It sticks to the teeth; otherwise it is not at all unpleasant to taste. Seasoned with a little salt, it is easily digested and must be at least as nourishing as any other sort."

"Dining with a captain of Croats in 1815, 'Gads,' said he, 'there's no need for so much fuss in order to have a good dinner! When we are on scout duty and feel hungry, we shoot down the first beast that comes in our way, and, cutting out a good thick slice, we sprinkle some salt over it, place it between the saddle and the horse's back, set off at the gallop for a sufficient time, and (working his jaws like a man eating a large mouthful) 'gniauw, gniauw, gniauw,' we have a dinner fit for a prince."

"Similarly, when sportsmen in Dauphine go out shooting in September, they are provided with salt and pepper, and if one kills a fig-pecker he plucks and seasons it, carries it for some time in his cap, and then eats it. They declare that these birds, when so dressed, eat better than if roasted."

Feel like trying it this summer? Think how much better it would be for your health to spend an hour crouched over the neck of a galloping horse instead of over a hot stove.

History doesn't relate whether Brillat-Savarin served raw delicacies of this sort to his guests, but he did have some well-defined ideas on what sort of guests it was worth a cook's while to entertain.

He believed the ideal guests to have broad faces, bright eyes, small foreheads, short noses, fleshy lips, and round chins, and wives who were plump, chubby, and pretty rather than beautiful, with a tendency to fullness of the figure.

These, Brillat-Savarin believed, were the guests who would eat everything that was offered to them slowly and with discrimination, and then stay on after dinner to join in any games or entertainments that were being held.

The worst type of guest, he said, were men or women who were long-faced, long-nosed, long-eyed, and had dark, lanky hair.

So, if you're going to try the galloping horse method of preparing a piece of steak for guests, you'd better check their vital statistics first!

Cooking "unsettles the meat's mind and prepares it for new ideas"

PERSONALLY, bored as I do get with cooking at times, I rather agree with the Englishman Samuel Butler, who said, "A little cooking is good, because it unsettles the meat's mind and prepares it for new ideas."

Anyway, whether you're going to eat your meat raw this summer or with its mind a little unsettled by cooking, how about trying this salad from "The English Housewife" of 1615? I don't know how it would taste, but you must agree it makes delicious reading.

"Your compound sallats are first the young Buds and Knots of all manner of wholesome Herbs at their first Springing: as red Sage, Mint, Lettuce, Violets, Marigolds, Spinage, and many other mixed together, and then served up to the Table with Vinegar, Sallet-Oyl, and Sugar."

"To compound an excellent Sallet, and which indeed is usual at Great Feasts and upon Prince's Tables: Take a good quantity of blancht Almonds, and with your shredding knife cut them grossly; then take as many Raisons of the Sun clean washt, and the stones pickt out, as many Figs shredded like the Almonds, as many Capers, twice so many Olives, and as many Currants as of all the rest, clean washt, a good handful of the small tender leaves of red Sage and Spinage: mixe all these well together with good store of Sugar, and lay them in the bottome of a great dish; then put unto them Vinegar and Oyl, and scrape more Sugar over all: then take Oranges and Lemmons, and, paring away the outward pills, cut them into thin slices, then with these slices cover the Sallet all over; which done, take

the fine thin leaf of the red Coleflower, and with them cover the Oranges and Lemmons all over; then over those Red leaves lay another course of old Olives, and the slices of well pickled Cucumers, together with the very inward heart of Cabbage-lettuce cut into slices; then adorn the sides of the dish and the top of the Sallet with more slices of Lemmons and Oranges and serve it up."

I wish I dared try this, but I'm afraid there'd be too much left over and I doubt whether our dog (usual

repository of anything the rest of the family finds uneatable) would appreciate it.

Salads are a sore subject in this family, because every one wants them made a different way. Hugh will only eat green salads and declines to have anything to do with one that has anything sweet in it (Compound Sallets are not for him).

Mike dismisses the whole thing as rabbits' food, and eats it unwillingly only to ward off his chronic state of near-starvation. One only eats cucumber if it's cut paper-thin after peeling; another if it's cut paper-thin with the skin on; another if it's peeled and cut in thick chunks.

And so it goes on, through all the possible ingredients. I used to think all this was due to far too much perniciousness on the subject of salads. Now I realise that the trouble in this family is too many people with dark, lanky hair.



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■ Only the liner gets soiled—not the nappy ■ They're made of soft fabric—not paper ■ Medicated too, to help prevent nappy rash. Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene.

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do you agree with Mrs. Read's letter?

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4-10-67.

The Sales Manager,
Colgate Palmolive P.L.,
Sydney, NSW.

Dear Sir,

Thanks you for the free sample I received this week of your new product Bio-Ad.

It was with a quickly developing cynicism that I added a tablespoon or so to my washing water. I had three very grubby boy's white (?) school shirts to battle with.

I have over 16 years used all washing products advertised to clean "whiter than new," "remove all stains," "make washing a joy" etc. etc.

But never in my married life have I come across a product which really does what the manufacturer claims. Bio-Ad does so!! The dirt

first seemed to fall out without rubbing and scrubbing and finally giving up as I usually do. Thank you very much. The only thing worrying me now is what the retail price will be. Does the poor harassed housewife get a break or will this fabulous product have a fabulous price. I hope not.

You can be assured of a regular buyer in me as I have a family of four children all of whom make quite a large wash.

Once again my thanks - especially if the price is reasonable.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs) Jean Read

P.S. Another excellent advantage my hands are sensitive to most washing powder. But Bio-Ad has after 5 days left my hands beautifully smooth.
J.

**BIO-AD SOAKS
STAINS AWAY
SAFELY** WITHOUT BLEACHING



...WITHOUT RUBBING
BIO-AD IS SAFE FOR
ALL FABRICS.

Dear Mrs. Read, We feel sure you've found the price of Bio-Ad most reasonable.

condoned in her son what she referred to as "sowing his oats."

"I think you should settle some money on Fanny," John said. "Not in cash. She'd only go through it — probably stake a starving artist or launch a new studio for some fool mucking about with ceramics. In shares."

"You must be mad," Judith said.

He ignored the interruption. "Keith didn't believe she was broke. He thought it was a joke. I don't think she was joking. You're a wealthy woman, Judith. Apart from this house and everything else your father left, you have a controlling interest in the mill. It would be a kind thing to do, and morally right."

"I shall do no such thing," Judith said. "What's got into you, John? Father left me this house and everything else. He cut Fanny right out, because she disgraced us. Why, she didn't even come home for the funeral."

"She had too much finesse. You know that if she'd come back a countess everybody would have fawned over her, funeral or no funeral. Your father made a new will out of anger. You know quite well that had he had time to simmer down he would have made another, reinstating Fanny. It was unfortunate he died shortly after Fanny left. I still think that she could quite easily have contested it."

"Fanny wouldn't do that."

"I know she wouldn't," John said.

"She helped to kill him."

WANDERER'S RETURN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

"She did no such thing."

"Well, I must say everybody is very pro-Fanny this evening. She's hardly been home eight hours after twenty-five years in the wilderness and everybody is campaigning for her like mad."

"You could have invited her back before this."

"Oh, could I? What should I have done — sent a telegram or a cable: 'Fanny, come home?'"

"Something like that. You worked on your father, Judith. I watched it. You cut Fanny's heart right out."

"What nonsense. Are you going to tell her that? Go on, tell her I schemed to cheat her out of her inheritance."

"I can't do that," John said.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because, my dear, she simply wouldn't believe it."

"Oh, very well. I'll settle some shares on her. It's of no importance. You can arrange it. You're so good at arranging things. I wonder why she and the count never married. I've always wanted to know, but I've never dared ask."

"I can tell you. Fanny and I had lunch one day during my last business trip to the city. I asked her then what happened."

"You didn't!" she giggled.

"Oh, John, you nosy old man. Do tell."

"He was already married,"

John said. "He was hoping to divorce his wife, but he had no grounds. It would have meant forsaking everything,

including his children. When it came to the final choice he couldn't do it. Fanny sent him back to his wife. She said she had no regrets."

"There's an interesting corollary to the whole story. Fanny happened to be in Naples a couple of years ago. While she was there she met one of the young priests who work with neglected children. It turned out he was the count's youngest child. He would never even have been born if Fanny had persuaded his father to stay with her. Of course, she didn't tell him she had known his father."

"I should think not," Judith said.

"She was very pleased about meeting him. She said it made her feel good, almost as if he were her son, too. I thought it was very gallant of her."

"Gallant? Pathetic, more like it."

"Perhaps," he said, thinking of the innocent young Italian priest and of Fanny, the perpetual loser.

"I think it's a shame,"

Judith said. "All those years, and all those important people she must have met, and what has she got out of it? No husband, no children, no money and no home of her own. If what you say is true — about her being broke, I mean — I suppose that she must really have been living from hand to mouth for some years. What about her clothes? That dress she was wearing tonight and her accessories. You don't think they were gifts? From men?"

"If they were I'd say the donors had probably received very good value."

Any man would be a wonderful lover if he were loving Fanny, John thought, but was wise enough not to voice the thought to his wife.

"What a coarse thing to say. You're as bad as the judge. Why do men always condone loose morals as long as they are displayed by an attractive woman?"

"I'm sure Fanny isn't immoral. Some of the dress shops probably provide her with clothes on the understanding that she wears them in the right places. She had a half interest in that art gallery."

"I know. And when it was finally a smashing success she sold out to that artist who lost his arm in an accident. She has absolutely no head for profit."

"She was companion to that old gentleman in England," John reminded her. "Didn't he leave her a small annuity when he died? He was extremely fond of her, and I understand she still corresponds with his family."

"Companion. Well, I suppose he would have been too old for anything else. I should settle something on her. As you say, it's morally right."

"I knew I could rely on you to do the right thing, my dear."

He fixed himself another highball, wishing the foolish trembling in his legs would subside. He had succeeded in what he had set out to do. He had protected Fanny. He had loved her since their luncheon that day when she had told him about the count.

He had made the classical advances and been rebuffed. Fanny, sophisticated, morally suspect, and honest, had been really shocked.

Fortunately, he had not been so crass as to leave himself no way out. He had apologised, blaming the wine, the separation from Judith, the pressures of business.

Fanny had believed him. Fanny always believed the best about people. It was her ruin and her glory.

"Her life has been a complete failure," Judith said.

"I disagree. Everything she has done has been done honestly, out of generosity or love. She hasn't been contaminated. I think she is one of the pure in heart."

"Pure? Fanny? What are you talking about?"

"Nothing, my dear," her husband said with terrible clarity. "Nothing at all."

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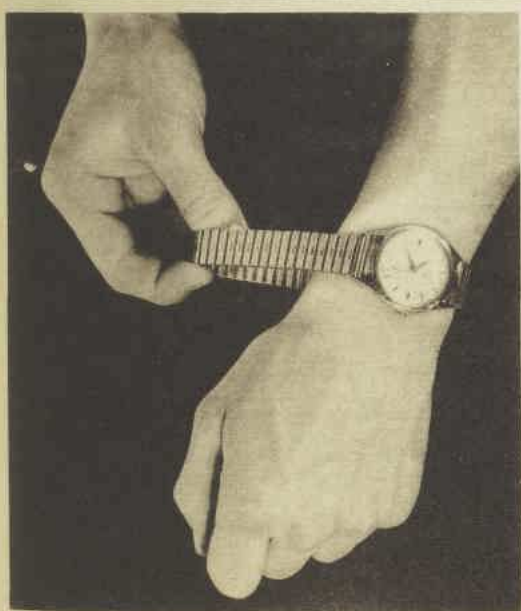
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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 56. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



Tamara

Yesterday she didn't feel well



Then Mother remembered Laxettes

Susan just wasn't herself yesterday. Pale and tired. Headachy. Couldn't eat one bite of dinner! Childhood constipation was the villain. Mother gave Susan one square of chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. No fuss, no tears, because this gentle laxative tastes like milk chocolate and not like medicine. Today, Susan is . . . well, see for yourself.

Laxettes tonight—tomorrow they're right

LA93WW

Students' hard life



• A senior student at high school, I am wondering how much we are supposed to be able to take. Before exams we are expected to study hard, with our parents expecting a certain amount of help and co-operation from us at home. Doctors, other health specialists (and Mr. Holt) encourage physical exercise to keep healthy. Others say we should have a hobby or participate in some sport. In our spare moments we are expected to read books for assignments and newspapers to keep in touch with foreign affairs and current events. How in the world are we supposed to do all this, yet remain sane and normal?

— "FED UP," San Remo, Vic.

Religion helps

I THINK that teenagers would be happier (and there would be less drug addiction) if they found religion. It is neither square nor outdated. I believe that a person cannot be completely happy unless he has a religion in which he believes and which he practises. This has been proved

by Cliff Richard and the Beatles. The Beatles had everything that could be bought with money. But it was only when they found religion (through a mystic) that they were truly happy, as they would tell you themselves. I am probably the one who wears the shortest skirts and am no religious fanatic. — "Happy, not Hippie," Too-woomba, Qld.

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

DRESS DESIGNER CHANGES TUNE

I SEE that French couturier Pierre Cardin has designed chic outfits for an all-male Paris symphony orchestra.

The gear the 110 blokes will wear is being kept pretty quiet (pianissimo, as we symphony buffs say) until the orchestra—a newly formed one—gives its first performance.

One detail has leaked out, however. The clothes, it seems, have collars like those on Mao Tse-tung's uniforms.

The idea of jazzing up the orchestra's dress came from President de Gaulle's Culture Minister. It's part of his plan to brighten the French musical scene.

A particularly noteworthy (to those of us who know the score) aspect of this business is that high fashion and music have long had associations.

A person goes to someone like Cardin so she won't look like an oboe.

And how often has a bloke looked at a girl wearing a neat little number and said: "Grand, baby, grand." Even if she has on something cymbal.

The mini-skirt also has close links with music. As a girl goes on Chopin inches off her hem you can watch allegro.

And, unless she has nice legs, a mini should not be worn by any woman over forte.

I hope all the players are democratically dressed the same.

If, say, the leader of the orchestra—the first violinist—was not as well dressed as a colleague he might think he was playing second fiddle.

He might listen to overtures by Mao, who inspired the orchestra's collars!

Of course, the orchestra should remember that Cardin clothes cost a lot.

Let's hope it is strong in the brass section.

LETTERS

Dates get mixed

THIS rather strange situation fascinates me... I'll admit that I'm a bit of a stray roamer, but why do girls (generally) become either over-possessive or totally disinterested after two or three dates? I am not overbearing in manner and treat a date as a light, bright affair. I'm not over-struck on going steady, so I don't get serious. But girls don't take it the same way. It's exasperating to start on a good footing and then to find the girl gradually either over- or under-enthusiastic—to an extreme! — "Pogo," Gunneh, N.S.W.

Dark (teen)ages

ENTIRELY too much fuss is made about teenagers, and it is usually the teenagers who make the fuss. The word "teenagers" turns me off. It bundles everyone between the ages of 13 and 19 into one class. Teenagers use teenage slang, dress the same, look the same, and are an uninteresting, dull lot. As young adults—individuals—people in their teens attain some sort of maturity and at least look as if they have a bit of intelligence. I am 17.— J. Williams, Sherwood, Qld.

GO-MANGO



Stay free

PROBABLY the most prized possession of the Western world is freedom. And yet most of us take very little advantage of our freedom. We conform to the accepted conventions, concealing our individuality. The trends of dress, hairstyles, entertainment, and even attitudes toward social and moral issues are strictly adhered to by all who seek acceptance and the superficial popularity that conformism offers. Are we really free? — "Jane," Ferryden Park, S.A.

THREE months ago I left my home in England and came to Australia, alone and for the sake of travel and independence. Here I have discovered new interests, new ambitions, and a new zest for life. Australia is all I had hoped it to be, and I look forward to seeing more of the world in the future. I certainly appreciate my home and family now that I am so far away, but I never regret leaving England. And memories of my wonderful parents serve to make me determined to do well and justify their trust in me. I have learned more here than I could have by staying at home. — Margaret Spicer, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Supermum

MY mother is great. Thanks to her I have five new dresses for summer. We never pay more than \$2 for 2½yd. remnants from a city store. In the afternoon Mum drafts a pattern and cuts it out, so that after tea I can set to and have a new dress finished ready to wear the next day. Besides this, she always has tea ready for my father and nine brothers (on time, too!). She's great. — "Mum's Sue," Midland, W.A.

Into action

WE all know it is fashionable today to talk about poverty, racial discrimina-

tion, and the brotherhood of man. But how much of this leads to action? At school, encouraged by the zeal of one particular student, we have started a branch of an Aboriginal advancement organisation. A pastor came and spoke on the plight of the Aborigines, and every student present was inspired. Then next day we held our first meeting and elected the members of our executive. At last we have stopped talking and started action. — Mary McNamara, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

Teen tensions

TEENAGERS have far more worries and tensions than adults realise. I failed my Leaving Certificate by a few marks, because I was spending too much time at a youth centre helping other boys and girls to happier lives. This year I have worked as a clerk, earning a minimum wage, repeating two subjects at night at my own expense. Bad tonsils have cost me \$120 in medical bills. Without my Leaving, I will not be accepted for a certain course, which is my only ambition. I am not scholastic, but neither am I

dumb. There are many teenagers like me, struggling to fulfil their vocations. — "Determined Struggler," East Brighton, Vic.

Yo-yo? No, no!

THE sight of boys and girls of 16 and 17 playing with yo-yos astounds me. How many times do we complain of not being understood or treated as adults? Surely it is our own fault. It is no wonder that others do not take us seriously when we talk of world affairs and money, and still have a hangover from childhood—the yo-yo. — "Eighteen," Swansea, N.S.W.

HERE'S
YOUR



ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

Blushes will fade away

"I AM 14, and have a bad problem of blushing. There is a boy at school I like very much. He often speaks to me, but I become awfully embarrassed and begin blushing. When I'm asked out by a boy, or even if one talks to me, I go bright red. Please can you suggest a way to stop blushing and making a goon of myself? Is it because I am a bit shy?" "Anxious."

• Yes, I do think you blush because you are a bit shy. This isn't so uncommon in a 14-year-old, who is often just beginning to "discover" boys as romantic dates instead of playmates. This new awareness makes her over-conscious of herself—how she looks, etc.—and consequently she feels ill at ease in a boy's company. I'm sure you will grow out of it when you are more experienced in boy-girl relationships. In the meantime, stop thinking a blush makes you a goon. It can be delightfully feminine.

Meeting Mum

"I AM nearly 16 and want to be able to go out with my friends. My mother objects to letting me go to my girlfriends' places on Friday and Saturday nights to play records and talk, which most of the girls my age do. My friends are about 13, 14, and 15, and they are allowed to go out. Could you please help me to overcome my problem?" "Sad."

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

• Has your mother ever met your friends? If she hasn't, it would be a good idea to invite them to your home occasionally—you say they are allowed to go out—and let her get to know them. It's only natural for her to be anxious about the company you keep. But once she meets these girls I am sure she'll realise there is no need to worry, and lift the ban on those weekend get-togethers.

Big problem

"MY problem is my height. I am just 17 but I am 5ft. 9in. tall. At first I just treated my height as a bit of a joke and was even flattered when told I looked much older because of it. But now when I go out with friends, even wearing low heels, my height provokes hurtful remarks from strangers. I find it most embarrassing to go to gatherings of people my own age, but on the other hand my mother does not approve of the places in which I feel most at ease—places such as nightclubs, where I find more entertaining, taller, but naturally older company. Have you any suggestions to solve my entertainment problem?" "Tall Girl."

• Have you ever thought that you may have only yourself to blame for your unhappiness among people your own age? Embarrassment can show in the way someone walks, in the way she holds a conversation—even in her facial expression. If you walk with your head high and a confident smile, those hurtful remarks will eventually change to compliments. When you are older you'll realise that your height is really a blessing.

It's time women had a little more comfort.

This is it:

soft impressions.

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled. Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

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"More comfortable because they stay in shape."

"Why didn't someone think of this before?"

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X548



THIS is the real me. I'm going to let my hair grow, because I think short hair will definitely be "out" next year . . .

THE DRESSING-UP GAME

● Today's young world of fashion is crazy, but exciting and so full of fun—according to Sydney model Vivienne McIntosh, who says: "Wigs alone can transform you into so many different characters. You can be kooky and short-haired, way-out with long, flowing hair, soft and feminine with upswept hair, or elegant and sophisticated with a chignon—and you can change your mood in a matter of minutes. I like a Mary Quant look during the day when I'm rushing from job to job, but my boyfriend likes me soft and feminine in ruffles and bows—so, at night, a quick change in character is really very simple. In fact, you can alter yourself so completely today—with wigs, false eyelashes, make-up, and clothes—that at times your friends find it hard to recognise you. It is just like the 'dressing-up' you used to enjoy when you were a kid. How much do I spend on clothes in a year? Just don't ask me how much I spend in a week—it is terrible! But a model today needs so many different colored shoes and colored stockings to go with the new fashions. And, I confess, I find it hard to pass a certain little shop in a city arcade without buying a new dress."

Story: GLORIA NEWTON

Pictures: DON CAMERON

For teenagers



NO kidding! This is the outfit I chose for Sydney's Waratah Festival Race Meeting. It is a lovely thick linen and the cut-out sides make it cool. Of course, wearing a hat made it a must for long hair. Without it the hat looked quite silly . . .



THIS oh, so lovely crepe is for when I am feeling very elegant—and, of course, my chignon hair-piece goes with it. I had it made for a wedding. Not liking hats very much, the hood on the detachable cape was just right for the service and was easily removed for the reception . . .



AN upswept hairpiece with these soft, cotton voile culottes—which are just dreamy for a patio party lit by candlelight or those lovely garden torches . . .



THIS bright gabardine, with its outsize tie, is marvellous for my working days. Cool, comfortable—and I can wear it with my own short hair.



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JOIN THE HAPPY ONES Kelvinator

● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

Photographs by
Bob Millar, jun.

Story by
Jean Bruce



The lounge (below), taken from the front and looking back across part of the top floor to the dining-room, family room, and back patio.

Round the carport area (above) are attractive tropical plants, giving it a lanai-like appearance. This area can be used for entertaining.

MAKING THE MOST OF THE VIEW

● Expanses of glass open up magnificent views of river, city, and mountains in the new home of Captain and Mrs. Robert Parkin, at Hamilton, a Brisbane suburb.



ARCHITECTS Donald Spencer & Spencer designed this house, with Mr. Donald Spencer as chief architect. The site was one of the few remaining blocks in the select residential area of Hamilton, a Brisbane suburb. As well as having superb views, it is also handy to the airport — which is essential for Captain Parkin, a senior pilot who has been flying for 27 years.

The architects' design makes full allowance for the view. The top floor, which is in a cross shape, has almost continuous fixed or sliding glass above 3ft. The glass continues into the four visible gable

ends to the sloping ceilings above exposed redwood head beams.

Externally, the house is sheathed on the top section with 12in.-wide horizontal lapping planks, and downstairs has white bricks inside and out.

The varied hours involved in Captain Parkin's duties as an air pilot are provided for by having the main bedroom, dressing-room, and bathroom on the top floor. The rooms of the children (Shelley, 11, Miranda, 13, and Roger, 20, who is studying to be an architect) occupy the entire lower floor — three bedrooms, bathroom, and

combined hobbies and music room.

For the informal entertaining the Parkins enjoy, the spacious open-type design of the main rooms on the top floor is ideal. The whole top floor covers 1600 sq. ft., including a cantilevered balcony at the front overlooking the river, and a patio at the rear.

In summer, the sliding glass doors between the upstairs family room and the patio, and also those along the front of the lounge leading to the balcony, can be opened to let the river breeze blow right through. The whole of the house is mosquito-proofed.

The kitchen is double-sided, and

on the northern side looks into a family television and breakfast room, which gets the winter sunlight and has glass sliding doors to a suspended concrete patio. The dining-room, on the other side of the kitchen, is in a slight recess, and is furnished with Chinese-style Chippendale. The one solid wall on the top floor has a buffet and cocktail bar, and separates the dining-room from the kitchen.

The architects have concentrated everywhere possible on easing housework and saving labor.

Among the kitchen cupboards there is a deep roll-out drawer for



Approach to the house (below) is by a steep driveway at the extreme left. Cedar front door at right leads into a glassed vestibule.

Bedroom of the Parkins' son Roger (below). The three children's bedrooms, bathroom, and rumpus room are all on the lower floor.

An early evening view of the lounge (above), which has a feeling of great spaciousness related to an outstanding view.

Taken from the kitchen, looking out to a wide view, the picture below shows the cross shape of the beamed roof and ceiling.



saucepans, suggested by Mrs. Parkin. It operates by touch, opens about waist level, and has a separate shallow pocket for all the lids. Touch catches are fitted on all cupboards, and the surfaces are flush.

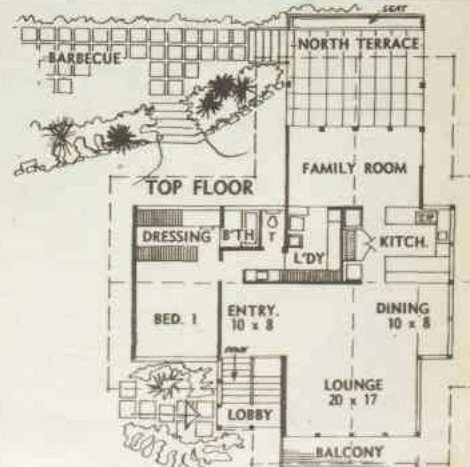
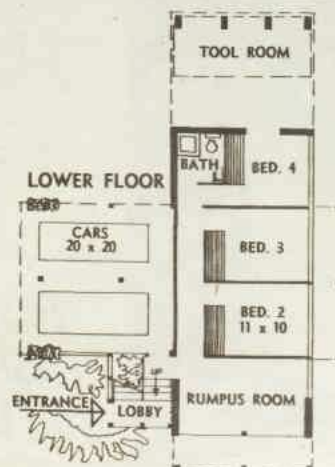
In the laundry, Mrs. Parkin had a "quick," hinged ironing-board installed, which slides out from a shelf in a work bench. Freshly ironed clothes for the children descend by chute from the laundry into a downstairs cupboard, where they are sorted and distributed to each of the three lower bedrooms.

A two-way transistorised inter-

com system installed upstairs makes contact with the lower floor.

Pine trees, palms, and leopard trees, planted 80 years ago by a pioneering family, surround the house. An outdoor spotlight shines on a large Bunya pine, a local landmark, the branches of which reach beyond the top floor. This illumination makes an effective decoration for dinner parties.

Indoor plants, cultivated by Mrs. Parkin, are the main decoration in the house; the stone-lined glassed vestibule at the entrance has an indoor garden under the stairway, filled with luxuriant Queensland tropical ferns and plants.





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THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

Koko was certainly a most imperious cat but he was supplying Qwilleran with both company and ideas for crime detection

JIM Qwilleran prepared his bachelor breakfast with a look of boredom and distaste, accentuated by the down-curve of his bushy moustache. Using hot water from the tap, he made a cup of instant coffee with brown lumps floating on the surface. He dredged a doughnut from a crumb-filled canister that was beginning to smell musty. Then he spread a paper napkin on a table in a side window where the urban sun, filtered through smog, emphasised the bleakness of the furnished apartment.

Here Qwilleran ate his breakfast without tasting it, and considered his four problems:

At the moment he was womanless. He had received an eviction notice, and in three weeks he would be homeless. At the rate the moths were feeding on his neckwear, he would soon be tieless. And if he said the wrong thing to the managing editor today, he might very well be jobless. Over forty-five and jobless. It was not a cheerful prospect.

Fortunately, he was not friendless. On his breakfast table — along with a large unabridged dictionary, a stack of paperback books, a pipe rack with a single pipe, and a can of tobacco — there was a Siamese cat.

Qwilleran scratched his friend behind the ears, and said, "I'll bet you weren't allowed to sit on the breakfast table when you lived upstairs."

The cat, whose name was Koko, gave a satisfied wiggle, tilted his whiskers upwards, and said, "YOW!"

He had lived with the newsman for six months, following the unfortunate demise of the man on the second floor. Qwilleran fed him well, conversed sensibly, and invented games to play — unusual pastimes that appealed to the cat's extraordinary intelligence.

Qwilleran lapsed again into deep thought. This was the day he had promised himself to confront the managing editor and request a change of assignment. It was a risky move. The "Daily Fluxion" was known as a tight ship. Percy preached teamwork, team spirit, team discipline.

"It's like this," Qwilleran told the cat. "If I walk into Percy's office and flatly request a change of assignments, I'm apt to land out in the street. That's the way he operates. And I can't afford to be unemployed — not right now — not until I build up a cash reserve."

Koko was listening to every word.

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Commencing a new two-part mystery serial

BY LILIAN JACKSON BRAUN



"If the worst came to the worst, I suppose I could get a job at the 'Morning Rampage,' but I'd hate to work for that stuffy sheet."

Koko's eyes were large and full of understanding. "Yow," he said softly.

"I wish I could have a heart-to-heart talk with Percy, but it's impossible to get through to him. He's programmed, like a computer. His smile — very sincere. His handshake — very strong. His compliments — very gratifying. Then the next time you meet him on the elevator, he doesn't know you. You're not on his schedule for the day. He doesn't even look like a managing editor. He dresses like an advertising man. Makes me feel like a slob." Qwilleran passed a hand over the back of his neck. "Guess I should get a haircut."

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

Koko gurgled something in his throat, and Qwilleran recognised the cue. "OK, we'll play the game. But only a few innings this morning, I've got to go to work."

He opened the big dictionary, which was remarkable for its tattered condition, and he and Koko played their word game. The way it worked, the cat dug his claws into the pages, and Qwilleran opened the book where he indicated, reading aloud the catchwords — the top boldface entries at the top of the columns. He read the right-hand page if Koko used his right paw, but usually it was

the left-hand page. Koko was inclined to be a southpaw.

"Design and desk," Qwilleran read. "Those are easy. Score two points for me . . . Go ahead, try again."

Koko cocked his brown ears forward and dug in with his claws.

"Dictyogenous and Dieguenos. You sneaky rascal! You've stumped me!" Qwilleran had to look up both definitions, and that counted two points for the cat.

The final score was 7 to 5 in Qwilleran's favor. Then he proceeded to shower and dress, after preparing Koko's breakfast. The cat showed no interest in food,

however. He followed the man around, yowling for attention in his clarion Siamese voice, tugging at the bath towel, leaping into dresser drawers as they were opened.

"What tie shall I wear?" Qwilleran asked him. There were only a few neckties in his collection — for the most part Scotch plaids with a predominance of red. They hung about the apartment on door handles and chairbacks. "Maybe I should wear something funereal to impress Percy favorably."

Qwilleran reached for a narrow strip of navy-blue wool draped over the swing-arm of a floor lamp. "Damn those moths!" he said. "Another tie ruined!"

Koko uttered a small squeak that sounded like sympathy, and Qwilleran, examining the nibbled edges of the necktie, decided to wear it anyway.

"If you want to make yourself useful," he told the cat, "why don't you go to work on the moths and quit wasting your time on spider webs?"

Koko had developed a curious aberration since coming to live with Qwilleran. In this dank old building spiders were plentiful, and as fast as they spun their webs Koko devoured the glistening strands.

QWILLERAN

tucked the ragged end of the navy-blue tie into his shirt and pocketed his pipe. Then he tousled Koko's head in a rough farewell and left the apartment on Blenheim Place.

When he eventually arrived in the lobby of the "Daily Fluxion," his hair was cut, his moustache was lightly trimmed, and his shoes rivalled the polish on the black marble walls. He caught a reflection of his profile in the marble and pulled in his waistline; it was beginning to show a slight convexity.

More than a few eyes turned his way. Since his arrival at the "Fluxion" seven months before — with his ample moustache, picturesque pipe, and unexplained past — Qwilleran had been a subject for conjecture. Everyone knew he had had a notable career as a crime reporter in New York and Chicago. After that, he had disappeared for a few years, and now he was holding down a quiet desk on a Mid-Western newspaper, and writing, of all things, features on art!

The elevator door opened, and Qwilleran stepped aside while several members of the Women's Department filed out on their way to morning assignments or coffee breaks. As they passed, he checked them off with a calculating eye. One was too old. One was too homely. The fashion writer was too formidable. The society writer was married.

The married one looked at him with mock reproach. "You lucky dog!" she said. "Some people get all the breaks. I hate you!"

Qwilleran watched her sail across the lobby, and then he entered the elevator just before the automatic doors closed.

"I wonder what that was all about," he mumbled.

There was one other passenger on the car — a blonde clerk from the Advertising Department. "I just heard the news," she said. "Congratulations!" and she stepped off the elevator at the next floor.

A great hope was rising under Qwilleran's frayed tie as he walked into the Feature Department.

Arch Riker beckoned to him. "Stick around," the feature editor said. "Percy's calling a meeting at ten thirty. Probably wants to discuss that ridiculous *w* in your name. Have you seen the first edition?" He pushed a newspaper across the desk and pointed to a major headline: Judge Qwilleran Bench After Graft Qwilleran.

Riker said: "No one caught the error until the papers were on the street. You've got the whole staff confused."

"It's a good Scottish name," Qwilleran said in defence. Then he leaned over Riker's desk, and

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RIVETS



good
old-fashioned
ham

*Good Old fashioned
Flavour*

Mayfair

MAYFAIR CANNED HAMS in 10 different sizes.

from 1½ lbs. to 12 lbs.



Think Christmas Entertaining... think Planters

Let Planters loose amongst your party people and the party takes off—the pretzels too. Suddenly everybody's talking—munching those crisp salty cashews and peanuts, having a ball. This Christmas think Planters (and make yourself the perfect host).

Mrs. H. WIFE



"At our place Dad washes up, he's got his own apron, too."

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

said: "I've been getting some interesting vibrations this morning. I think Percy's giving me a new assignment."

"If he is, it's news to me."
"For six months I've been journalism's most ludicrous figure—a crime writer assigned to the art beat."

"You didn't have to take the job if it didn't appeal to you."

"I needed the money. You know that. And I was promised a desk in the City Room as soon as there was an opening."

The feature editor leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. "It's axiomatic in the communica-

tions industry," he said, "that the persons most directly concerned are the last ones to know."

When the signal came from the City Room, Riker and Qwilleran filed into the managing editor's office, saying, "Morning, Harold." The boss was called Percy only behind his back.

The advertising director was there, shooting his cuffs. The photo chief was there, looking bored. The women's editor was there, giving Qwilleran a prolonged friendly stare that embarrassed him. Fran Unger had a syrupy charm that he distrusted. He was wary of women

executives. He had been married to one once.

Someone closed the door, and the managing editor swivelled his chair to face Qwilleran.

"Qwill, I owe you an apology," he said. "I should have discussed this with you ten days ago. You've probably been hearing rumors, and it was unfair of me to leave you in the dark. I'm sorry. I've been involved with the mayor's Civilian Committee on Crime, but that is no excuse *per se*."

He's really not a bad guy, Qwilleran thought, as he wriggled anxiously in his chair.

"We promised you another assignment when the right opportunity presented itself," the editor went on, "and now we have a real challenge for you! We are about to launch a project of significance to the entire newspaper industry and, I might add, a bonanza for the 'Daily Fluxion' *per se*."

Qwilleran began to realize why everyone called the boss Percy.

THE editor continued:

"This city has been selected for an experiment to determine if national advertising ordinarily carried in magazines can be diverted to daily papers in major cities."

The advertising director said, "If it works, our lineage will double. The revenue for the experimental year alone will be upward of a million dollars."

"The 'Morning Rampage' also will be making a bid for this plum," said the editor, "but with our new presses and our color reproduction process we can produce a superior product. It will be your job, Qwill, to produce a special Sunday supplement for fifty-two weeks—in magazine format, with plenty of color!"

Qwilleran's mind raced ahead to the possibilities. He pictured great court trials, election campaigns, political *exposés*, sports spectaculars, perhaps overseas coverage. He cleared his throat, and said, "This new magazine—I suppose it will be general interest?"

"General interest in its approach," said Percy, "but specific in content. We want you to publish a weekly magazine on interior design."

"On what?" Qwilleran said in an unintended falsetto.

"On interior decorating. The experiment is being conducted by the home-furnishings industry."

"Interior decorating!" Qwilleran felt a chill in the roots of his moustache. "I should think you'd want a woman to handle it."

Fran Unger spoke up sweetly. "The Women's Department wanted the assignment very badly, Qwill, but Harold feels a great many men are interested in the home today. He wants to avoid the women's slant and attract general readership to the 'Gracious Abodes' magazine."

Qwilleran's throat felt as if it had swallowed his moustache. "Gracious Abodes? Is that the name of the thing?"

Percy nodded. "I think it conveys the right message: charm, livability, taste! You can do stories on luxury homes, high-rent apartments, residential status symbols, and the Upper Ten Percent and how they live."

Qwilleran fingered his frayed tie.

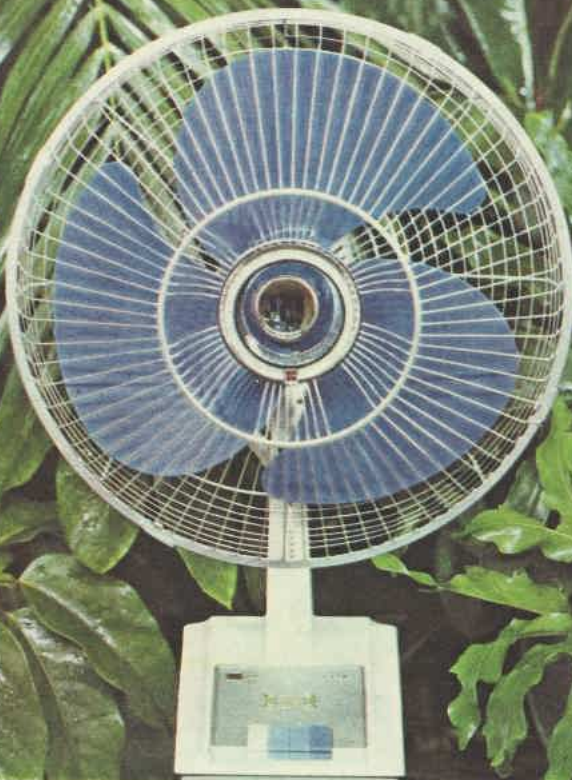
"You'll love this assignment, Qwill," the women's editor assured him. "You'll be working with decorators, and they're delightful people."

Qwilleran leaned toward the managing editor earnestly. "Harold, are you sure you want me for this beat? You know my background! I don't know the first thing about decorating."

"You did an outstanding job on the art beat without knowing the first thing about art," said Percy. "In our business, expertise can be a drawback. What this new job needs is nothing more nor less than a seasoned newsman, creative and resourceful. If you have any trouble at the start, Fran will be glad to lend a hand, I'm sure."

Qwilleran squirmed in his chair.

you pick the colour and the cool you want with a National fan!



With a National super-oscillating 3-speed electric fan, you'll stay cool for many summers to come. Just push a button for the cool you want—from a springtime breeze to a powerful wind. Both 12" and 16" models have an adjustable head, exclusive "Q" blades, and can be stood on a table or desk, or mounted on a wall. Colours? Choose from cool two-tone blues or greens, or silver-gold on 16" model only. 12" 3ONF: \$47.75. 16" 4ONF: \$59.75.

You'll always drive in complete comfort with a National Car Fan. Easy to install. \$21.95



National's BC200ST transistorised electric clock is extremely accurate, runs a whole year on one torch battery. Silent, well-designed, beautifully styled. \$19.95.

National products available at leading electrical retailers and department stores throughout Australia.

N.S.W.: HACO, 57-59 Anzac Parade, Kensington, 2033. VIC.: HACO, 40-48 Park Street, South Melbourne, 3205. S.A.: HACO, 123-125 Wright Street, Adelaide, 5000. W.A.: Randell-Haco, 228 Oxford Street, Leederville, 6007. QLD.: Haco-Commerce, 9 Amy Street, Albion, 4010. TAS.: General Appliances, Wilmet Street, Burnie, 7320. N.T.: Lawrence & Hanson, 41 Stuart Highway, Darwin, 5790.

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Just fill in this coupon and mail it to the Haco branch in your state (see addresses).

YOUR NAME _____

YOUR ADDRESS _____

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NATIONAL

THE MOST IMITATED BRAND IN THE WORLD



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 29 1967

Planters **FOUR TRAY** **HOSTESS PACK**
THREE SMALL TRAYS NESTED IN ONE LARGE SERVING TRAY

Planters **SLIM JANE** **knot pretzels**

Planters **COLONIAL CONTAINER** **SALTED PEANUTS**

Planters **unsalted mixed nuts**

Planters **SPICE JARS**

Planters **SLIM JANE** **MINI-PRETZELS**

Planters **smoked almonds**

Planters **SCOTCH WHISKY GLASSES**

Planters **Pretzel Jar** **STICK PRETZELS**

Planters **salted assorted nuts**

Think Christmas Gifts... think Planters

Thinking of Christmas presents? Look at all the bright ideas from Planters.

For Dad: • Colourful Beer Stein filled with salted peanuts • Four Scotch Whisky Glasses filled with mini pretzels, salted peanuts, salted cashews and princess peanuts.
For Mum: • Pretzel Jar filled with Planters stick pretzels. • Planters 4-Tray Hostess Pack with pretzel sticks, salted peanuts, knot pretzels. • Planters Colonial Container filled with salted peanuts. • Planters Spice Jar Set, filled with mini pretzels, princess peanuts, salted cashews and salted peanuts.

For the Children: Winkie-eye Dolls, Monkey, Rabbit, Elephant — filled with princess peanuts. Plus Planters Knot Pretzels, salt and cheese flavours, 4 oz. cartons. Slim Jane Mini-Pretzels, salt, celery, cheese flavours, 6 oz. cartons. Planters salted assorted nuts, salted peanuts, salted cashews, smoked almonds, 1 lb. tins. Slim Jane Pretzels, salt, cheese, celery flavours, 8 oz. tins. Gift wrapped 1½ lb. jars unsalted mixed nuts, plus seven other varieties.

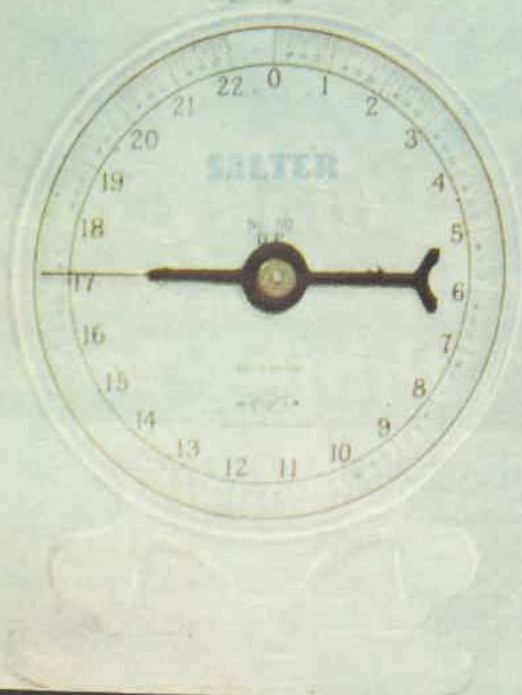


Happiness is a
contented baby

Growing on Heinz...the only
Peak-Nutrition Baby Food

There is only one peak-nutrition cooking process . . . and it belongs to Heinz. What does this mean for your baby? It means baby is getting more protein and nourishment because the Heinz Peak-Nutrition cooking process captures and holds *more* of the body building protein and vital nourishment that all other cooking methods lose. Only Heinz developed the peak-nutrition cooking process and they hold the patent. It's as simple as that. Beautiful, contented and growing, that's a healthy baby . . . that's a Heinz baby. Only Heinz give your baby more to grow on. Is anything but Heinz good enough for your baby?

Heinz Peak-Nutrition Baby Food
gives your baby more to grow on



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THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

"Yes, of course," said the women's editor. "We can work together, Qwiller, and I can steer you in the right direction." Ignoring Qwiller's bleak reaction, she went on: "For example, you could start with the Sorbonne Studio; they do society work. Then Lyke and Starkweather; they're the largest decorating firm in town." She made a swooning gesture. "David Lyke is absolutely adorable!"

"I'll bet he is," said Qwiller in a sullen growl. He had his private opinion of decorators, both male and female.

"There's also Mrs. Middy, who does cosy Early American interiors. And there's a new studio called PLUG. It specialises in Planned Ugliness."

Then Percy made a remark that cast a new light on the proposal. "This assignment will carry more responsibility," he said to Qwiller, "and naturally your classification will be adjusted. You will be advanced from senior writer to junior editor."

Qwiller made a quick computation and came up with a figure that would finance a decent place to live and pay off some old debts. He tugged at his moustache. "I suppose I could give it a try," he said. "How soon would you want me to start?"

"Yesterday! We happen to know that the 'Morning Rampage' are breaking with their supplement on October first. We'd like to beat them to the wire."

That turned the trick. The prospect of scoring a beat on the competition stirred the ink in Qwiller's veins. That day, during the lunch hour, Qwiller went out and celebrated the raise in salary. He bought a can of crabmeat for Koko and a new tie for himself. Another red wool plaid.

Wearing his new tie and the better of his two suits, Qwiller set forth with some apprehension for his first visit to a decorating studio, bracing himself for an overdose of the precious and the esoteric.

He found the firm of Lyke and Starkweather in an exclusive shopping area, surrounded by specialty shops, art galleries, and tearooms. The entrance was impressive. Huge double doors of intricately grained wood had silver door handles as big as baseball bats.

The interior displayed furniture in room settings, and Qwiller was pleased to find one room wallpapered in a red plaid that matched his tie. Moose antlers were mounted above a fireplace made of worm-eaten driftwood, and there was a sofa covered in distressed pigskin, like the hides of retired footballs.

A slender young man approached him, and the newsman asked to see Mr. Lyke or Mr. Starkweather. After a delay that seemed inau-

spicious, a grey-haired man appeared from behind an oriental screen at the rear of the shop. He had a bland appearance and a bland manner.

"Mr. Lyke is the one you should talk to, if it's about publicity," he told Qwiller, "but he's busy with a client. Why don't you just look around while you're waiting?"

"Are you Mr. Starkweather?" Qwiller asked.

"Yes, but I think you should talk to Mr. Lyke. He's the one . . ."

FROM behind the oriental screen came a good-looking man in his early thirties. He had his arm around an elaborately hatted middle-aged woman who was smiling and blushing with pleasure.

Lyke was saying: "You go home, dear, and tell the Old Man you've got to have that twelve-foot sofa. It won't cost him a cent more than the last car he bought."

While he talked, David Lyke was walking the woman rapidly toward the front door, where he said a beautifully timed goodbye.

When he turned toward Qwiller, he recomposed his face abruptly from an expression of rapture to one of businesslike aplomb, but he could not change his eyes. He had brooding eyes with heavy lids and long lashes. Even more striking was his hair—snow-white and somewhat sensational with his young suntanned face.

"I'm David Lyke," he growled pleasantly, extending a cordial hand. His eyes flickered downward for only a second, but Qwiller felt they had appraised his plaid tie and the width of his lapel. "Come into my office, and we'll talk."

The newsman followed him into a room that had deep grey walls. A leopard rug sprawled on the polished ebony floor. Lounge chairs, square and bulky and masculine, were covered in fabric with the texture of popcorn.

Qwiller found himself nodding in approval. "Nice office."

"Glad you like it," the decorator said. "Don't you think grey is terribly civilised? I call this shade Poppy Seed. The chairs are sort of Dried Fig. I'm sick to death of Pablum Beige and Milk White."

Qwiller stated his mission, and Lyke said in his rumbling voice: "I wish you hadn't called your magazine 'Gracious Abodes.' It gives me visions of lavender gloves and *peche Melba*."

"What kind of decorating do you do?" the newsman asked.

"All kinds. If people want to live like conquistadors or English barons or little French kings, we don't fight it."

"If you can find an important house for us to photo-

graph, we'll put it on the cover of our first issue."

"We'd like the publicity," said the decorator, "but I don't know how our clients will react. You know how it is; whenever the boys in Washington find out a taxpayer has wall-to-wall carpet in his bathroom, they audit his tax returns for the past three years." He was flipping through a card index and suddenly seized an index card. "Here's a house I'd like to see you publish! Do you know G. Verner Tait? I did his house in French Empire with built-in vitrines for his jade collection."

"Who is this Tait?" Qwiller asked. "I'm new in this city."

"You don't know the Tait? They're one of the old families living in pseudocastles down in Muggy Swamp. You know Muggy Swamp, of course—very exclusive." The decorator made a rueful face. "Unfortunately, the clients with the longest pedigrees are the slowest to pay their bills."

"Are the Tait's very social?"

"They used to be, but they live quietly now. Mrs. Tait is unwell, as they say in Muggy Swamp."

Other possibilities were discussed, but both the decorator and the newsman agreed the Tait house would be perfect: important name, spectacular decor, brilliant color, and a jade collection to add interest.

"Besides that," said Lyke with a smug smile, "it's the only job I've succeeded in getting away from the Sorbonne Studio. It would give me a lot of satisfaction to see the Tait house on the cover of 'Gracious Abodes.'"

"If you succeed in lining it up, call me immediately," Qwiller said. "We're working against time on the first issue. I'll give you my home phone."

He wrote his number on a "Daily Fluxion" card and stood up to leave.

David Lyke gave him a parting handshake that was hearty and sincere. "Good luck with your magazine. And may I give you some fatherly advice?"

Qwiller eyed the younger man anxiously.

"Never," said Lyke with an engaging smile, "never call draperies drapes."

Qwiller returned to his office, pondering the complexities of his new beat and thinking fondly of lunch in the familiar drabness of the Press Club, where the wall color was Sirloin, Medium Rare.

On his desk there was a message to call Fran Unger. He dialled her number reluctantly.

"I've been working on our project," said the women's editor, "and I have some leads for you. First, there's a Greek Revival farmhouse converted into a Japanese teahouse. And then there's a penthouse apartment with carpet on the walls and ceiling, and an aquarium under the glass floor. And I know where there's an exciting master bedroom done entirely in three shades of black."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



SPARKLING
PORPHYRY
PEARL



except for the bed, which is brass . . . That should be enough to fill the first issue!"

Qwilleran felt his moustache bristling. "Well, thanks, but I've got all the material I need for the first book," he said, aware that it was a rash lie.

"Really? For a beginner you're a fast worker. What have you lined up?"

"It's a long, involved story," Qwilleran said vaguely.

"I'd love to hear it. Are you going to the Press Club for lunch?"

"No," he said with hesitation. "As a matter of fact, I'm having lunch . . . with a decorator . . . at a private club."

Fran Unger was a good newspaperwoman, and not easy to put down. "In that case, why don't

we meet for drinks at the Press Club at five-thirty?"

"I'm sorry," Qwilleran said in his politest voice, "but I've got an early dinner date uptown."

At five-thirty he fled to the sanctuary of his apartment, carrying a chunk of liver sausage and two onion rolls for his dinner. He would have preferred the Press Club. He liked the dingy atmosphere of the club, and the size of the steaks, and the company of fellow newsmen, but for the past two weeks he had been driven to avoiding his favorite haunt. The trouble had started when he danced with Fran Unger at the Photographers' Ball. Apparently there was some magic in Qwilleran's vintage fox trot that gave her aspirations. She had been pursuing him ever since.

"I can't get rid of that woman!"

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

he told Koko as he sliced the liver sausage. "She's not bad-looking, but she isn't my type. I've had all the bossy females I want! Besides, I like zebra fur on zebras."

He cut some morsels of the sausage as an appetiser for Koko, but the cat was busy snapping his jaws at a thin skein of spider web that stretched between two chair legs.

Only when the telephone rang, a moment later, did Koko pay attention. Lately he had shown signs of jealousy toward the phone. Whenever Qwilleran talked into

the instrument, Koko untied his shoelaces or bit the telephone cord. Sometimes he jumped on the desk and tried to nudge the receiver away from Qwilleran's ear.

The telephone rang, and the newsman said to the mouthpiece, "Hello? . . . Yes! What's the good news?"

Immediately Koko jumped to the desk top and started making himself a pest. Qwilleran pushed him away.

"Great! How soon can we take pictures?"

Koko was pacing back and forth on the desk, looking for

further mischief. Somehow he got his leg tangled in the cord, and howled in indignation.

"Sorry, I can't hear you," said Qwilleran. "The cat's raising the roof . . . No, I'm not beating him. Hold the line."

He extricated Koko and chased him away, then wrote down the address that David Lyke gave him. "See you Monday morning in Muggy Swamp," Qwilleran said. "And thanks. This is a big help."

When Qwilleran reported to the Photo Lab on Monday morning to pick up a man for the Muggy Swamp assignment, he found Odd Bunsen slamming gear into a camera case and voicing noisy objections. Bunsen was the "Daily Fluxion's" specialist in train wrecks and five-alarm fires, and he had just been assigned on a permanent basis to "Gracious Abodes."

"It's an old man's job," he complained to Qwilleran. "I'm not ready to come down off the flagpoles yet."

B

BUNSEN, who had recently climbed a skyscraper's flagpole to get a close-up of the Fourth of July fireworks, had an exuberance of qualities and defects that amused Qwilleran. He was the most daring of the photographers, had the loudest voice, and smoked the longest and most objectionable cigars. At the Press Club he was the hungriest and the thirstiest. He was raising the largest family, and his wallet was always the flattest.

"If I wasn't broke, I'd quit," he told Qwilleran as they walked to the parking lot. "For your private information, I hope this stupid magazine is a fat flop." With difficulty and mild curses he packed the camera case, tripod, lights, and light stands in his small foreign two-seater.

Qwilleran, jack-knifing himself into the cramped space that remained, tried to cheer up the photographer. He said, "When are you going to trade in this sardine can on a real car?"

"This is the only kind that runs on lighter fluid," said Bunsen. "I get ten miles to the squirt."

"You photographers are too cheap to buy gas."

"When you've got six kids and mortgage payments and orthodontist bills . . ."

They merged into the expressway traffic and drove in silence until they reached the Muggy Swamp exit.

The winding roads of Muggy Swamp offered glimpses of French chateaus and English manor houses, each secluded in its grove of ancient trees. The Tait house was an ornate Spanish stucco with an iron gate opening into a courtyard and a massive nail-studded door flanked by iron lanterns.

David Lyke greeted both the

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"Once you see the flexibility of these G.E. Adjusta-shelves, you'll never settle for anything else." (Says Mrs. Helen McDermott).



"no-frost"

"G.E. No Frost means no frost. In simple words: air is fan-forced out of the freezer and fresh food compartments. Moisture is removed and the air returns dry. No moisture. No frost. That's logical."

"Note the giant porcelain meat pan you can position anywhere. And the two big porcelain vegetable crispers — not plastic."

"Our G.E. No Frost can turn out all the ice-cubes we can use in 90 minutes. And that's 50% faster than any other brand on the market."

"The G.E. No Frost saves us eight hours of electricity. The special 8-hour power-save cycle cuts the compressor while the freezer section and food compartment never drop a degree. There's no sense scrimping on food bills if it costs a fortune to run your fridge."

"There's a full range of ten models in all with a size to fit anyone; including 15's, 13's, 12's, 11's and 9 cubic footers."

"It's important to check the features for yourself. As far as I'm concerned, the adjustable shelves are life-savers — they fit anything — slide out, move over, move down, flip up."

"And there's the egg bucket — holds 30 eggs. And the butter compartment."



"Exclusive 'handy-bin' holds bottles and cans of drink. Or a large wine-bottle length-ways. Slides in between big vegetable crispers."

"If you've ever wondered where Australian G.E. refrigerators come from, well — Australia. They're a combination of American styling, appearance and know-how and Australian labour and materials."

"When you're going to spend between four and six hundred dollars, it pays to know the answers," says Mrs. Helen McDermott.

New G.E. 14 lb. Automatic Washer.
 • Full 5-year warranty.
 • Mini-basket for small loads.
 • 14 lb. capacity — the biggest.
 • Washes permanent press clothes.



New G.E. Super 9 and Super 13 Freezers.
 • You're never out of food with a G.E. upright freezer.
 • Buy in bulk at the right price.
 • The money you save pays for your freezer.
 • Match perfectly with G.E.'s 9 and 13 cu. ft. refrigerators.



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Our Transfer



CHEERY musical motifs of animated fruits and vegetables will add a bright touch to your kitchen towels. They are from Embroidery Transfer No. 186. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price: 15c plus 5c extra for postage.

newsmen at the door, ushering them into a foyer paved with black-and-white marble squares and sparkling with crystal. A bronze sphinx balanced a white marble slab on which stood a seventeen-branch candelabra.

"Crazy!" said Bunsen. "I suppose you want some help with your equipment," Lyke said. He signalled to a houseboy, who gave the young, white-haired decorator a worshipful look with soft, black eyes. "Paolo, pitch in and help these splendid people from the newspaper, and maybe they'll take your picture to send home to Mexico."

Eagerly the houseboy helped Bunsen carry in the heavy camera case and the collection of lights and tripods.

"Are we going to meet the Tait?" Qwilleran asked.

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

for a grand finale, but I get so excited about this teapot! It's the purest white I've ever seen, and as thin as a rose petal. You can say that in the article: thin as a rose petal."

He replaced the teapot and began to lift other items from the shelves. "Here's a Chinese bell, almost three thousand years old . . . And here's a Mexican idol that's supposed to cure certain ailments."

"There's a lot of detail on those things," Qwilleran observed.

"Artists used to spend a whole lifetime carving a single object," Tait said. "But not all my jades

are works of art." He went to the writing-table and opened a drawer. "These are primitive tools made of jade. Axeheads, chisels, harpoons." He laid them out on the desk top one by one.

"You don't need to take everything out," said Qwilleran. "We'll just photograph the carved pieces," but the collector continued to empty the drawer.

"Did you ever see jade in the rough?" he said. "This is a piece of nephrite."

Tait handed a carved medallion to Qwilleran. "Feel it."

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"PLEASE try to make up your mind, madam!"

THE decorator lowered his voice. "The old boy's holed up somewhere, clipping coupons and nursing his bad back. He won't come out till we yell Jade! He's an odd duck."

"How about his wife?"

"She seldom makes an appearance, for which we can all be thankful."

"Did you have much trouble getting their permission?"

"No, he was surprisingly agreeable," said Lyke.

He threw open double doors and led the newsmen into a living-room done in brilliant green with white silk sofas and chairs. A writing-desk was in ebony ornamented with gilt, and there was a French telephone on a gilded pedestal. Against the far wall stood a large wardrobe in beautifully grained wood.

"The Biedermeier wardrobe," said Lyke, raising an eyebrow, "was in the family, and we were forced to use it. The walls and carpets are Parsley Green. You can call the chairs Mushroom. The house itself is Spanish, circa 1925, and we had to square off the arches, rip up tile floors, and re-plaster extensively."

"If the Tait live quietly," he whispered, "why all this?"

Lyke winked. "I'm a good salesman. What he wanted was a setting that would live up to his fabulous collection of jade. It's worth three-quarters of a million. That's not for publication, of course."

The most unusual feature in the living-room was a series of niches in the walls, fronted with plate-glass and framed with classic mouldings. On their glass shelves were arranged scores of delicately carved objects in black and translucent white, artfully lighted to create an aura of mystery.

Odd Bunsen whispered, "Is that the jade? Looks like soap if you ask me."

Qwilleran said, "I expected it to be green."

Bunsen was working with unusual concentration, taking both color and black-and-white shots. He shifted lights and camera angles, moved furniture an inch one way or another, and spent long periods under the focusing cloth. The houseboy was a willing assistant. Paolo was almost too eager. He got in the way.

Qwilleran said to him, "We need some close-ups of the jades."

"I can't shoot through the glass."

"The glass can be removed," said Lyke. "Paolo, will you tell Mr. Tait we need the key to the cases?"

The jade-collector, a man of about fifty, came at once, and his face was radiant. "Do you want to see my jades?" he said. "Which cases do you want me to open? These pictures will be in color, won't they?" His face had a scrubbed pink gleam, and he kept crimping the corners of his mouth in an abortive smile.

The plate-glass panels in the vitrines were ingeniously installed without visible hardware. Tait himself opened them, wearing gloves to prevent smudging. Reverently he lifted a jade teapot from its place on a glass shelf. It was pure white and paper-thin.

"This is my finest piece," he said, and his voice almost trembled. "The pure white is the rarest. I shouldn't show it first, should I? I should hold it back



Valerie Green uses Con-Tact for cupboards, shelves, counter tops and walls.

Today she had a little left over.

A floral pattern is just right for a plastic flower pot.

Other times you want a design. Or a woodgrain. Valerie has now used 18 Con-Tact patterns. (That leaves 65 she hasn't even tried.)

Con-Tact is a self-adhesive plastic. Just cut to size, peel off the backing and smooth in position. Steamproof, waterproof, dirtproof. Won't fade or shrink.

She started in the usual places — lining kitchen drawers, the counter top, linen shelves, a wall here and there. Simple and inexpensive to use. (Example: Just \$2.40 for a 3' x 6' counter in the kitchen.) And when the

big jobs are finished, there's usually a little left over for a plastic flower pot. Or a laundry basket. Or a lamp shade.

Suggestions: Here are 8 other ways to use Con-Tact around your home. (Some practical, some just fun.)

- 1 Cover kitchen canisters with Con-Tact.
- 2 Refinish old furniture. Apply one of the Con-Tact woodgrains.
- 3 Repair bindings on tattered books.
- 4 Cut out nursery rhyme characters, dancing figures, animals. Ideal for children's walls, cribs, dressers.
- 5 Use Con-Tact around light plate switches. Serves as an accent colour. Ends finger-marks.

6 Create elegant boxes for jewellery, cosmetics. Cover cigar boxes, sturdy cardboard boxes.

7 Cover the head of a bed to add a splash of colour.

8 Make permanent place-mats for a high chair or kitchen table. Just wipe with a cloth.

Have fun with Con-Tact (18" regular or 36" heavy-duty). Waterproof, steamproof, dirtproof. 83 patterns. Just 60¢ a yard in department, variety and hardware stores.

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Plastics Division

PT 1014

"It's cold," said the newsman.
"It's sensuous — like flesh.
When I handle jade I feel a prickle
in my blood. Do you feel a
prickle?"

"Are their many books on
jade?" Qwilleran asked. "I'd like
to read up on it."

"Come into my library," said
the collector. "I have everything
that has ever been written on the
subject."

He pulled volume after volume
from the shelves: technical books,
memoirs, adventure, fiction — all
centred upon the cool, sensuous
stone.

"Would you care to borrow a
few of these?" he said. "You can
return them at your leisure." Then
he reached into a desk drawer and
slipped a button-shaped object into
Qwilleran's hand. "Here! Take
this with you for luck."

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

"Oh, no! I couldn't accept any-
thing so valuable." Qwilleran
fingered the smooth, rounded sur-
face of the stone. It was green, the
way he thought jade should be.

Tait insisted. "Yes, I want you
to have it. Its intrinsic value is not
great. Probably just a counter used
in some Japanese game. Keep it as
a pocket piece. It will help you
write a good article about my col-
lection. Who knows? It may give
you ideas. You may become a col-
lector of jade . . . and that is
the best thing that could happen
to a man!"

Tait spoke the words with
religious fervor, and Qwilleran,

rubbing the cool green button, felt
a prickle in his blood.

Bunsen photographed several
groups of jade while the collector
hovered over him with nervous
excitement. Then the photog-
rapher started to fold up his
equipment.

"Wait!" said Lyke. "There's one
more room you should see — if it's
permissible. Mrs. Tait's boudoir is
magnificent." He turned to his
client. "What do you think?"

Qwilleran caught a significant
exchange of glances between the
two men.

"Mrs. Tait is unwell," the hus-

band explained to the newsmen.

"However, let me see . . ."
He left the room and was gone
several minutes. When he re-
turned his face was unduly flushed.
"Mrs. Tait is agreeable," he said,
"but please take the picture as
quickly as possible."

With the photographer carrying
his camera on a tripod and Paola
carrying the lights, the party fol-
lowed Tait down a carpeted cor-
ridor to a secluded wing of the
house.

The boudoir was a combined
sitting-room and bedroom, lavishly
decorated. Everything looked soft
and downy. The bed stood under
a tent-like canopy of blue silk. The
chaise-longue, heaped with pil-
lows, was blue velvet. There was
only one jarring note, and that
was the wheelchair standing in the
bay window.

Its occupant was a thin, sharp-

featured woman. Her face was
pinched with either pain or petu-
lance, and her coloring was an un-
healthy blonde. She acknowledged
the introduction curtly, all the
while trying to calm a dainty
Siamese cat that sat on a cushion
on her lap. The cat had large
lavender-blue eyes, slightly crossed.

Bunsen, with an attempt at
heartiness, said, "Well, look what
we've got here! A pussycat. A
cross-eyed pussycat. Woof, woof!"

"Stop that!" Mrs. Tait said
sharply. "You're frightening her."

In a hushed sickroom voice her
husband said: "The cat's name is
Yu. That's the ancient Chinese
word for jade."

"Her name is not Yu," said the
invalid, giving her husband a ven-
omous look. "Her name is Freya."
She stroked the animal, and the
small furry body shrank into the
cushion.

BUNSEN

turned
his back to the wheelchair and
started to whistle softly while
adjusting the lens of his camera.

"It's taken you a long time to
snap a few pictures," the woman
observed. She spoke in a peculiarly
throaty voice.

In defence Bunsen said, "A
national magazine would take two
days to photograph what I've done
in one morning."

"If you're going to photograph
my room," she said, "I want my
cat in the picture."

A prolonged silence hung quiv-
ering in the air as everyone turned
to look at the photographer.

"Sorry," he said. "Your cat
wouldn't hold still long enough."

Coolly the woman said, "Other
photographers seem to have no
difficulty taking pictures of ani-
mals."

Bunsen's eyes snapped. He spoke
with strained patience. "This is a
long-time exposure, Mrs. Tait. I've
got to stop the lens down as far
as possible to get the whole room
in focus."

"I'm not interested in your
technical problems. I want my cat
in the picture."

The photographer drew a deep
breath. "I'm using a wide-angle
lens. The cat will be nothing but a
tiny dot unless you put it right
in front of the camera. And then
it'll move and ruin the time ex-
posure."

The invalid's voice became
shrill. "If you can't take the pic-
ture the way I want it, don't take
it at all."

Her husband went to her side.
"Signe, calm yourself," he said,
and with one hand waved the
others out of the room.

As the newsmen drove away
from Muggy Swamp, Bunsen said:
"Do you realise I worked for three
hours without a smoke? And that
biddy in the wheelchair was the
last straw! Besides, I don't like
to photograph cats."

"That animal was unusually
nervous," Qwilleran said.

"Paolo was a big help. I slipped
him a couple of bucks."

"He seemed to be a nice kid."
"He's homesick. He's saving up
to go back to Mexico. I'll bet Tait
pays him in peanuts."

"Lyke told me the jades are
worth \$750,000."

"That burns me," said Bun-
sen. "A man like Tait can squan-
der millions on teapots, and I
have trouble paying my milk bill."

"You married guys think you've
all the problems," Qwilleran told
him. "At least you've got a home!
Look at me—I live in a furnished
apartment, eat in restaurants, and
haven't had a decent date for a
month."

"There's always Fran Unger."

"Are you kidding?"

"A man your age can't be too
fussy."

"Huh!" Qwilleran contracted
his waistline an inch and preened
his moustache. "I still consider
myself a desirable prospect, but
there seems to be a growing short-
age of women."

"Have you found a new place
to live yet?"

"I haven't had time to look."

"Why don't you put that smart
cat of yours to work on it?" Bun-
sen suggested. "Give him the
classified ads and let him make
a few phone calls."

Qwilleran kept his mouth shut.

The first issue of "Gracious"

To page 88



Aluminium foil is the only kitchen wrap safe to use in the hottest oven
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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

YOUR comments on the articles shown in the enclosed picture (right) would be appreciated. The teapot is pewter, with a brass and wood knob on the lid. The inscription appears to be: "I.O." (or could be "T.O.") and "ES SEP. BM. 5560 and 2." The teapot has been handed down in the family. The pendant which is just seen in the picture is a clear brown stone believed to be in the shape of a four-leaf clover. It is

held by a claw setting and surrounded by silver rosettes. The pendant was obtained at a charity auction in England.

I enclose sketches of the markings, which are quite worn. — Mrs. P. Hathaway, Brisbane.

Your teapot is mid-Victorian britannia metal—not pewter. It was made about 1870.

The pendant was made about 1885 to 1895.



● Mid-Victorian teapot



● Egyptian bottle

I AM enclosing a picture of a brass vase which belonged to my mother and was always known as an Egyptian water bottle. It is about 14in. high and 23in. round the bowl. Could you tell me something about it? — P. Heath, Plympton, S.A.

The ornamental brass water bottle of Egyptian origin is about 50 or 60 years old.

I AM enclosing two pictures of an iron which I am unable to find any information about. Although the handle is missing, it is still in good order. The top is hinged and can be lifted back and apparently hot coals are put in it. There is an air vent at the back of it. The funnel or chimney part at the front is apparently used for smoke. Can you give me any information to its age? — R. McLachlan, Longreach, Qld.

This iron is an unusual survival of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. A similar example is on display in the vestibule of the National Gallery and Museum, Melbourne.

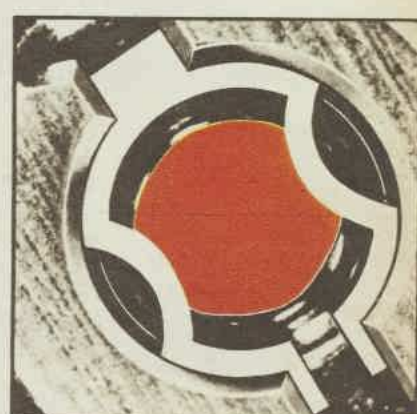
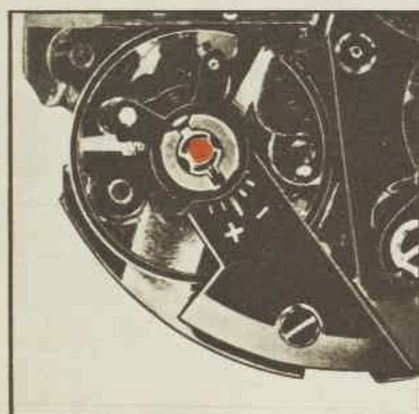
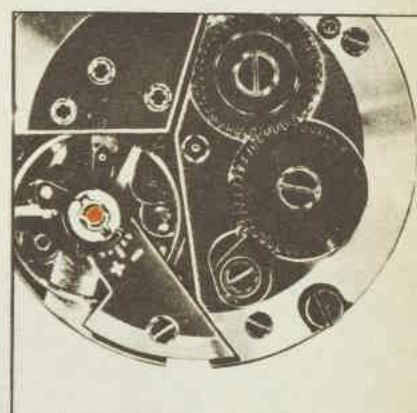
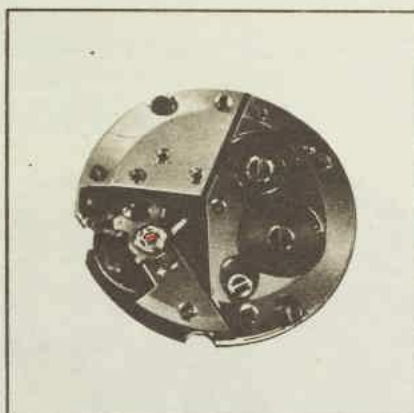
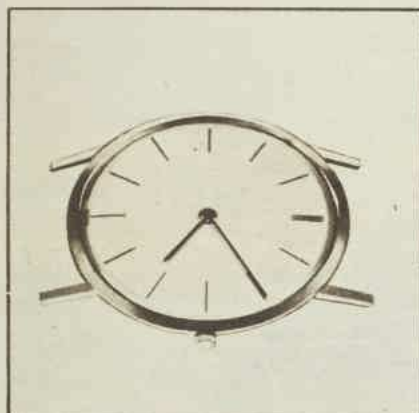
Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

WOULD you tell me the history of a tall jug I have had for a very long time? It stands 14in. high and 4in. across the base. It has only one mark on the base and that is the number "17." — Mrs. L. B. Octoman, Port Lincoln, S.A.

This piece is of German origin. It was made at the Cologne Pottery about 1880.



● German jug



incabloc

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Indeed, the Incabloc shock-absorber is a technical element on which the quality of the watch depends, the only one that can easily be recognized by the layman.

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"Yes, Furston — these are unquestionably the eggs of a prehistoric brontosaurus."

Abodes" went to press too smoothly. Arch Riker said it was a bad omen. The magazine reached the public Saturday night, sandwiched between several pounds of Sunday paper. On the cover was an exclusive Muggy Swamp residence in bright Parsley Green and Mushroom White.

For the newsmen it was a gratifying day, with friends calling constantly to offer congratulations. Later it rained, but he went out and bought himself a good dinner at a seafood restaurant, and in the evening he beat the cat at the word game, 20 to four. Koko clawed up easy catchwords like block and blood, police and politely.

It was almost as if the cat had a premonition; by Monday morning "Gracious Abodes" was involved with the law.

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

The telephone jolted Qwilleran awake at six-thirty.

"Hello?" he said drily.

"Qwill! This is Harold! Have you heard the news? Did they call you?" The editor's words had the sound of calamity.

"No! What's wrong?" Qwilleran was awake now.

"The police just phoned me here at home. Our cover story—the Tait house—it's been burglarised!"

"What! . . . What did they get?"

"Jade! A half million dollars' worth at a rough guess. And

that's not the worst. Mrs. Tait is dead . . ."

Qwilleran lowered himself slowly into a chair. "I can't believe it."

"It's a tragedy *per se*, and our involvement makes it even worse."

"Murder?"

"No. It wasn't quite as bad as that. Apparently she had a heart attack. The police want to talk to you and Odd Bunsen as soon as possible," said the editor. "They want to get your fingerprints. They said it will help them sort out the prints they find in the house. When were you there to take pictures?"

"Monday. Just a week ago." Then Qwilleran said what they were both thinking. "The publicity isn't going to do the magazine any good."

"It could ruin it! What have you got lined up for next Sunday?"

"An old stable converted into a home. It belongs to a used-car dealer who likes to see his name in the paper. I've found a lot of good houses, but the owners don't want us to use their names and addresses—for one reason or another."

"And now they've got another reason," said the editor.

Qwilleran slowly hung up and gazed into space, weighing the bad news. Then he alerted Bunsen at his home in Happy View Woods, and within two hours the two newsmen were at police headquarters, telling how they had gone about photographing the interior of the house in Muggy Swamp and how Tait had produced a key and supervised the opening of the jade cases.

"Who else was there when you were taking pictures?"

"Tait's decorator, David Lyke . . . and the houseboy, Paolo . . . and I caught a glimpse of a servant in the kitchen," said Qwilleran.

"Did you have any contact with the houseboy?"

"Oh, sure," said Bunsen. "He worked with me for three hours, helping with the lights and moving furniture. A good kid! I slipped him a couple of bucks."

W

HEN Qwilleran reached his office, his first move was to telephone the studio of Lyke and Starkweather. David Lyke came on the line.

"Heard the news?" Qwilleran asked in tones of gloom.

"Got in on my car radio, on the way downtown," said Lyke. "It's a rough deal for you people."

"But what about Tait? He must be out of his mind! You know how he feels about those jade!"

"You can bet they're heavily insured, and now he can have the fun of collecting all over again." The decorator's lack of sympathy surprised Qwilleran.

"Yes, but losing his wife!"

"That was inevitable. Anything could have caused her death at any moment—bad news on the stock market, a gunfight on television! And she was a miserable woman. She'd been in that wheelchair for years, and all that time she made her husband and everyone else walk a tightrope . . . No, don't waste any tears over Mrs. Tait's demise. You've got enough to worry about. How do you think it will affect 'Gracious Abodes'?"

"I'm afraid people will be scared to have their homes published."

"Don't worry. I'll see that you get material. The profession needs a magazine like yours. Why don't you come to my apartment for cocktails this evening? I'll have a few decorators on tap."

"Good idea! Where do you live?"

"At the Villa Veranda. That's the new apartment house that looks like a bent waffle."

Just as Qwilleran hung up, a copyboy threw a newspaper on his desk. It was the "Morning Ram-page." The "Fluxion's" competitor had played up the Tait incident on the front page, and there were pointed references to "a detailed description of the jade collection, which appeared in another newspaper on the eve of the burglary."

Moodily, Qwilleran sat at his desk and stared at his typewriter. He should have been working. He should have been shooting for the next deadline, but something was bothering him. It was the timing of the burglary.

There had been very little time for research, Qwilleran reflected. It would require a remarkably efficient organisation to carry out the operation successfully—unless the thieves were acquainted with the Tait house or had advanced knowledge of the jade story. And if that was the case had they deliberately timed the burglary to make "Gracious Abodes" look bad?

To page 90

Now! Carnation whips up a tasty triumph... no-bake Lemon Cheese Cake

Don't tell them this lemon cheese cake is so easy to make. Carry it to the table with a crown of luscious glazed fruit on top. And just smile when they taste the creamy, tangy lemon and cheese centre. Don't tell them it's Carnation Milk that whips up so quickly to that creamy richness. That you made it in no time flat and popped it in the fridge. Just smile and serve a chocolate and walnut one next week.

Lemon Cheese Cake

DISCUTE CRUST: 2 cups crushed sweet biscuits; 1/2 cup sugar; 1/2 teaspoon each cinnamon & nutmeg; 6-8 oz. melted butter or margarine.

Combine all ingredients, press into sides and bottom of an 8" or 9" spring form tin.

FILLING: 1 level tablespoon gelatine softened in 1/2 cup water; 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; 1/2 cup lemon juice; 1/2 lb. creamed cottage cheese; 1 cup sugar; 1 Tbsp. or. can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk—chilled icy cold; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Dissolve softened gelatine and lemon rind over hot water. Cool. Cream cottage cheese and sugar together. Add cooled gelatine and lemon juice, chill till partially set. Whip icy cold Carnation Milk to soft peaks in a chilled bowl. Beat in gelatine cheese mixture and vanilla. Pour into crust. Chill 6-8 hours or overnight.

CHERRY TOPPING: 1 Tbsp. can drained red cherries; 2 level tablespoons sugar; 1 level

dessertspoon cornflour; 1/2 cup lemon juice. Blend sugar and cornflour, stir in 1/2 cup cherry juice and lemon juice. Cook till thickened and boiling, stirring constantly. Stir in a few drops of red colouring if desired. Cool, add cherries. Garnish top of cheesecake. Refrigerate till required. Serves 6-8.

Variation:

WITH CHOCOLATE & WALNUTS: Omit lemon rind and juice. Melt 1/2 lb. broken up dark cooking chocolate and 1 1/2 tablespoons instant coffee over hot water before dissolving softened gelatine in it. Before pouring mixture into crust, fold in 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence. Decorate with swirls of whipped coffee cream, grated chocolate and walnut pieces.

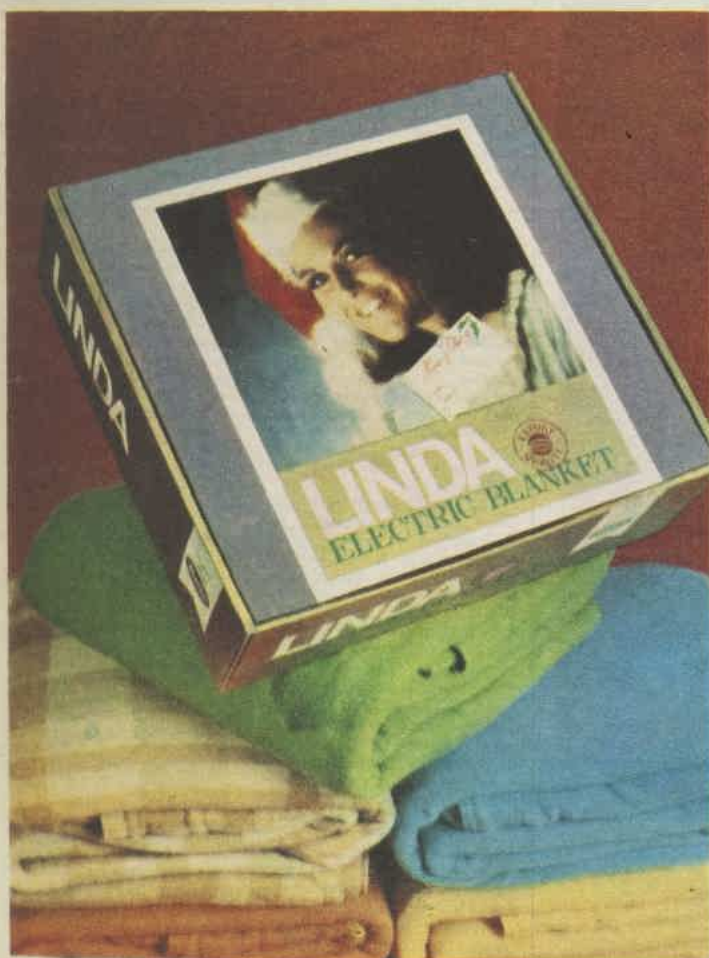
Look for the free Carnation Cook Book in your store or write to Mary Blake, Carnation Company, 130 Little Collins Street, Melbourne.



Look what he got for Christmas!



Look what he gave to get it!

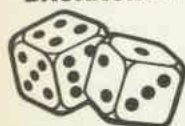


Come Christmas, 'Linda' is on every woman's lips. Take the hint and tuck a temptingly big, tinsel-wrapped Linda gift under the tree. She'll be dying to see. What will it be? **A LINDA ELECTRIC BLANKET?** Right away you'll have her hoping for a frosty night... "to sleep wonderfully warm with Linda". Linda is Australia's biggest selling Electric Blanket, especially gift-boxed for Christmas, in 5 new 1968 fashion colours. There are more than a dozen models to choose from, all in 100% pure new lambswool! Priced from \$10.57. **A LINDA ELECTRIC FRYPAN?** Linda is no square. This family-size Frypan is round... as a Frypan should be! Why? Because Ralta has found that a round element gives even heating, for better cooking. With a special non-stick surface and polished aluminium lid, it's big enough to take the Christmas turkey.

Priced at \$29.95 (with free cook book). **A LINDA ELECTRIC SLIPPER?** A cuddly, cosy gift. Popular for popping into to escape whistling draughts. Ideal for teenage students, for watching T.V. or sewing. Beware. Husbands have been known to borrow them. In gay colours of pink, red and blue, at \$11.95. **A LINDA ELECTRIC JUG?** In chrome-plated brass with a cute "beret" lid. A handsome kitchen asset. More importantly, this 3-pint Linda Jug boils water 20% faster than electric kettles. Priced at \$12.95. **A LADY LINDA HAIRDRYER?** A gift that will go to her head, to create glamorous new hair styles from under Linda's exclusive bouffant bonnet. Over 100 air vents are cunningly designed to circulate warm air evenly around and through every curl for a perfect set. Priced from \$16.95.

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**SABETTE
HAYES***

One of Australia's most vital and exciting literary discoveries — an attractive, budget-style idea in the **AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL**

As Qwilleran pondered the possibilities, the first edition of the Monday "Fluxion" came off the presses, and the copyboy whizzed through the Feature Department, tossing a paper on each desk.

The Tait incident was discreetly buried on page four, and it bore an astounding headline. Qwilleran read the six short paragraphs in six gulps. The byline was Lodge Kendall's; he was the "Fluxion's" regular man at Police Headquarters. There was no reference to the "Gracious Abodes" story. The estimated value of the stolen jades was omitted. And there was an incredible statement from the Police Department. Qwilleran read it with a frown, then grabbed his coat and headed for the Press Club.

Qwilleran found Odd Bunsen at that end of the bar traditionally reserved for "Fluxion" staffers. He joined him and ordered a double shot of tomato juice on the rocks.

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

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"Did you read it?" he asked the photographer.

"I read it," said Bunsen. "They're nuts."

They talked in subdued tones. At the opposite end of the mahogany bar the voices of "Morning Rampage" staff suggested undisguised jubilation. Qwilleran glanced with annoyance at the rival crew.

"Here comes Kendall," said the photographer. "Let's see what he thinks about the police theory."

Qwilleran beckoned him to the bar, and said, "Do you believe that stuff you wrote this morning?"

"As far as the police are concerned," said Kendall, "it's an open-and-shut case. It had nothing to do with your publication of the Tait house. It had to be an inside job. Somebody had to know his way around."

"I know," said Qwilleran. "That's what I figured. But I don't like their choice of suspect. I don't believe the houseboy did it."

"Then how do you explain his disappearance? If Paolo didn't swing off for Mexico, where is he? According to Tait, the boy was lazy, sly, and deceitful. On several occasions Tait threatened to fire him, but Mrs. Tait always came to Paolo's defence. And because of her physical condition her husband was afraid to cross her."

Bunsen and Qwilleran exchanged incredulous glances, and Kendall wandered away.

For a while Qwilleran toyed with the jade button that Tait had given him. He kept it in his pocket with his loose change. Finally he said

to Bunsen, "I called David Lyke this morning."

"How's he taking it?"

"He didn't seem vitally upset. He said the jades were insured and Mrs. Tait was a miserable creature who made her husband's life one long hell."

"I'll buy that. She was a witch-and-a-half. What did he think about Paolo being mixed up in it?"

"At the time I talked to Lyke that hadn't been announced."

The Villa Veranda, a recent addition to the cityscape, was an eighteen-storey building curved around a landscaped park, each apartment with a balcony. Qwilleran found his host's apartment alive with the sound of bright chatter, clinking glasses, and music from hidden loudspeakers.

In a pleasant, rumbling voice Lyke said: "Is this your first visit to the Villa Veranda? We call this building the Architects' Revenge. The balconies are designed to be too sunny, too windy, and too dirty. The cinders that hurtle through my living-room are capable of putting out an eyeball. But it's a good address. Some of the best people live in this building, several of them blind in one eye."

HE opened a sliding glass door in the glass wall and showed Qwilleran the balcony, where metal furniture stood ankle-deep in water.

"The balconies become wading pools for three days after every rain," he said.

The apartment itself had a warmly livable atmosphere. Everywhere there were lighted candles, books in good leather bindings, plants of the exotic type, paintings in important frames, and heaps of pillows. A small fountain in one corner was busy splashing. And the wallpaper was the most sumptuous Qwilleran had ever seen — like silver straw with a tracery of peacocks.

The predominant note was oriental. He noticed an oriental screen, some bow-legged black tables, and a Chinese rug in the dining-room. Some large pieces of Far Eastern sculpture stood in a bed of pebbles, lighted by concealed spotlights.

Qwilleran said to Lyke, "We should photograph this."

"I was going to suggest something else in this building," said the decorator. "I did Harry Noyton's apartment — just a pied-a-terre that he uses for business entertaining, but it's tastefully done in wall-to-wall money. And the colors are smart — in a ghastly way. I've used Eggplant, Spinach, and Overripe Melon."

"Who is Harry Noyton?" Qwilleran asked.

"You must have heard of

him. He's the most vocal 'silent partner' in town. Harry owns the ballpark, a couple of hotels, and probably the City Hall. He's dropping in tonight. I'd really like to see you publish Harry's country house in Lost Lake Hills — all artsy-craftsy contemporary — but there's an awkward situation in the family at the moment, and it might not be advisable. . . . Now, come and meet some of the guests. Starkweather is here — with his lovely wife, who is getting to be a middle-aged sot, but I can't say that I blame her."

Lyke's partner was sitting quietly at one end of the sofa, but Mrs. Starkweather was circulating diligently. There was a frantic gaiety in her aging face, and her costume was a desperate shade of pink.

"My husband isn't really a decorator. He used to be in the wholesale carpet business. He handles the money at L & S. David is the one with talent. I adore David!" she told Qwilleran.

Most of the guests were decorators, Qwilleran discovered. All the men were handsome, the majority of them young. The women were less so, but what they lacked in beauty and youth they made up in vivacity and impressive clothes. Everyone had an easy charm. They complimented Qwilleran on his new magazine, the luxuriance of his moustache, and the fragrance of his pipe tobacco.

Conversation flitted from one subject to another: travel, fashion, rare wine, ballet, and the dubious abilities of other decorators. Repeatedly the name of Jacques Boulanger came up and was dismissed with disapproval.

One young man of fastidious appearance approached Qwilleran and introduced himself as Bob Orax.

"Ordinarily," he told the newsmen, "I don't follow crime news, but my family knew the Tait, and I was fascinated by the item in today's paper. I had no idea Georgie had amassed so much jade. He and Siggy haven't entertained for years! Mother went to school with Siggy in Switzerland, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Siggy's family had more brains than affluence, Mother says. They were all scientists and architects. And it was rather a coup when Siggy married a rich American. Georgie had hair in those days, according to Mother."

"How did the Tait make their money?" Qwilleran asked.

"In a rather quaint and charming way. Georgie's grandfather made a mint — an absolute mint — manufacturing buggy whips. But Mother says Georgie himself has never had a taste for business. Monkey business, perhaps, but nothing that you can put in the bank."

"Tait was most devoted to his jade collection," said

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Qwilleran. "I felt very bad about the theft."

"That," said Orax loftily, "is what happens when you hire cheap help. When Father was alive, he always insisted on English butlers and Irish maids. My family had money at one time. Now we get by on our connections. And I have a little shop on River Street that helps to keep the wolf from the door."

"I'd like to call on you some day," said Qwilleran. "I'm in the market for story material."

"Frankly, I doubt whether your readers are quite ready for me," said the decorator. "I specialise in Planned Ugliness, and the idea is rather advanced for the average taste. But do come! You might find it entertaining."

"By the way, who is this Jacques Boulanger I keep hearing about?"

"Boulanger?" The Orax eyebrows elevated a trifle higher. "He does work for the Duxburys, the Pennimans, and all the other old families in Muggy Swamp."

"He must be good."

"In our business," said the decorator, "success is not always an indication of excellence... Bless you! You have no drink! May I get you something from the bar?"

IT was not the bar that interested Qwilleran. It was the buffet. As he loaded his plate for the third time, Qwilleran glanced into the kitchen and saw the large stainless-steel warming oven of a professional caterer. A smiling Oriental caught his eye and nodded encouragement, and Qwilleran signalled a compliment in the man's direction.

Meanwhile a guest with a big, ungainly figure and a craggy face sauntered over to the buffet and started popping titbits into his mouth, washing them down with gulps from a highball glass.

"I like these kids—these decorators," he said to the newsmen. "They invite me to a lot of their parties. But how they ever make a living is beyond me! They live in a dream world. I'm a businessman myself—in and out of a dozen enterprises a year—and I make every investment pay off. I'm not in the racket for kicks—like these kids. You understand. You're a newspaperman, aren't you?"

"Jim Qwilleran from the 'Daily Fluxion'."

"You newspaper guys are a good breed. You've got your feet on the ground. I know a lot of journalists. I know the managing editors of both papers, and the 'Fluxion' sports editor, and your financial writer. They've all been up to my hunting lodge. You ought to come up and join us some time... By the way, I'm Harry Noyton."

They shook hands, and Qwilleran said, "David tells me you have a house that might make good story material for the 'Fluxion's' new decorating magazine."

Noyton stared at his shoes before answering. "Come in the other room where it's quiet," he said.

They went into the breakfast room and sat at a marble-topped table.

Noyton said: "Whatever you've heard about my house in the Hills is no lie. It's terrific! And I give David all the credit—that is, Dave and my wife. She's got talent. I don't have any talent myself. All I did was go to engineering college for a couple of years." He paused and gazed out the window. "But Natalie is artistic. I'm proud of her."

"I'd like to see this house."

"Well... here's the problem," said Noyton, taking a long drink from his glass. "The house is going to be

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sold. You see, Natalie and I are getting a divorce."

"Sorry to hear it," said Qwilleran. "I've been over that course myself."

"There's no trouble between us, you understand. She just wants out! She's got this idea that she wants an artistic career. Can you imagine that? She's got everything in the world, but she wants to be creative, wants to starve in an attic studio, wants to make something of her life. That's what she says. And she wants it bad! Bad enough to give up the boys."

"You have children?"

"Two sons. I don't know how she can have the heart to get up and walk away from them. But those are my terms: I get complete custody of the boys, and the divorce is for ever. She can't change her mind and decide to come back after a couple of months. I won't play the fool for anyone!"

"Is Mrs. Noyton a painter?" Qwilleran asked.

"No, nothing like that. She's got these big looms, and she wants to weave rugs and things for decorators to sell. I don't know how she's going to make a living. She won't take any money from me, and she doesn't want the house. Know anybody wants a quarter-million dollars' worth of real estate?"

"It must be quite a place."

"Say, if you want to write it up for the paper, it might help me to unload the joint. I'm levelling with you, understand."

"Is anyone living there now?"

"Caretaker, that's all. Natalie's in Reno. I'm living here at the Villa Veranda... Wait'll I flavor these ice-creams."

Noyton dashed to the bar, and while he was gone the Japanese caterer quietly removed Qwilleran's plate and replaced it with another, piled high.

"Like I was saying," Noyton went on, "I have this apartment that Dave decorated. That boy's got taste! Wish I had that boy's taste. I've got a wood floor imported from Denmark, a built-in bar, a fur rug—the works!"

"I wouldn't mind seeing it."

"Come on and have a look. It's right here on this floor, in the north wing."

They left the party, Noyton carrying his highball glass. "I should warn you," he said as they walked around the curving corridor, "the colors are kind of wild."

He unlocked the door to 15-F and touched a wall switch. Qwilleran gasped.

Pleasant music burst forth. Rich colors glowed in pools of light. Everything looked soft, comfortable, but rugged.

"Do you go for this modern stuff?" Noyton asked. "Expensive as hell when it's done right."

With awe in his voice Qwilleran said: "This is great! This really gets to me."

The floor consisted of tiny squares of dark wood with a velvety oiled finish. There was a rug as shaggy as unknown grass and half as big as a squash court.

"Like the rug?" Noyton asked. "Genuine goat hair from Greece."

It was surrounded on three sides by a trio of sofas covered in natural tan suede. A chair with inviting body curves was upholstered in something incredibly soft.

"Vicuna," said Noyton. "But try that green chair. That's my favorite."

When Qwilleran relaxed in the green chair and propped his feet on the matching ottoman, an expression of beati-

tude spread over his face. He stroked the sculptured woolly arms. "I'd sure like to have an apartment like this," he murmured.

"And this is the bar," said Noyton with unconcealed pride as he splashed some liquor in his glass. "And the stereo is in that old Spanish chest—the only antique in the place. Cost me a fortune." He sank into the vicuna chair.

"The rent for this apartment is nothing to sneeze at, either, but some good people live in this building—good people to know." He named two judges, a banker, the retired president of the university, a prominent scientist.

They returned to the party, Noyton carrying two bottles of bourbon from his own stock, which he added to Lyke's supply.

Qwilleran complimented the decorator on the Noyton job. "Wish I could afford an apartment like his. What does a layout like that cost, anyway?"

"Too much," said the decorator. "By the way, if you ever need anything, I'll get it for you at cost, plus freight."

"What I need," said Qwilleran, "is a furnished apartment. The place where I live is being torn down to make a parking lot, and I've got to be out in ten days."

"Why don't you use Harry's apartment for a few weeks—if you like it so much?" Lyke suggested.

"He's leaving for Europe and he'll be gone a month or more."

Qwilleran blinked. "Do you think he'd be willing to sublet—at a price I could afford?"

"Let's ask him."

Noyton said, "Hell, no, I won't sublet, but if you want to use the joint while I'm gone, just move in."

Lyke said to Qwilleran, "There's a catch, of course. He'll expect you to forward his mail and take telephone messages."

Qwilleran said, "There's another catch, too, I've got a cat."

"Bring him along!" said Noyton. "He can have his own room and bath. First class."

"I could guarantee that he wouldn't scratch the furniture."

"It's a deal. I'm leaving Wednesday. The keys will be at the manager's desk, including the one for the bar. Help yourself to anything. And don't be surprised if I call you twice a day from Europe. I'm a telephone bug."

Later, Lyke said to the newsmen: "Thanks for getting me off the hook. Harry was expecting me to do his secretary service. I don't know why, but clients think they've hired a wet nurse for life when they call in a decorator."

It had happened so fast that Qwilleran could hardly believe his good fortune. Rejoicing inwardly, he made two more trips to the buffet before saying good night to his host.

As he left the apartment, he felt a tug at his sleeve. The caterer was standing at his elbow, smiling.

"You got doggie at home?" he asked the newsmen.

"No," said Qwilleran, "but—"

"Doggie hungry. You take doggie bag," said the caterer, and he pushed a foil-wrapped package into Qwilleran's hand.

"Koko, old fellow, we're moving!" Qwilleran an-

nounced happily on Tuesday morning as he took the doggie bag from the refrigerator and prepared a breakfast for the cat and himself.

Koko was huddling on a cushion on top of the refrigerator—the blue cushion that was his bed, his throne, his Olympus. His haunches were sticking up like fins. He looked uncomfortable, apprehensive.

"You'll like it at the Villa Veranda," Qwilleran assured him. "There are soft rugs and high bookshelves, and you can sit in the sun on the balcony. But you'll have to be on your best behaviour. No flying around and busting lamps!"

At the "Daily Fluxion" an hour later, Qwilleran reported the good news to Odd Bunsen. They met in the employees' lunchroom for their morning cup of coffee.

Qwilleran told the photographer, "You should see the bathrooms at the Villa Veranda! Gold faucets!"

"Some newspapers wouldn't let you accept a plum like that, but on a 'Fluxion' salary you have to take all you can get," the photographer said. "Was there any conversation about the robbery?"

"Not much. But I picked up a little background on the Tait. Did it strike you that Mrs. Tait had a slight foreign accent?"

"She sounded as if she'd swallowed her tongue."

"I think she was Swiss. She apparently married Tait for his money, although I imagine he was a good-looking brute before he went bald."

Lodge Kendall sat down on the next stool. "I knew I'd find you here goldbricking as usual," he said to the photographer. "The detectives on the Tait case would like a set of photos you took. Enlargements, preferably. Especially any shots that show the jades."

"How soon do they want them? I've got a lot of printing to do for Sunday."

"Soon as you can."

QWILLERAN said.

"Any progress on the case?"

"Tait has reported two pieces of luggage missing," said Kendall. "He's going away for a rest after the funeral. He's pretty shook up. And last night he went to the storeroom to get some luggage, and his two large overseas bags were gone. Paolo would need something like that to transport the jade."

"I wonder how he'd get a couple of large pieces of luggage to the airport?"

"He must have had an accomplice with a car. By the time Tait found the stuff missing Paolo had time to fly to Mexico and disappear."

"By the way," said Qwilleran, "when did Tait discover the jades were missing?"

"About six o'clock in the morning. He's one of those early risers. He likes to go down into his workshop before breakfast and polish stones, or whatever it is he does. He went into his wife's room to see if he needed anything, found her dead, and called the doctor from the bedside phone. Then he rang for Paolo and got no response. Paolo was not in his room, and there were signs of hurried departure. Tait made a quick check of all the rooms, and that's when he discovered the display cases had been rifled."

Qwilleran snorted. "And where was the cook when all this was happening?"

"The housekeeper gets Sundays off, doesn't come back

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THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

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until eight o'clock Monday morning.

"And how do they account for Mrs. Tait's heart attack?"

"They assume she woke in the night, heard some kind of activity in the living-room, and suspected prowlers. Evidently the fright was enough to stop her ticker, which was in bad shape, I understand."

Qwilleran objected. "That's a rambling house. The bedroom wing is half a mile from the living-room. How come Mrs. Tait heard Paolo getting into the display cases — and her husband didn't?"

Kendall shrugged. "Some people are light sleepers. Chronic invalids always have insomnia."

"Didn't she try to rouse her husband? There must be some kind of buzzer system or intercom between the two rooms."

"Look, I wasn't there!" said the police reporter. "All I know is what I hear at headquarters." He tapped his wristwatch. "I'm due there in five minutes. See you later. . . . Bunsen, don't forget those enlargements."

When he had gone, Qwilleran said to the photographer, "I wonder where Tait's going for a rest. Mexico, by any chance?"

"You do more wondering than any three guys I know," said Bunsen, rising from the lunch counter.

Qwilleran went upstairs to the Feature Department, where Arch Riker signalled to him. "The boss is looking for you. It's urgent."

He found the managing editor looking thin-lipped. "Trouble!" said Percy. "That used-car dealer just phoned. You have his horsebarn scheduled for next Sunday. Right?"

"It's a remodelled stable," Qwilleran said. "Very impressive. It makes a good story. The pages are made up and the pictures have gone to the engraver."

"He wants the story killed. He doesn't blame us for the mishap in Muggy Swamp, but his wife is worried sick. The man threatens to sue if we publish his house."

"I don't know what I can substitute in a hurry," said Qwilleran.

"Why don't you ask Fran Unger if she has any ideas?"

"Look, Harold!" said Qwilleran with sudden resolve. "I think we should take the offensive!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean — conduct our own investigation! I don't buy the police theory. Pinning the crime on the houseboy is too easy. Paolo may have been an innocent dupe. For all anybody knows, he could be at the bottom of the river!"

He stopped to get editor's reaction. Percy only stared at him.

"That was no petty theft," said Qwilleran, raising his voice, "and it was not pulled off by an unsophisticated, homesick mountain boy from an underdeveloped foreign

country! Something more is involved here. I don't know who or what or why, but I've got a hunch —" He pounded his moustache with his knuckles.

"Harold, why don't you assign me to cover this case? I'm sure I could dig up something of importance."

Percy waved the suggestion away impatiently. "I'm not opposed to investigative journalism *per se*, but we need you on the magazine. We don't have the personnel to waste on amateur sleuthing."

"I can handle both. Just give me the credentials to talk to the police — to ask a few questions here and there."

"No, you've got enough on your hands, Qwill. Let the police handle crime. We've got to concentrate on putting out a newspaper."

Qwilleran went on as if he had not heard. He talked fast. "There's something suspicious about the timing of that incident! Someone wanted to link us with it."

=====

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*

— Joshua 1; 9.

=====

And that's not the only strange circumstance! Too much happened too fast yesterday morning. You called me at six-thirty. What time did the police call you? And what time did they get the call from Tait? . . . And if Mrs. Tait heard sounds of prowlers, why didn't she signal her husband? Can you believe there was no intercom in that house? All that plush decorating, and not even a simple buzzer system between the invalid's bed and the sleeping quarters of her devoted husband?"

Percy looked at Qwilleran coldly. "If there's evidence of conspiracy, the police will uncover it. They know what they're doing. You keep out of it. We've got troubles enough."

"Do you think I should make an appearance at the funeral tomorrow?" asked Qwilleran.

"It won't be necessary. We'll be adequately represented."

Qwilleran went back to his office and called the Photo Lab.

"When you make those enlargements of the jades," he said to Bunsen, "make a set of prints for me, will you? I've got an idea."

Qwilleran killed the cover story about the car dealer's remodelled stable and started to worry about finding a sub-

stitution. He had an appointment that morning with another decorator, but he doubted that she would be able to produce a cover story on short notice. He had talked with her on the telephone, and she had seemed flustered.

Qwilleran went to her studio without any buoyant hope.

The sign over the door, said "Interiors by Middy." The shop was located near Happy View Woods, and it had all the ingredients of cosy charm, suffocating but undeniable.

As Qwilleran entered, he heard Westminster chimes, and then he saw a tall young woman emerge from behind a louvred folding screen at the back of the shop. Her straight brown hair fell like a blanket to her shoulders, hiding her forehead, eyebrows, temples, and cheeks. All that was visible was a pair of roguish green eyes, an appealing little nose, an intelligent mouth, a dainty chin.

Qwilleran brightened. He said, "I have an eleven o'clock appointment with Mrs. Middy, and I don't think you're Mrs. Middy."

"I'm her assistant," said the young woman. "Mrs. Middy is a little late this morning, but then Mrs. Middy is always a little late. Would you care to sit it out?" She waved a hand dramatically around the studio. "I can offer you a Chippendale corner chair, a combback Windsor, or a mammy settle. They're all uncomfortable, but I'll talk to you and take your mind off your anguish."

"Talk to me, by all means," said Qwilleran, sitting on the mammy settle and finding that it rocked. The girl sat in the combback Windsor. "What's your name?" he asked as he filled his pipe and lighted it.

"Alacoe Wright, and you must be the editor of the new Sunday supplement."

"Architecture is my field, but girl architects are not largely in demand. I took this job with Mrs. Middy in desperation, and I'm afraid these imitation worm-eaten hutches and folksy-hoaxy mammy settles are warping my personality. I prefer design that reflects the spirit of our times."

"You mean you like modern design?"

"I don't like to use the word," said Miss Wright. "It's so ambiguous. There's Motel Modern, Miami Beach Modern, Borax Danish, and a lot of horrid mutations. I prefer the twentieth-century classics—the work of Saarinen, Mies van der Rohe, Breuer, and all that crowd. Mrs. Middy doesn't let me meet clients; she's afraid I'll sabotage her work."

"If you don't meet clients, what do you do?"

"Renderings, floor plans, color schemes. I answer the telephone and sort of sweep up . . . But tell me about you. Do you like contemporary design?"

"I like anything," said Qwilleran, "as long as it's comfortable and I can put my feet on it."

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Ben liked the old
order of things although
his daughter preferred
the modern trends

Emily and Doctor X

By MARIE GORDON



BEN WILLIAMS rested his old bones in his favorite chair under the shade of the large oak in his backyard, took out his pipe, and watched Emily empty the last of the spray on the lawn. It was a simple task applying with a hose the special preparation, "Nogrow-nomow," which kept lawns alive and green, and at the same time kept the grass from growing any taller than desired.

Emily plopped down on the chair beside him. She was out of breath.

Ben waved his pipe at the hose, "Marvellous stuff, Emily. In my day we spent hours mowing our lawns. Never a weekend passed without the neighborhood humming to the tune of dozens of motor mowers. What a racket."

"I could never do that — even the spray puffs me out..." she went on, more to herself than to Ben, "I sure do puff easily; must be all that weight I've put on lately." She turned to him, "How are you feeling now, Dad, are you going to the medic today?"

"Not today. Not ever."

"I'm going today." She frowned. "All this weight — must be my glands."

"It suits you, Em. You look real pretty."

She smiled at him, then reached for his large, rough hand and held it between hers, "Come with me to Doctor X, Dad. Please, for my sake."

"Not even for your sake, Em, would I go to one of — them. However, tomorrow, I'll see my own doctor."

"Doctor Harry, Oh, Dad, I wish you wouldn't. If anyone found out..."

"Harry's been practising for thirty-five years and no one's found out yet. Preposterous — Ben's fire was always set for this subject, — medical men, once the backbone of the nation, forbidden to practise. Preposterous!"

"But it's for our own good. They used to make so many mistakes. Now take my medic, Doctor X, he never makes a mistake. He..."

"You mean 'it,' Ben corrected. "Maybe it hasn't made a mistake yet, but it will. In my day we had clinics and..."

"And you had to wait hours to get to see a doctor, and you had to take whoever was on duty whether you liked it or not. And if there was anything seriously wrong, your doctor had to consult other doctors. Now it's all so different. I never go to anyone but Doctor X. He knows me inside out, and I can see him any time I want to — day or night, Saturday or Sunday — it makes no difference."

"He doesn't have to sleep; he hasn't any family to distract him from his work; he doesn't need to take holidays; he has no emotions that can cause confusion or mistakes. And another thing, you don't have to worry about how much time you're taking, nor is there any embarrassment..." she broke off as a new thought came, "How on earth did women of your day do it?"

"Do what?"

"Get undressed before a strange man."

"Oh, that," Ben buried the laugh deep in his throat. "I guess they got used to it."

"Then—" she seized her opportunity, "—why can't you get used to Doctor X, or, if you don't like him, try someone else — there are dozens you know within a fifty-mile radius... Won't you just try them?"

"Never. All that machinery clacking away, listening and — and talking. It just isn't right. It's like a witchdoctor."

"But — you've seen computers before. You told me that they had them in your day."

"Yes, but they were simple machines that had to be fed information on cards; machines that spat out the result on a roll of paper. Not ones you talked to. Not ones that took photos of your insides and showed 'em to you on a screen. Not ones that listened — and talked back. They're almost human. I don't like it, Em."

"To me they are human — at least Doctor X is. I'm very fond of him."

"Oh," his eyes twinkled, "and is he fond of you?"

"Don't be silly, Dad. You know they have no emotions."

"Convenient, and yet — a pity. They miss so much... you know, if they were programmed to feel affection, sympathy, and so on it would be a great improvement."

"That reminds me," she turned to him, "I saw Maisie West this morning. She'd just come from seeing Doctor X, and she was crying her heart out. It appears she went to him to get something for her headaches, and after he examined a print of her skull, he told her, 'You have a tumor of the brain. See surgeon 2134 at once.' Just like that — the poor woman."

"In my day..."

"In your day, Dad," she interrupted gently but firmly, "by the time your doctor had called in specialists and taken X-rays of X-rays, the woman would probably be dead. Now at least she stands a chance. The surgeon will follow Doctor X's instructions and..."

"What if he — it — made a wrong diagnosis? She could be dead of fright, and nothing the matter with her head."

"Dad — they don't make mistakes. In forty years they haven't made one mistake."

"None that we know of. They could be making them every day in the week, and the surgeons could be operating for no reason but money — it happened in my day, it could happen now — and covering up for the medics."

"I don't think so, Dad," she smiled; she could afford to humor him. He was old; he'd had no contact with the medics. He just didn't know how wonderful they were. She stood up. "Well, I'm off. Sure you'll be all right?"

"Of course I will. Stop fussing. I've got my pipe, haven't I?" His big hands caressed the bowl as he murmured, "For all their fancy inventions, they haven't found anything to equal the satisfaction a man gets from his pipe."

When Emily returned an hour later, Ben was still sitting under the tree. She walked slowly up the path to where he sat then threw herself down beside him.

"What's wrong, Poppet?"

"Everything."

"You mean—" concern edged his voice and stiffened his body, "—Doctor X..."

Emily cut in, "Doctor," she scorned, "Him a doctor? I'll never go to him — it — again, ever."

"Good. But, why not, Em? What did he — it — say?"

"Something so stupid it just proves you were right, Dad, and from now on I'm going to Doctor Harry."

She clamped her mouth tight; that was all she was going to say. She wasn't going to tell anyone what that stupid collection of nuts and bolts said. The most charitable thing that could be said for it was that its screws must have got loose. But the nerve, the very nerve, telling her she was fat because she ate too much!

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the clock.

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THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

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"No, no. It's 'boom' before 'bam' except after 'bong.'"

The girl appraised him frankly. "You're better looking than your picture in the magazine. You look serious and responsible, but also interesting. Are you married?"

"Not at the moment." "You must feel crushed about what happened this weekend. Do you suppose Mr. Tait will sue the 'Daily Fluxion'?"

Qwilleran shook his head. "He wouldn't get to first base. We printed nothing that was untrue or libellous. And, of course, we had his permission to publish his house in the first place."

Just then the door opened, and a voice said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Am I late?"

The dumpling of a woman who bustled into the studio was breathless and apologetic. She had been hurrying, and wisps of grey hair were escaping in all directions from the confinement of her

shapeless mouse-grey-colored hat. "Get us some coffee, dear," she said to her assistant. "I'm all upset. I just got a ticket for speeding. But the officer was so kind! They have such nice policemen on the force."

The coffee came in rosebud-covered cups, and Miss Wright served it with her eyebrows arched in disapproval of the design. Then the decorator and the newsman discussed possibilities for "Gracious Abodes."

"I've done some lovely interiors lately," said Mrs. Middy. "Dr. Mason's house is charming, but it isn't quite finished. We're wait-

ing for lamps. Professor Dewitt's house is lovely, too, but the draperies aren't hung. Oh, dear! What to do?"

"Don't forget Mrs. Allison's," said Miss Wright.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Allison's is really lovely. Would you be interested in a residence for career girls, Mr. Qwilleran? It shows what can be done with a boarding-house. It's one of those turn-of-the-century mansions on Merchant Street — all very gloomy and grotesque before Mrs. Allison called me in."

"It looked like a Victorian bordello," said Miss Wright.

"I used crewelwork in the living-room and canopied beds in the girls' rooms. And the dining-room turned out very well. Instead of one long table, which looks so institutional, I used lots of little skirted tables, like a cafe."

Qwilleran had been considering only private residences, but he was willing to publish anything that could be photographed in a hurry.

"What is the color scheme?" he asked.

"The theme is Cherry Red," said Mrs. Middy, "with variations. Upstairs it's all Cherry Pink. Oh, you'll love it!"

"Any chance of photographing this afternoon?"

"Oh, dear! That's too soon. People like to tidy up before the photographer comes."

"Tomorrow morning, then?"

"I'll call Mrs. Allison right away."

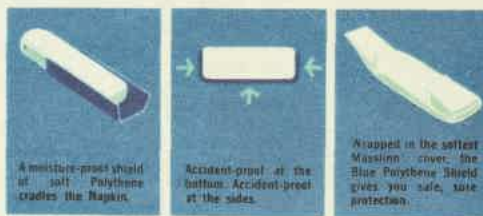
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HE decorator bustled to the telephone, and Alacocque Wright said to Qwilleran: "Mother Middy has done wonders with the Allison house. It doesn't look like a Victorian bordello any more. It looks like an Early American bordello."

While the arrangements were being made, Qwilleran made an arrangement of his own with Miss Wright for Wednesday evening, at six o'clock, under the City Hall clock, and he left the Middy studio with a liting sensation in his moustache. On the way back to the office he stopped to buy a can of smoked oysters for Koko.

That evening Qwilleran packed his books in three cartons from the grocery store and dusted his two pieces of luggage. Koko watched the process with concern. He had not touched the smoked oysters.

Qwilleran said, "What's the matter? Dieting?"

Koko began to prowl the apartment from one end to the other, occasionally stopping to sniff the cartons and utter a long, mournful howl.

"You're worried!" Qwilleran said. "You don't want to move." He picked up the cat and stroked his head reassuringly, then placed him on the open pages of the dictionary. "Come on, let's have a good rousing game to chase away the blues."

Koko dug his claws into the pages halfheartedly.

"Balance and bald," Qwilleran read. "Elementary! Two points for me. You'll have to try harder."

Koko grabbed again.

"Kohistani and Koolokamba," Qwilleran knew the definition of the first, but he had to look up koolokamba. "A West African anthropoid ape with the head nearly bald and the face and hands black," he read. "That's great! That'll be a handy addition to my everyday vocabulary."

At the end of nine innings Qwilleran had won, 14 to 4.

On Wednesday morning Qwilleran and Bunsen drove to the Allison house on Merchant Street. The house was a Victorian monster—but it was freshly painted, and the windows exhibited perky curtains. Mrs. Middy met them at the door, wearing her shapeless hat and a frilly lace collar.

"Where's the girls?" Bunsen shouted.

"Oh, they're not here in the daytime," said Mrs. Middy. "They're working girls."

The decorator bustled around, plumping cushions and moving ashtrays. Then a woman came from the rear of the house.

"Hello, boys," she said. "Make yourselves at home."

"It's a nice place you've got here," Qwilleran said.

"It pays to run a decent establishment," said the house mother, "and Mrs. Middy knows how to make a place comfortable. She doesn't come cheap, but she's worth every penny."

"Why did you choose Early American for your house?"

For answer Mrs. Allison turned to the decorator. "Why did I choose Early American?"

"Because it's homy and inviting," said Mrs. Middy. "And because it is part of our national heritage."

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Dinner is eggs! It's an old Spanish custom

Make a Spanish omelet for a change—like this:—

1. Assemble the ingredients:—

2 tablespoons oil, 1 cup cooked diced potato, 1 clove garlic chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped stuffed olives, 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 6 "SUNRISE" EGGS, 3 tablespoons water, 1 level teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter (makes enough for 3 people).

2. Heat oil and cook all vegetable ingredients until soft, together with salt and pepper to taste. Keep hot. **3.** Beat together 3 eggs with 3 yolks, the water, salt and pepper. Stiffly beat remaining 3 egg whites and fold in. **4.** Melt butter in a large omelet pan, pour in beaten egg mixture. Cook until set underneath then finish under griller until puffed and brown. **5.** Now carefully place the cooked vegetable ingredients on the top. Cut into wedges, serve to a background of Flamenco music. Olé.

SUNRISE EGGS



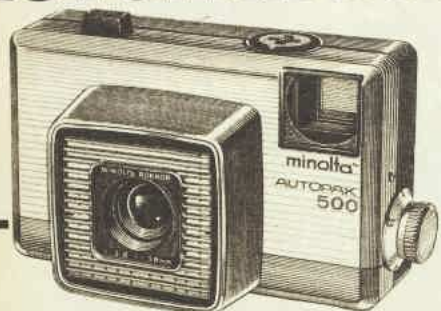
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 29, 1967

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"You can quote me," Mrs. Allison said to Qwilleran with a generous gesture. "It's all pretty elegant," Qwilleran said to the house mother. "I suppose you're fussy about the kind of girls you get in here."

"You better believe it. They gotta have references and at least two years of college."

The bedrooms were vividly pink. They had pink walls, pink carpet, and even pinker side curtains on the four-poster beds.

"How do the girls react to all this pink?" Qwilleran asked.

Mrs. Allison turned to the decorator. "How do the girls react to all this pink?"

"They find it warm and stimulating," said the decorator.

BUNSEN was finished before noon, but as the newsmen carried the photographic equipment to the car Mrs. Middy came hurrying after them. "Oh, dear!" she said. "I forgot to tell you: Mrs. Allison doesn't want you to use her name or address."

"We don't have time to do another story," said Qwilleran.

"Just say that it's a residence for professional girls. That sounds nicer than career girls, don't you think? And don't forget to mention the name of the decorator!" She shook a playful finger at the newsmen.

As they drove away from the house on Merchant Street, Bunsen said, "You can't win 'em all."

Qwilleran was not cheered by this philosophy, and they drove in silence until Bunsen said, "They buried the Tait woman this morning."

"I know." "The chief assigned two photographers. That's pretty good coverage for a funeral. He only sent one to the international boat race last week."

Late that afternoon Qwilleran went home, packed his two suitcases, and called a taxi. Then he proceeded to stuff the cat into a canned tuna-fish carton with airholes punched in the sides. Suddenly Koko had seventeen legs, all grabbing and struggling at once, and his verbal protests added to the confusion.

"I know! I know!" shouted Qwilleran above the din. "But it's the best I can do."

When the seventeen paws, nine ears, and three tails were tucked in and the cover clapped shut and roped, Koko found himself in a snug, dark, sheltered place, and he settled down. The only sign of life was a glistening eye, seen through one of the airholes.

At the Villa Veranda, Koko produced ear-splitting howls in the elevator, but as soon as he was released from

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

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his box in the Noyton apartment he was speechless. For a moment he stood poised with one forepaw lifted, and the place was filled with breathless, listening cat-silence. Then his head swung from side to side as he observed the general features of the room. He walked cautiously across the sleek wood floor. He sniffed the edge of the thick-piled rug and extended one paw experimentally, but withdrew it at once. He nosed the corner of one sofa, examined the hem of the draperies, looked in the wastebasket near the desk.

Qwilleran showed Koko the new location of his sandbox and gave him his old toy mouse. "Your cushion's on the refrigerator," he told the cat. "Make yourself at home."

An unfamiliar bell rang and Koko jumped in alarm. "It's only the phone," Qwilleran said, picking up the receiver and seating himself importantly behind the fine leather-topped desk.

From the instrument came a voice speaking in careful English. "I have a transatlantic call for Mr. James Qwilleran."

"Speaking."

"Copenhagen calling." Then came the excited voice of Harry Noyton. "Would you believe it? I'm in Copenhagen already! How's everything? Did you move in? Did you get settled?"

"Just got here. How was the flight?"

"Some turbulence east of Gander, but it was a good trip on the whole. Don't forward any mail till I give the signal. I'll keep in touch. And one of these days I'll have a scoop for the 'Daily Fluxion'."

"A news story?"

"Something fantastic! Can't talk about it yet. But here's why I called: Do you like baseball? There's a pair of tickets for the charity game stuck in my desk calendar. It's a shame to let them go to waste—especially at thirty bucks a throw."

"I'll probably have to work Saturday."

"Then give them to your pals at the paper."

"How do you like Copenhagen?"

"It looks very clean, very tidy. Lots of bicycles."

"How soon will your news break?"

"Hopefully, within a week," said Noyton. "And when it does, the 'Fluxion' gets the first crack at it!"

After hanging up, Qwilleran looked for Noyton's calendar. He found it in the desk drawer—a large leather-bound book with a diary on one side and an index for telephone numbers on the other. The baseball tickets were clipped to September

26, and Qwilleran wondered whether he should use them or give them away. He could invite Alacoque Wright, break away from the office at noon on Saturday. . . . "Koko!" he snapped. "Get away from that book!"

The cat had risen noiselessly to the top of the desk and was sinking his claws in the edge of the telephone index. He was trying to play the game. Qwilleran's moustache twitched. He could not resist opening the book to the page Koko had selected.

On it he found the telephone numbers of a Dr. Thomas and the well-known law firm of Teahandle, Burris, Hansblow, Maus, and Castle. "Congratulations!" Qwilleran said to the cat. "You've cornered a Maus."

There was also Tappington, the stockbroker, and the phone number of Toledo, the most expensive restaurant in town. And at the bottom of the list there was the name Tait. Not George Tait or Verring Tait, but Signe Tait.

Qwilleran stared at the hastily scrawled name as if it were the ghost of the dead woman. Why had Noyton listed Signe and not her husband? What business did a big-time promoter have with the invalid wife of a rich, idle collector of jades?

Qwilleran recalled his conversation with Noyton at David's party. The jade theft had been discussed, but the promoter had not mentioned his acquaintance with the late Mrs. Tait. And yet he was an unabashed namedropper, and the Tait name would have been an impressive one to drop.

Qwilleran closed the book

slowly and opened it again quickly. He went through the diary, checking Noyton's appointments day by day. He started with September 20 and worked backward to January 1. There was no entry concerning Signe Tait or Muggy Swamp. But the color of ink changed around the first of September. For most of the year it had been blue. Then Noyton switched to black. Signe Tait's phone number was written in black; it had been added within the last three weeks.

Before leaving the apartment for his date with Alacoque Wright, Qwilleran telephoned David Lyke to inquire about Mrs. Tait's funeral.

"You should have been there," said the decorator. "There was enough blue blood to float a ship."

"How was Tait taking it?"

"I wish I could say he looked pale and haggard, but with that healthy flush of his he always looks as if he'd just won at tennis. Why weren't you there?"

"I was working on a cover story. And this afternoon I moved into Harry Noyton's apartment."

"Good! We're neighbors," David said. "Why don't you come over Saturday night and meet Natalie Noyton? She just got back from Reno, and I'm having a few people in for drinks."

Qwilleran recalled the excellence of the buffet at the decorator's last party and accepted the invitation with alacrity. After that, he prepared a hasty dinner for Koko—half a can of red salmon garnished with a raw egg-yolk — and said: "Be a good cat. I'll be home late and fix you a snack."

At six o'clock sharp he met Alacoque Wright under the

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City Hall clock and took her to the Press Club for dinner, aware that he was being observed by all the regulars at the bar and would have to account, the next day, for his taste in women. Nevertheless, it had to be the Press Club. He had a charge account there, and payday was not until Friday. He ushered his date—she asked Qwilleran to call her Cokey—upstairs to the main dining-room, where the atmosphere was quieter and the rolls were sprinkled with poppy seeds.

"Have a cocktail?" Qwilleran invited. "I'm on the wagon myself, but I'll have a lemon and seltzer to keep you company."

Cokey looked keenly interested. "Why aren't you drinking?"

"It's a long story, and the less said about it the better." He put a matchbook under one table leg; all the Press Club tables had a built-in wobble.

"I'm on a yoga kick myself," she said. "No liquor. No meat. But I'll make us one of nature's own cocktails if you'll order the ingredients and two champagne glasses."

When the tray arrived, she poured a little cream into each glass, filled it with ginger ale, and then produced a small wooden device from her handbag.

"I carry my own nutmeg and grate it fresh," she said, dusting the surface of the drinks with brown spice. "Nutmeg is a stimulant. The

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Germans put it in everything."

Qwilleran took a cautious sip. The drink had a bite. It was like Cokey—cool and smooth, with an unexpected pepperness. "How did you decide to become an architect?" he asked.

"Maybe you haven't noticed," said Cokey, "but there are more architects named Wright than there are judges named Murphy. We seem to gravitate to the draughting board. However, the name is getting me nowhere." She stroked her long

hair lovingly. "I may have to give up the struggle and find a husband."

"Shouldn't be difficult."

"I'm glad you're so confident." She set her jaw and ground some more nutmeg on her cocktail.

"Tell me what you think of the decorating profession after two weeks in the velvet jungle?" Cokey asked.

"They seem to be likable people."

"They're children! They live in a world of play. And, just like children, they can be cruel."

A man walked past the table and said, "Hi, there, Cokey."

She looked up abruptly. "Well, hello!" she said with meaning in the inflection.

"You know him?" Qwilleran asked in surprise.

"We've met," said Cokey, and then ordered from the menu.

"Are you divorced?" Cokey asked suddenly.

Qwilleran nodded.

"That's cool. Where do you live?"

"I moved into the Villa Veranda today." He waited for her eyes to open wide, and then added in a burst of honesty, "The apartment belongs to a friend who's gone abroad."

"Do you like living alone?"

"I don't live alone," said Qwilleran. "I have a cat. A Siamese."

"I adore cats," Cokey squealed. "What's your cat's name?"

Qwilleran beamed at her. People who really appreciated animals always asked their names. "His real name is Kao K'o-Kung, but he's called Koko for everyday purposes. I considered myself a dog man until I met Koko. He's a remarkable animal. If I told you some of his intellectual feats you wouldn't believe me."

"Oh, I'd believe anything about cats. They're uncanny."

"Sometimes I'm convinced Koko senses what's going to happen."

"It's true! Cats tune in with their whiskers."

"That's what I've been told," said Qwilleran, preening his moustache absently. "Koko always gives the impression that he knows more than I do, and he has clever ways of communicating. Not that he does anything uncanny, you understand. Yet, somehow he gets his ideas across . . . I'm not explaining this very well."

"I know exactly what you mean."

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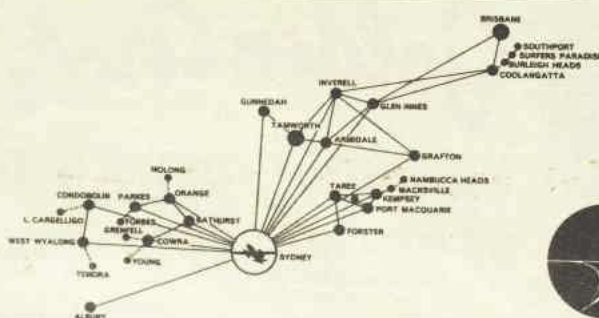
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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2,000 to 4,000 words; short stories, 1,100 to 1,400 words; articles up to 1,000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Name and address should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 403/WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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mistily. "I think you're wonderful," she said. "I'd love to play the game sometime."

When Qwilleran arrived home that evening, it was late, and he was exhausted. He unlocked the door of his apartment and was groping for the light switch when he saw two red sparks in the darkened living-room. He flipped the lights on, and the mysterious red lights in Koko's eyes were extinguished.

THE cat approached with arched back, question-mark tail, and the backswept whiskers of disapproval. He made vehement one-note complaints.

"I'm sorry," said Qwilleran. "Did you think you were abandoned? You'll never believe this, but we went for a walk — a long walk. That's what lady architects like to do on a date — take you for a walk, looking at buildings. I'm bushed!" He sank into a chair and kicked off his shoes without untying the laces. "For three hours we've been looking at architecture: insensitive massing, inefficient site-planning, trite fenestration."

Koko was howling impatiently at his knee, and Qwilleran picked up the cat, laid him across his shoulder, and patted the sleek fur. He could feel the muscles struggling beneath the pelt, and Koko wriggled away and jumped down.

"Is something wrong?" Qwilleran asked.

"YOW-OH!" said Koko. He ran to the Spanish chest that housed the stereo set. It was a massive carved piece built close to the floor, resting on four bun-shaped feet. Koko plumped to the floor in front of it, stretched one foreleg, and vainly tried to reach under the chest, his brown tail tensed in a scimitar curve.

Qwilleran uttered a weary moan. He knew the cat had lost his homemade mouse — a bouquet of dried mint leaves tied in the toe of an old sock. He also knew there would be no sleeping that night until the mouse was retrieved. He looked for something to poke under the chest. Broomstick? There was no broom in the kitchen closet; the maids evidently used their own sweeping equipment. . . . Fireplace poker? There were no fireplaces at the Villa Veranda.

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Fishing rod? Golf club? Tennis racket? The man seemed to have no active hobbies. . . . Backscratcher? Long-handled shoehorn?

With Koko at his heels, yowling imperious Siamese commands, Qwilleran searched the premises. He thought wistfully of all the long, slender implements he could use: tree branch, fly swatter — buggy whip.

Eventually he lowered himself to the floor. Lying flat, he reached under the low chest and gingerly extracted a coin, a gold earring, an olive pip, a crumbled scrap of paper, several dustballs, and finally a familiar grey wad of indefinite shape.

Koko pounced on his mouse, sniffed it once with-

ish chest. There was only a name on it: Arne Thorvaldson. He dropped it in the basket again. The gold earring he tossed in the desk drawer with the paper clips.

On the day following the funeral, Qwilleran telephoned G. Verner Tait and asked if he might call and deliver the books on jade.

"How did you get this number?" Tait asked.

Qwilleran hoped he was saying the right thing. "I believe this is — yes, this must be the number that David Lyke gave me."

"I was merely curious. It's an unlisted number."

Qwilleran put Noyton's address book away in the desk, stroked Koko's head for luck,



"I never file my nails — I always throw mine away!"

out much interest, and gave it a casual whack with his paw. It went back under the Spanish chest, and Koko sauntered away to get a drink of water before retiring for the night.

But Qwilleran stayed up smoking his pipe and thinking about many things: Cokey and long hair, "Gracious Abodes" and Mrs. Middy's lace collar, buggy whips, and the situation in Muggy Swamp. Once he went to the wastepaper basket and fished out the crumpled paper he had found beneath the Span-

and drove to Muggy Swamp in a company car. It was a wild shot, but he was hoping to see or hear something that would reinforce his hunch — his vague suspicion that all was not exactly as represented on the police record.

Tait himself admitted the newsmen to the glittering foyer.

The collector invited him into the library. "Did you enjoy the books?" he said. "Are you beginning to feel the lure of jade? Do you think you might like to collect?"

"I'm afraid it's beyond my means at the moment," said Qwilleran, adding a small falsehood: "I'm subletting Harry Noyton's apartment at the Villa Veranda, and this little spree is keeping me broke."

The name brought no sign of recognition. Tait said: "You can start collecting in a modest way. I can give you the name of a dealer who likes to help beginners. Do you still have your jade button?"

"Carry it all the time!" Qwilleran jingled the contents of his trouser pocket. Then he asked solemnly, "Did Mrs. Tait share your enthusiasm for jade?"

The corners of Tait's mouth quivered. "Unfortunately, Mrs. Tait never warmed to the fascination of jade, but collecting it and working with it have been a joy and a comfort to me for more than fifteen years. Would you like to see my workshop?" He led the way to the rear of the house and down a flight of basement stairs.

"This is a rambling house," said Qwilleran. "I imagine an intercom system comes in handy."

"Please excuse the appearance of my shop," the collector said. "It is not as tidy as it should be. I've dismissed the housekeeper. I'm getting ready to go away."

"I suppose you'll be traveling to jade country," said Qwilleran hopefully.

His supposition got no verification.

Tait said: "Have you ever seen a lapidary shop? It's strange, but when I am down here in this hideaway, cutting and polishing, I forget everything. My back ailment gives me no discomfort, and I am a happy man." He handed the newsmen a small carved dragon. "This is the piece the police found behind Paolo's bed when they searched his room. It's a fairly simple design. I've been trying to copy it."

"You must feel very bitter about that boy," Qwilleran said.

Tait averted his eyes. Bitterness accomplishes nothing. "Frankly, his implication came as a shock to me. He seemed an open, ingenious young man."

"People are not always what they seem."

"Could it be that Paolo was used as a tool by the real organisers of the crime?"

"That is a possibility, of course, but it doesn't bring back my jades."

"Mr. Tait," said Qwilleran, "for what it is worth, I want you to know I have a strong feeling the stolen objects will be found."

"What makes you feel that way?"

"There's a rumor at the office that the police are on the track of something." It was not the first time Qwilleran had spread the rumor of a rumor, and it often got results.

"Strange they have not communicated with me," said Tait. He led the way up the stairs and to the front door.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it," Qwilleran said. Then casually he remarked, "That housekeeper of yours — would she take a temporary job while you're away? A friend of mine will need a housekeeper while his wife is in the hospital, and it's hard to get good help on a short-term basis."

"I have no doubt that Mrs. Hawkins needs work," said Tait.

"How long before you'll be needing her again?"

"I don't intend to take her back," said Tait. "Her work is satisfactory, but she has an unfortunate personality."

"If you don't mind, then, I'd like to give her phone number to my friend."

Tait stepped into his library and wrote the information on a slip of paper. "I'll also give you the name and address of that jade dealer in Chicago," he said, "just in case you change your mind."

As they passed the living-room Qwilleran looked hungrily at the closed doors. "Did Paolo do any damage in opening the cases?"

"No. No damage. It's small comfort," Tait said sadly, "but I like to think the jades were taken by someone who loved them."

As Qwilleran drove away from Muggy Swamp, he felt that he had wasted a morning and two gallons of "Daily Fluxion" gas.

His one morning of snooping had only whetted his curiosity, and now he headed for the place where he might get some answers to his questions. He drove to the shop called PLUG on River Street.

Qwilleran walked into the shop (the door handle was a gilded replica of the Statue of Liberty), and a bell announced his presence by tinkling the four notes of "How Dry I Am." Immediately, from behind a folding screen composed of old magazine covers, came the genial proprietor, Bob Orax, looking more fastidious than ever

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versatile Birko

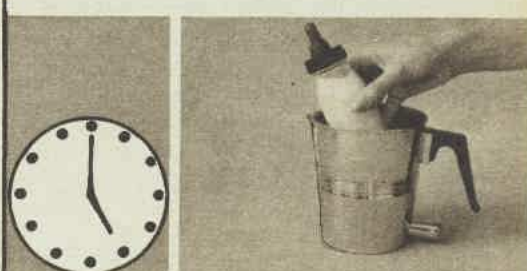
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Women's Weekly

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New Zealand (N.Z. currency remitted Gordon & Gutch, N.Z.)	\$5.00	\$10.00
Overseas	\$9.25	\$18.50
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New Guinea	\$8.75	\$17.50
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THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
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Everybody's



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BUTTERICK PATTERNS

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

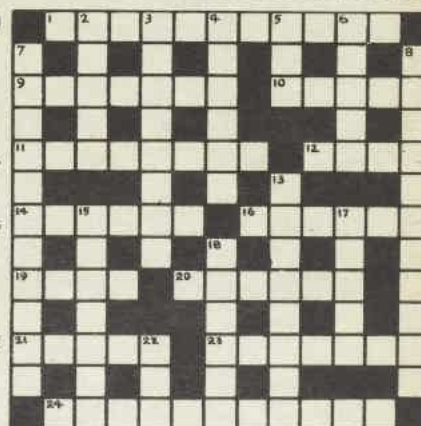
MANDRAKE and Lothar enter the city of Zodum, trying to find Dill. Mandrake disguises himself, but when they pass the gates they are attacked. READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He repairs motor-car bodies (11).
9. Turn to account (7).
10. Farewell in Paris and here, too (5).
11. Prefecture of Greece (8).
12. Go late to nowhere and find a famous school (4).
14. Are not decorated (6).
16. No ants are voiced (6).
19. A titled nobleman appears in a tall order (4).
20. Not easily agitated (6).
21. Scientific name for heath (5).
23. That upon which one rests (7).
24. This learned wise man can help his poor (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Sprite in Shakespeare's "The Tempest" (5).
3. Early Christian sect who stuck to the Mosaic law (8).
4. Crushes (6).
5. Two articles in a collection of literary anecdotes (3).
6. Order proclaimed by authority (5).
7. Do this to wheel to make effort (3, 8).
8. What a land tortoise does when it is thrown into water and capsizes (5, 6).
13. Sweetmeat on a stick (8).
15. English city on the river Wensum (7).
17. Mountain chain in South America (5).
18. Begins the holy branch of learning (6).
22. Everything presented by a challenger (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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among the tawdry merchandise. There were paper flowers pressed under glass, trays decorated with cigar bands, and candelabras made out of steer horns, standing on crocheted dollies. One entire wall was paved with a mosaic of pop-bottle caps. Others were decorated with supermarket ads and candy-bar wrappers matted in red velvet and framed in gilt.

"So this is your racket!" said Qwilleran. "Who buys this stuff?"

"Planned Ugliness appeals to those who are bored with Beauty, tired of Taste, and fed up with Function," said Orax brightly. "People can't stand too much beauty. It's against the human grain. This new movement is a revolt of the sophisticated intellectual. The conventional middle-class customer rejects it."

THE CAT WHO ATE DANISH MODERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

"Do you design interiors around this theme?"

"Definitely! I have just done a morning-room for a client, mixing Depression Overstuffed with Mail Order Modern. Very effective. I hope you understand that I'm not emotionally involved with this trend. True, it requires a degree of connoisseurship, but I'm in it primarily to make money."

Qwilleran browsed for a while and then said: "That was a good party at David's place on Monday night. I hear he's giving another one on Saturday — for Mrs. Noyton."

"I shall not be there," said Orax with regret. "Mother is giving a dinner party, and if I am not on hand to mix good stiff drinks for the guests, Mother's friends will discover how atrocious her cooking really is! Mother was not born to the apron . . . But you will enjoy meeting Natalie Noyton. She has all the gagging appeal of a marsh-mallow sundae."

"Were the Noytons and the Taits particularly friendly?"

Orax was amused. "I doubt whether they would move in the same social circles."

"Oh," said Qwilleran with an innocent expression. "I thought I

had heard that Harry Noyton knew Mrs. Tait."

"Really?" The Orax eyebrows went up higher. "An unlikely pair! If it were Georgie Tait and Natalie, that might make sense. Mother says Georgie used to be quite a womaniser."

"How long had Mrs. Tait been confined to a wheelchair?"

"Mother says it happened after the scandal, and that must have been 16 or 18 years ago. I was away at Princeton at the time, but I understand it was quite a brouhaha, and Siggy immediately developed her indisposition."

Qwilleran patted his alerted moustache and cleared his throat before saying, "Scandal? What scandal?"

The decorator's eyes danced. "Oh, didn't you know? It was a

juicy affair! you should look it up in your morgue. I'm sure the "Fluxion" has an extensive file on the subject."

Qwilleran rushed back to the "Daily Fluxion" and asked the clerk in the library for the file on the Tait family. She returned a little later empty-handed. "It's not here."

"Would you mind consulting whatever records you keep and telling me who signed for it?" Qwilleran said with impatience.

The clerk ambled away and returned with a yawn. "Nobody signed for it."

"Then where is it?" he yelled. "You must have a file on an important family like the Taits!"

Another clerk stood on tiptoe and called across a row of files. "Are you talking about G. Verning Tait? It's a big file. A man from the Police Department was in here looking at it. He wanted to take it to Headquarters, but we told him he couldn't take it out of the building."

"He must have sneaked it out," said Qwilleran.

you can't get yours to sleep?
we had trouble keeping ours
awake!



"Watch the dickie bird" we said. And "Smile, please, babies". But one by one they started nodding off. You can see why. We'd put them into Bond's nightgowns. The softest, cuddlingest, dreamiest gowns that ever sent a baby to sleep. Nightgowns that mothers love too — because they wash easily and last so long they usually have to be handed down. You think Bond's are clever about babies? Mothers taught us all we know!

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BOND'S

ON Saturday afternoon Qwilleran took Alacoc Wright to the ball park and after dinner the newsman said: "We're invited to a party tonight and I'm going to do something rash. I'm taking you to meet a young man who is apparently irresistible to women of all ages, sizes, and shapes."

"Don't worry," said Cokey, giving his hand a blithe squeeze. "I prefer older men."

"I'm not that much older."

"But you're so mature. That's important to a person like me."

They rode to the Villa Veranda in a taxi, holding hands. They walked into the lofty lobby—all white marble, plate glass, and stainless steel—and Cokey nodded approval. She had become suddenly quiet. As they ascended in the automatic elevator, Qwilleran gave her a quick private hug.

The door to David's apartment was opened by a white-coated Oriental, and there was a flash of recognition when he saw Qwilleran. Then the host surged forward, radiating charm, and Cokey slipped her hand through Qwilleran's arm. He felt her grip tighten when Lyke acknowledged the introduction with his rumbling voice and drooping eyelids.

The apartment was filled with guests—clients of David's chattering about their analysts, and fellow decorators discussing the Spanish exhibition at the museum and the new restaurant in Greektown.

Qwilleran led Cokey to the buffet. "When I'm with decorators," he said, "I feel I'm in a never-never land. They never discuss anything serious or unpleasant."

"Decorators have only two worries: discontinued patterns and slow deliveries," Cokey said. "They have no real problems." There was scorn in the curl of her lips.

"Such disapproval can't be purely professional, I suspect you were jilted by a decorator once."

"Or twice." She smoothed her long straight hair self-consciously. "Try these little crabmeat things. They've got lots of pepper in them."

Although Qwilleran had dined recently and well, he had no difficulty in trying the lobster salad, the crusty brown potato balls flavored with garlic, the strips of ginger-spiced beef skewered on slivers of bamboo, and the hot buttered cornbread filled with ham. He had a feeling of well-being. He looked at Cokey with satisfaction. He liked her spirit, and the provocative face peeking out from the curtain of hair, and the coltish grace of her figure.

Then he glanced over her shoulder toward the living-room, and suddenly Cokey looked plain. Natalie Noyton had arrived.

To be concluded

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.